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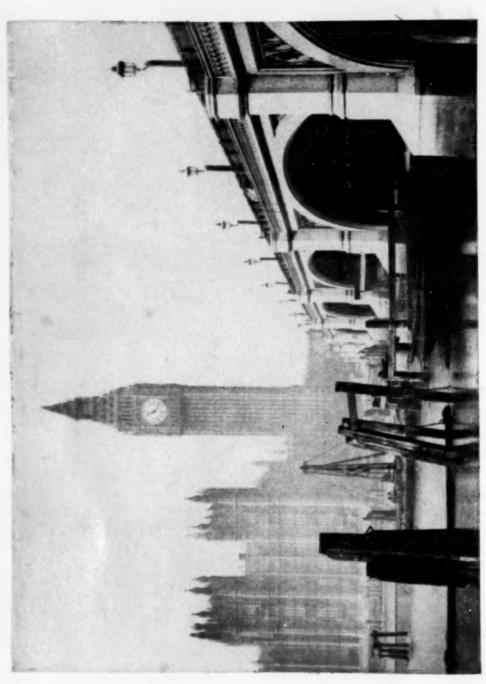
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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE NEW WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

This beautiful bridge, which, by the aid of Photography, we place before our readers, is now rapidly approaching completion, under the efficient supervision of Thomas Page, Esq., the eminent

engineer.

The new bridge occupies all the site of the old one, and as much more in addition. In order to avoid the expense of a temporary bridge during the erection of the new one, it was determined by Mr. Page to build half the new one at a time—that is half its width; so that while the first half of the new bridge was in progress, the traffic passed over the old one; and as soon as this half was completed, it was opened for traffic, and the old bridge was pulled down. Thus has been presented the very remarkable and, we believe, unique spectacle of a new bridge being built upon the site of an old one without interrupting the traffic either by land or water. A great saving in cost has thus been effected, and much credit is due to Mr. Page for the ingenuity and perseverance with which his plans have been carried out. Owing to the failure of Mr. Mare, the original contractor, at a very early stage of its construction, the remainder of the bridge has been built entirely under Mr. Page's superintendence.

That the new bridge will be an immense improvement on the old one, both in appearance and convenience, will be seen by the following com-

parison :-

The old bridge is 44 feet in width. The width of the roadway is 26 feet, and the footways are 8 feet each. Its height, from foundation to centre arch, is 57 feet. The depth of its foundation below lowwater mark, is only 6 feet; and the rise of the whole structure is 10 feet 6 inches above the new bridge. The cost of this edifice amounted to £389,000, or at the rate of £7 16s. per square foot of surface. Its water-way in area is only 16,000 feet, while the pressure on its foundations amounts to no less than 6 tons per foot—the whole weighing upwards of 90,000 tons. The new bridge is in almost all particulars widely different. Its width is 85 feet, giving 15 feet for each footpath, and no less than 50 feet for the roadway. The greatest height of the centre arch is 20 feet above high-water mark.

The depth of the foundation is 30 feet below low-water mark, or 20 feet into the London clay. The rise on the whole bridge is 5½ feet less than half that of the old; whilst, at the same time, the height of the bridge is reduced upwards of 10 feet at the crown. Owing to the peculiar shape and width of the arches, the water-way is equally improved. In the new bridge there are seven arches; in the old one there were thirteen. The centre arch has a span of 120 feet; the two next, on each side, 115 feet each; the two next, 104 feet 6; and the two shore arches, at Surrey and Middlesex, are 94 feet 9 each. The cost of the new bridge, it is expected, will be about £250,000.

The bridge is composed of iron arches on granite piers, and, though extremely light and beautiful in appearance, will be in reality one of the strongest across the Thames. The shape of the arches is something quite new in bridge-building—a curve parallel with an ellipse, which imparts to the whole a graceful sweeping outline extremely elegant; and we have no hesitation in saying it will be one of the most striking and beautiful bridges in

Europe.

We believe Sir Charles Barry was consulted by Mr. Page on the ornamentation of the spandrils of the arches, the cornice, parapet, &c., which are all very rich and beautiful, and harmonize well with the buildings of the Houses of Parliament.

The ironwork of the bridge has been executed by Messrs. Cochrane and Co., of Woodside Works, and is an excellent specimen of iron-bridge building. Owing to the peculiarly flat curve of the arch, it has been necessary to introduce wroughtiron girders into the central portions, which will obviate any danger arising from percussion from the traffic of the bridge. The total weight of the ironwork is about 2,557 tons of cast-iron, and 1,257 tons of wrought-iron, besides about 280 tons of ornamental cast-iron in the parapets and cornices; being in all upwards of 4,000 tons.

The granite for the piers has been supplied from the quarries of the Cheesewing Granite Company, in Cornwall; and the piers are beautiful specimens of granite masonry. The noble octagonal columns surmounting the piers have been much admired: some of the stones of which they are composed weigh from twenty-five to thirty tons each. But light and beautiful as this bridge will be, its strength and promise of durability have been equally cared for; and probably there is not another bridge across the Thames its superior in

these respects.

The foundations, which are sunk deep in the London clay, far below the action of any scour in the channel of the river (to which cause the old bridge owed its untimely end), were laid without the help of coffer dams—another noticeable point in the construction. Elm piles, fourteen inches square, are driven to an average depth of twenty feet in the clay; round these a casing of cast-iron piles and plates is driven and bolted together so closely as to answer the purpose of a coffer dam: the space thus enclosed is then dredged down between the bearing piles to the hard gravel bed, and filled in with concrete, which forms a solid mass as hard and durable as granite itself. The cast-iron sheeting piles cease at six feet below lowwater mark, and the piers are there faced with slabs of granite of enormous size and twenty inches thick.

Great difficulties have been experienced in the construction of this bridge, and in the pulling down of the old one, and a large amount of work has been done by divers, both in laying the foundations of the new bridge, and removing those of the old one. As a necessary consequence of "tide-work," a great deal of night-work has been involved, and at one time the "Electric Light' was used for illuminating the works, but latterly gas has been laid on to all parts. It was a strange sight to look down from the opened part of the new bridge during a" night tide," and see the turmoil going on below-the swarms of busy men, and the divers in their most unearthly costume, whilst the clamour of shouting voices, the din of hammers, and the heavy thud of the pile-driver, mingled with the roar of the fierce tide surging through the piles and other obstructions, and the uncertain "flare" of the gas-lights, swayed by the gusty wind through the arches, contributed not a little to the strangeness of the spectacle.

A very beautiful and substantial bridge, built at a cost, we understand, unparalleled for cheapness, will shortly be open to the public, and we think great credit is due to Mr. Page and his able assistant, Mr. Edward Harris, the resident engineer, who has had charge of the works. We are glad to learn that Mr. Page's design for a new bridge to replace old Blackfriars has been selected by the Corporation; and we trust the improvement between the old and new bridges will be as great

as it is at Westminster.

We do not like to conclude this article without a protest against the monstrous absurdity of toll-bridges in such a city as London. If we consider new Westminster bridge as not yet opened—London bridge is the only free bridge available for traffic. This subject, together with the establishment of steam ferries below bridge, and the great want of landing accommodation, especially below bridge, we recommend to the attention of the "conservators of the Thames," as matters requiring reform much more than conservation.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Or all the delights that science has bestowed upon mankind, surely the most charming is photography, in its varied phases and universal range! The wonders and pleasures of the telescope and microscope are restricted to a comparatively limited number, and require more or less of scientific education rightly to appreciate their marvels. Photography, with a more liberal hand, bestows its treasures on all comers—from the learned Professor, gloating over the exquisite delineations of glaciers from the remotest valleys of the Alps, or the geological strata of some cliff face in Central Africa, which the labours of enterprising photographers have laid on his library table—to Private Jones of the Militia, who exchanges portraits (price 6d. coloured, frame and glass included) with the maid-of-all-work who has captivated his martial

soul. Is not this a popular science?

From the conquests already achieved by this young child of science, it is difficult to assign any limits to the range of photography. Some one has lately been taking photographs at the bottom of the sea, so that we may shortly have a "Gallery of Portraits of Remarkable Fishes," taken at their own marine residences; and, on the other hand, photographic portraits of the moon have long been familiar to us, and have had the effect of correcting the erroneous impressions formerly entertained of the personal appearance of that much-esteemed luminary, derived from public-house signs and children's picture-books, by no means flattering in point of beauty, nor correct in a scientific sense. Granting, therefore, that it is a long way from the moon to the bottom of the sea, our position that the range of photography is somewhat extensive will be readily admitted; and, by the aid of the balloon in one direction, and the diving-bell in the other, fresh discoveries may be constantly expected.

Very rapid, certainly, has been the progress of photography. We can all remember the wonder and delight with which the early efforts of Fox-Talbot, Daguerre, and others were welcomed; and we have a very vivid recollection of those extraordinary portraits, about two inches square, at a guinea each, that could only be seen with great difficulty in one particular light, and then were so hideously ugly that you felt rather thankful they were mostly invisible. Now, what with " Pistolgrams of Babies," Cartes de visite, &c., &c., &c., a man is fortunate who escapes with having his likeness taken not more than once a year: and as for remarkable persons about whose physique the public are solicitous, they must spend a considerable portion of their lives in undergoing this pleasing operation; and we suppose they are waylaid on all occasions, and dragged off to the dens of photographers, and there, with a pistol at their heads, compelled to put on their most benevolent aspect for the process.

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tography, and the camera and its apparatus are now considered indispensable to scientific expeditions. On the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun, the year before last, when the gigantic Himalaya loaded a "full and complete cargo" of philosophers to proceed to Spain to witness the eclipse from the central point, great preparations were made for recording the various phenomena by means of photography, and marvellous and

beautiful were the results obtained.

Commerce, too, makes large demands on the services of photography. House-agents give you pretty views of the houses they have to dispose of; machine makers, engine builders, sculptors, and many others who require accurate delineations, now substitute photography for any other kind of drawing. For presenting a faithful record of the progress of large works it is invaluable. We were a few days ago in the office of one of our large contractors, who is making a railway in some remote portion of the globe, and, wishing to refer to some part of the works, he whistled and grunted through a flexible tube that hung at his elbow, and a clerk appeared with a huge book, which proved to be full of photographs of the works on the line, pasted two on a page, the dates attached to each, forming a complete and accurate record of the progress of the works. Very beautiful photographs they were, and very curious in the minuteness of the detail: better than any series of reports were these pictures, unimpeachable in their integrity. It was no use Mr. Resident Engineer describing all things going on swimmingly when the photo. accompanying his letter shewed an ugly swamp which swallowed up their earthworks as fast as they were made, shewing weeks of fruitless labour: quite useless to report that such a station was finished, or such a bridge completed, whilst the incorruptible camera told a different tale. We found it was now a very usual practice for a photographer to accompany the staff on works of any magnitude.

So much for the useful; but what shall we say for the beautiful? Adjectives fail us. Look at those beautiful pictures of Bissons frères, of Alpine scenery, giving the very texture of the snow, sullied by the summer thaw, and furrowed by the fierce blasts that sweep the ravines, and assist the sun to free those cold, dark peaks of granite, from their winter thraldom. How hard and defiant they look during their short escape! There is absolute sublimity in these small pictures, from their unerring truthfulness, which no painting or description can approach. Or those equally magnificent Egyptian scenes of Frith's, where you seem to feel the intense heat of the sun that casts that sharp black shadow from colossal gateway or ruined porch, over the burning sand, and admire the enthusiasm that led Mr. Frith over those hideous wastes of sand and granite, where the photographic tent became an oven in temperature, and the "collodion boiled upon the plates." And for the result of his labours, we have on our drawing-room tables a handsome volume of the ruined treasures of

Ancient Egypt and the Upper Nile—the mountain scenery and the noble cedars of Lebanon, and the crags and peaks of Sinai and Ararat. Then, again, we have those levely sea-pieces of Gustave Le Gray, where the curl of the breaking wave, or the shadow of the passing cloud, have been arrested by the instantaneous magic of the camera, and presented before us, in such wondrous beauty. Then Roger Fenton and many others spend their summer days (and what a charming life it must be!) amongst the choicest nooks and corners of English scenery, and their lovely pictures are scattered broadcast over the land.

Architecture, too, draws largely on the science; and Rome and Venice, Florence and Verona, Rouen and Amiens, Ghent, Brussels, Cologne, and Heidelburg send us charming pictures of their great masterpieces; whilst in our own country there is scarcely church or castle, tower or hall, of any pretensions to architectural merit or picturesque beauty, that has not been made familiar to us by photography. And what a pleasure there is in these pictures—what a charm in the feeling of their absolute truth and of their completeness! You can take a powerful magnifying glass and examine a first-class photograph, say of an old Italian cathedral, till you can see the moss and lichen, and the fantastic tooth-marks of old Time on the gateway stones; or, in the interior, detect the dark circle round the font, or the path to the high altar, worn by the countless steps of many generations of pilgrims. All that the original contained is there if you could only see it, and the beauties of a fine photograph continually increase on examination, and every effect of light and shade, atmosphere, perspective, and even chiaroscuro, are represented with a fidelity of effect that in many points leaves all painting at an unapproachable distance.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA. ARTICLE I .- THE ROUTE.

THE splendour of Rome, which by force of mind subdued the ancient world, receives its best counterpart in the modern dominion of England over the millions of India; and the policy which the former adopted in its management of peoples of various religions and laws, guided the latter in its cautious consolidation of power in a remote hemisphere, opposed by conflicting European rivals.

The late transfer of this enormous territory to the direct rule of the Crown of England, gives an interest to every information which may enable us to appreciate the line of policy which has been pursued, and to understand what best to do to govern its 200 millions in peace. The primary act of government succeeding conquest under the old Roman system, was to make a military road so as promptly to suppress any risings of the people, and to hold the country by the sword, nevertheless carefully aiming at social improvement and the diffusion of such knowledge of arts, sciences and laws, as the highly accomplished conquerors were in possession of. The parallel to this principle under the altered circumstances of the case, exists in the maintenance of a constant line of communication between England and India, by means of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation

Company's steamers.

Among the remarkable enterprises of commerce this Company stands pre-eminent, approaching in magnitude the dimensions, and exhibiting much of the ability, which distinguished the Old East India Company. Some faint idea of its operations may be formed by a few statistics, which indicate this as the locomotive institution of this country for joining India to England. By means of a steam fleet of forty-eight vessels, which register over 65,000 tons, and 16,000 horse-power, a weekly communication is established between England and India, a bi-monthly communication with China, and a monthly with Australia. The number of persons employed in maintaining this public service is 9,200; the fleet of colliers required to keep the coaling stations supplied with fuel, 500: and all this organization is to be worked under the rigid requirements of a public which has been taught by the regularity of the service to look for marine transit with the same certainty as land transit. The contract rate

of speed is 10 knots per hour.

Leaving Southampton, in five days we reach Gibraltar, where three hours' stay for coaling is allowed. In five days more we reach Malta. Here the mail which left London six days later than ourselves, and, crossing France, was shipped at Marseilles, joins us; and after six hours' stay we proceed to Alexandria, which we reach in three days. The administration of the Egyptian Government here takes charge of the transit, under the terms of a convention with the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Passengers are conveyed from the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to the shore in the steam-ships of the Egyptian government and in the government carriages to the The railway from Alexandria to railway station. Cairo, 162 miles in length, and from Cairo to Suez 90 miles, is under the management of the Egyptian Government, and the time of the journey about five hours; from Cairo to Suez is 90 miles, and four hours is the appointed time for the journey. At Suez the Peninsular and Oriental steamers again receive the traveller, and in six days he has reached Aden; here twelve hours are allowed for coaling, and eight days more bring us to Bombay. A distance of 5,902 miles from Southampton to Alexandria, and of 5,944 miles from Suez to Bombay, has thus been traversed with a safety that must render the perils of the sea of small account; since, during the twenty years of the Company's ervice between England and India, only one life has been lost by shipwreck-a result only to be obtained by that watchful vigilance of the direction over the appointments, which only entrusts the fortunes of the Company and the lives of the passengers to the best ability the whole mercantile marine can supply. The bi-monthly Bombay mail takes out in the two voyages per month, 100 bags,

692 boxes, equal to 27 tons, of letters and papers; and the bi-monthly Calcutta and China mails, including a monthly mail to Australia, being an extension from Point de Galle, takes out in all per month, 82 bags and 1428 boxes, weighing 49 tons 5 cwt., of letters The arrangement with the Post and papers. Office is effected by a mileage rate between England and India of 4s. 6d. per mile-a price ascertained between both parties by the competition

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of public tender.

The European interest lately shown in M. Lessep's project for the construction of a canal from Alexandria to Suez across the isthmus, finds its explanation in the fact that it is the revival of a scheme which the leaders of the first French Revolution indulged in, having for its object the advancement of France and the diminution of the power of England. In May, 1798, an armament under the command of Buonaparte and Admiral Brueyes sailed from Toulon for Egypt. The following abstract of a report, made by Eschaffereaux in the Council of 500, points out the object of the expedition. "The colony we propose to found," said Eschaffereaux, "will not cost a drop of blood. It will not only enrich the Republic, but, by fertilizing a new part of the earth, will open a new mart for the arts, for the activity and speculations, of all the trading part of Europe. It will assure to us greater advantage; it will give new strength to the French Adriatic isles, of which it will become the bulwark. By rendering the Republic mistress of the commerce of the Mediterranean and of the ports of the Red Sea, it will oppose a barrier to the activity of our enemies in the trade of the Levant, by becoming the entrepôt of all the merchandize of India which comes by the Persian gulph and by the Arabian desert; it will unite the commerce of the East with that of the West; it will give to the small islands and to the ports of the Mediterranean that activity which they enjoyed when Egypt was the centre of the commerce and of the navigation of the earth. The close of this century, so vast in hardy conceptions and in events favourable to humanity, will see also a colony rear itself, not founded on principles of slavery and tyranny, but on those of liberty and benevolence, upon ties truly social, upon wants and comforts that are reciprocal. It is not only under the view of commercial interests that it will be glorious for France to found a colony in Egypt. These two great projects wait perhaps for the genius of Frenchmen to realize. One is the junction of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea by the Isthmus of Suez, one of the most vast ideas formed by the ancients, but which they did not dare to execute. The other is the re-construction of the canal which, in the time of Sesostris, carried to the mouth of the Nile the merchandize of the Indies transported by the Arabian gulph. The birth of the greater part of modern establishments has been marked by depopulation or ravage; it is by beneficence that the French will have the glory to signalize the foundation of her new colony. The time is favourable, we must seize on this country, and prevent other nations from doing it instead of us."

The above extract shows that our possession of India is not regarded cheerfully by our neighbours, and gives emphasis to the new project for establishing a line of steamers in competition with the Peninsular and Oriental, which the French Government have lately given publicity to.

The ease with which our journey has been performed has not been secured without great self-sacrifice on the part of the projector of the route. Few incidents in civil life wear a more heroic virtue than the exertions of Lieutenant Waghorn to establish the Overland Route. Apathy on the part of the East Indian and Home authorities till success was a fact, and the cost of experiments where all was untried and expensive, had to be encountered at personal risk, ere this boon to England and India had been secured.

In one of his earliest experimental journeys he had crossed the isthmus of Suez, but the steamer appointed by the East Indian Government had broken down. Without chart or compass, his only guide the north star by night, and the sun by day, he sailed down the centre of the Red Sea, and was taken on board a brig sent for him instead of the steamer; against the remonstrance of all the seamen of the locality, and, in spite of the alleged dangers of the north-westers peculiar to those waters, the feat was accomplished and the mails forwarded. It was not till he had demonstrated its practicability by success that the Government recognized its possibility. The Government nautical authorities reported that the Red Sea was not navigable, and the East India Company's nautical officers declared that if it were navigable the south-west monsoons of the Indian Ocean would swallow all steamers up. The physical difficulties, however, yielded to the force of mind, and the route was established. Coals were carried on the backs of camels across the isthmus at a cost of £5 per ton; and 1,000 tons were laid down at Suez, as a first experiment, by Mr. Melvill's concession to Lieutenant Waghorn's representations.

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The monsoon is a Persian word for season, but in reference to the tropics has a special reference to a bad season. The rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east causes the land on the earth's surface in the tropics to be heated in a revolving succession. Places westward, growing warmer as they pass under the sun, cause a stream of colder air from the east, not yet heated, to flow towards the west. Thus the trade winds from east to west are produced; but as the sun rises above the equator, and heats the surface of the plains of northern Asia, the easterly trade winds are diverted northwards. From the north, however, there is a set of wind during the winter southward, to supply the place of the heated air resulting from the action of the sun on the regions below the equator. The conflict of these contending currents, the disturbance, obedient to the sun's path in the ecliptic, of the periodical currents charged with different electrical conditions, creates explosions and tempests which render the Indian sky the type of the majesty and wrath of the Divine Mind.

LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE.

If the inaugural address of the Dean of St. Thomas' Hospital (Dr. Bernays), at the opening of the session 1861-2, had contained nothing beyond the sentences we are about to quote, it would well have repaid every person present for the privilege of listening to it. The worthy Dean said:—

"It seemed to him that there was great danger in the common attempt to commit all affairs to Government, and to shrink from individual responsibility. If anything were needed at the present day, people as naturally referred it to the Government as they used to be in the habit of taking it in hand themselves. And when a measure had been passed, they were inclined to imagine that all would be well—that they need not longer give themselves any trouble about the matter, and that in fact their dreams, whatever they might be, would be carried out. To give an illustration of this habit of mind:—A short time since, there were two terrible railway accidents. All England was startled. And yet what was the remedy generally suggested? Did even the Liberal Press, as a body, indicate the immense advantage of individual responsibility in making the treasury of the companies answerable for so lamentable a result. Not so. The only specific was Government interference—an interference which he honestly believed would result in far more frequent injury to life and limb, unless it were carried out at an enormous expense to the nation."

Now, few young men have ever listened to more homely and sensible truths than these; and it is satisfactory to find that somebody of influence is setting the example of cautioning the rising generation against the ignis fatuus of legislative interference. It is too much the fashion now-a-days to rely upon the House of Parliament for the rectification or amelioration of all the ills that flesh is heir to; whereas the great bulk of the ills in question can only be alleviated by the vigorous action of the people themselves. Parliament, in fact, is expected to be "Jack-of-all Trades," and the natural consequence follows—it is really "master of none." Dr. Bernays' address to the students of St. Thomas's was to the effect that Jack was not merely as good as his legislative master, but a "great deal better." And this, we repeat, was a most wholesome truth.

The allusion to the two recent railway accidents was a happy one. People who know as much about the management of railways as a baby, have proposed all kinds of supposed improvements with regard to the conduct of railway traffic. One maniac, for example, proposed that the legislature should enact that no two trains should be started upon any one line at an interval of less than half an hour, under a penalty of £100 upon each director! [We believe this was the sum.] The punishment we should like to award to this worthy would be, to plant him at the bottom of the incline at the London-bridge Station on a crowded day at the Crystal Palace or Greenwich Park, and leave him to elbow his way as best he could amongst the mass. If under these circumstances -with a dim vision in the distance of the station door opening once every half-hour, for a few moments,

while he himself made no perceptible progress towards it-he abstained from abusing the directors for suffering so long an interval to elapse between two successive trains, we would forgive him; but if otherwise we would, on the principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," compel him to pay £100 to each director for falling in with his suggestion. Another distempered individual suggested that a director should be lashed to the front of each train, with a view of securing the safety of the passengers; the inference, of course, being that the director would take care of himself. Well, for the moment, we will grant this. But then two questions, at least, present themselves: -(1) Who is to pay the expense? and (2) Where are to be found a sufficient number of directors to do nothing else but travel about "all the year round" in the commanding position above referred to? Would the travelling public consent to pay the extra expense involved in retaining some hundreds or thousands of "men of mark" to go and return by every train that started? or, would they expect the railway companies to bear the extra expense? If the latter, then the companies would get off more cheaply by paying damages, as at present, under

Lord Campbell's anomalous Act.

And now we will descend a little more closely to particulars. And, first, with regard to the Clayton tunnel accident. The mischief in this case arose from over-zeal on the part of all the officials concerned. The fault lay in the oversignalling. Had there been no signalling there would, in this particular case, have been no accident. The signals were the real cause of the mischief; and we shall look forward with some interest to see what enactments legislative tinkers will propose to prevent the possibility of accident from a similar cause in future. The case, meanwhile, affords an excellent illustration of the value, under certain circumstances, of the homoopathic principle; an illustration which we heartily commend to the notice of the editor of the Lancet. If the "similia similibus curantur" system had been adopted, and the over-signalling had been met by an additional dose of over-signalling, to the effect that the driver of the second train of the three had really seen the red flag before he entered the tunnel, all would still have gone well. In the absence of this, all the previous signalling went for nothing but mischief; and the practical lesson to be deduced therefrom is, that there should be some mode of communicating to a signalman that the driver really understands the signal. This process should be as simple, conspicuous, and readily available as possible; and we should fancy there need be no dimeulty in devising it without any reference to Parliament.

We come now to the accident on the North London line; and, dismissing at once the verdict of manslaughter against the youth Rayner, we shall pass on to a perfectly practical question, which appears to have been overlooked. The severity of the accident arose from its taking place upon a

bridge some thirty or forty feet above the level of the ordinary road. Had it occurred on the dead level the collision would not have been one tithe so terrific in its consequences. The simple question, therefore, is, why should shunting be permitted to take place over a high bridge, where the slightest mishap is all but certain destruction to one train or the other, or both? Surely, railway engineering has not descended so low that it cannot find expedients for removing "shunting" stations to less dangerous spots! But this is, clearly, a question for engineers, and not for Parliament. Any Act which declared that no shunting whatever should, under any circumstances, be carried on at a high level, would be a failure; for, as "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," so shunting must, at times, be done upon high ground as well as low. But these would be exceptional cases, and would not interfere with the argument as respects the ordinary traffic of the lines.

A great point has been attempted to be made about the negligence of the directors with regard to excursion trains, and it cannot be denied that the two most serious accidents of the year occurred to trains of this description. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the excursion trains of the present season have outnumbered those of all previous seasons, and the probability is that, when the statistics of the year come to be fairly analyzed, the per-centage of accidents to the trains about which so much outcry has been made by the press, will be found to be even below those occurring by the ordinary trains. Surely, therefore, there is no room here either for adverse newspaper criticism, or for further interference on the part of the Government. "Let well alone" should be

the motto. "Government interference," said Dr.

Bernays, "would result in far more frequent injury

to life and limb." And in this opinion we heartily

concur. As the long vacation has now arrived at a close, we may shortly expect to see the two terrible accidents to which we have been referring again brought before the public, in the shape of actions for damages against the companies under Lord Campbell's Act. We believe that a great many of the cases have been settled out of Court; but there will, doubtless, be some in which the contending parties have not been able to come to terms, and a jury will be required to settle between them. This will lead to a ventilation of the Act in question, especially as the railway companies have been, for some time past, agitating for its modification or repeal. That it at least requires modification will, we think, become obvious as we proceed. It is popularly supposed to be an Act providing for compensation to sufferers in railway accidents alone, whereas it applies equally to all other classes of conveyance, steamboats, omnibuses—in fact, to anything by which death or injury may have been prematurely brought about. The notion of its supposed applicability to railways alone, arises from the fact that railway accidents are always taken more notice of than other accidents, and that objective search water water with the control of a contro

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railway companies are always regarded as fair objects of plunder. Hence the number of actions brought against this class of companies, and the escaping "scot free" of other companies and pri-

vate individuals.

We now proceed to notice Lord Campbell's interpretation of his own Act (9 & 10 Vict. cap. 93). On the 17th January, 1857, an action was tried before Lord Campbell himself, at the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall; a case in which the widow of a Mr. Hicks, a commercial traveller, brought an action for damages against the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Company, for the death of her husband, occasioned by a collision on the line. The deceased had been in the receipt of a good income, and appears to have been a prudent man, for he had not only insured his life in the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, for £1,000 but had also effected other life assurances of the ordinary character. Now the fact of these acts of prudence would seem to justify a greater award to the family in this case than in that of an imprudent man who had not insured at all; for the loss to the family of the deceased - to say nothing of the diminution of domestic comfort-would be much greater in proportion to the income in the former case than in the latter. Yet, what says Lord Campbell to the jury in his summing up? He says: "Gentlemen, the only direction I can give you in point of law is, that you ought to consider the amount of the pecuniary loss which the family have sustained by the death of the father. You are not to look at the wants of the family, but the loss they have sustained by the father's death." And then he proceeds to give more specific directions in these words: "I think you should first consider what would be the sum if there were no insurances; what sum would you say? That is entirely for you to consider. If there were no insurances what would be the amount? Well, then, if there be an insurance for £1,000 by some company that insured him against accidents by railways, and they being entitled to receive £1,000 upon that policy, it is quite clear that there ought to be a deduction from the aggregate amount in respect of that £1,000. Then with regard to the policies upon his life independently of accident, if you allow any deduction (and I think you will probably consider that some deduction ought to be allowed), it will only be in respect of the premiums that would be paid by the family, or which would have been paid by himself if this fatal accident had not happened. I leave that, however, entirely in your hands." And then his Lordship concludes the enunciation of his views in the following terms: "You will first make a calculation, and say what you think would be a reasonable sum that ought to be allowed as a compensation for the pecuniary loss his family would sustain had there been no insurance. You will then deduct from that the £1,000 insured against accident, and then any reasonable sum that you think should be further deducted in respect of the life insurance. You will then have the balance which is to be distributed among the family, and then it will be your duty to

allot it among the different members of the family

according to your judgment."

We have quoted this ruling in extense from the short-hand writer's notes of the trial, because they have an important bearing upon the construction which Lord Campbell intended to be placed upon his own Act, and shows that his Lordship was in a complete fog on the subject. It is certainly difficult to conceive how it is quite clear "that the £1,000 accidental assurance ought to be deducted from the aggregate amount of damages which a family would otherwise have been entitled to receive in the event of the death of its head. railway company is liable at all, it is liable altogether irrespective of the insurance. The prudence of the man in his lifetime ought, surely, not to damage his family after his death. Or supposing we extend the application of the principle to the case of a man who had bought a house through means of a building society, or otherwise, it would scarcely be thought fair by anybody to strike off anything from the damages because the family were left free from the payment of rent, and were, therefore, by so much a-year better off. But, to bring the matter down to a reductio ad absurdum, Lord Campbell gravely tells the jury to first make a calculation(!) of the pecuniary loss, &c. Now we should like to know whether any one of the jury was competent to this task. We doubt whether even his lordship himself would have been prepared to retire into a private room and solve such a question off-hand. Neither does it appear that the jury were supplied with any tables of life annuities upon which they might base their calculations. And yet the jury are expected to come to a reasonable judgment upon this most important point in the case without any data to guide them. But, supposing them to have made this calculation, they are then to proceed to make certain deductions from the said amount in respect of the insurances, and the balance is to be distributed amongst the family. But not so fast, my Lord. Suppose the case of a fatal accident in which the jury assessed the value of the party's future income at £2,000, and it turned out that the insurance deductions amounted to £3,000, where would the "balance" be then? The widow would, in fact, applying the same rule, be required to pay over £1,000 to the railway company for killing her husband! "Which is absurd," as our venerable friend Euclid says. It surely needs nothing more to show that the insurances ought to be left out of the account altogether. The railway companies generally, too, do not seek to evade their responsibility by means of these insurances; they regard themselves as liable for the aggregate amount, or not at all: and it is satisfactory to know, also, that the two companies which especially insure against accident—the "Railway Passengers" and the " Accidental Death,"-have, each of them, a clause in their Acts of Parliament, providing that no money received or recoverable from them shall prejudice the rights of any person under Lord Campbell's Act. On every account the assurances should, therefore, be left out of the question.



MR. JOHN DE FRAINE.

THE subject of our present sketch and engraving—to quote a recent critique, "perhaps the youngest lecturer who has ever attained notoriety upon an English platform,"—is yet in his twenty-third year. From boyhood he evinced a decided aptitude for the platform, and in his native town (Aylesbury) his early attempts were characterised by an amount of firmness and earnestness, yet tempered with a genuine modesty, that won the admiration of his village audiences. After coming to London his powers became known to a wider circle, and we soon hear of his receiving constant engagements with literary institutions, temperance societies, mechanics' institutes, &c., in all parts of the kingdom, without any apparent effort on his part. Mr. De Fraine's first professional lecture was

warmly received by the public, and the local press, which appropriately ushered in a career of extraordinary success. Members of Parliament, the chief magistrates of our principal towns, clerical dignitaries, and others of advanced intelligence, have presided at his meetings, and passed the highest encomiums on his oratorial powers.

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The manner in which he has been received by the public, may be gathered from these facts,—that for five successive nights in the Theatre Royal, North Shields, he had an audience of 2,000 persons each night, and his reception partook of the character of an ovation. On various occasions he has delivered twenty-seven orations in North and South Shields. We may also state that at Blythe he was presented with an address, beautifully printed and

framed, before one of the largest assemblies ever seen in the town. He has also given orations before crowded houses in the Music Hall, Leeds; for five consecutive nights at the "Horns," Kennington; in Sheffield, Bradford, Bristol, the Channel Islands, and most of the principal provincial towns.

The subjects chosen by Mr. De Fraine are original in theme and treatment. "Our young Men and Women ;" "The Battle of Life ;" "Old Sayings ;" "How to get on in the World," and orations on various English poets, are subjects in which he uproots the snobbish conceits and fostered vices of society, and points the way to a higher and better life. The press has sustained him warmly since his first introduction to the public; but, in illustration of his style and matter, we extract the following from a notice of his recent appearance in Winchester:- "His treatment of his subject on Tuesday evening was a rare and most talented discourse on the philosophy of life in all its various stages, showing immense powers of thought and wonderfully early conceived knowledge of human nature."

THE OLD SHEPHERD OF MOUNT STURGEON.

In one of our mountain ramblings we came under the most southern hill of the Grampians of Western Victoria. The crest of Mount Abrupt curled over our heads as some overwhelming wave, suddenly petrified when toppling over; its stony neighbour, Mount Sturgeon, has a rougher and more castellated appearance. At the foot of both a lively stream sparkles by, dividing the ranges from the plain.

Just at the point where the dull, tame plain meets the towering Grampians, we fell in with a shepherd—the Robinson Crusoe of this uninhabited region, though not the monarch of all he surveyed.

Making up to him, for it had been several hours since we had seen a human face, we noticed that he was a little, spare, pinched-up-looking old man. His sheep were scattered about, picking among the stones for the sweet grass. He waited our approach, but moved not a step to shorten the distance, and gave no sign of welcome. He had all the rigidity, the coyness, and yet the self-possession, of the "Old Hand."

Like all men of solitude he was not over-communicative at first, and rather fought shy of our company. We tried him upon all sorts of topics, weather, sheep, dogs, and hills, without success. He gave a civil answer, spoke in short phrases with half-averted head, but was not to be drawn out; he stood quietly upon his dignity. He had no favour to seek, unless it was a bit of "bacca," a commodity in which, with all our Bush lore, we had no dealings.

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Pausing awhile, and looking about for a fresh the character, and directed attention to it-there was the Van Demonian, so called, in his stamp of feature. We ventured, then, in a careless sort of tone-

" Ah! this is a fine-looking country enough, but nothing like the banks of the Derwent."

He turned sharply round, and hastily exclaimed—

"What do you know about it? Have you lived there?"

Satisfying him on this point, and declaring Van Diemen's Land the prettiest place we ever saw, his face brightened up, and he cried—

"My word it is; give us your hand!" We

were sworn friends at once.

Now followed a long and interesting yarn. He had come over to Port Phillip with the first settlers, and had had some tough conflicts with the natives, and some wonderful escapes from the dangers of the Bush. He was the earliest shepherd of the Grampians.

He then went on with his tale, to show how the noise of the pick had reached him in his solitude, and how he had left the flock in the wilderness, and gone down to the Diggings: but here he was again, a shepherd of the Grampians, as he had been some twenty years before.

"Well, well," said we to our brother islander,

" you have not got rich in these parts."

"I don't know that," he muttered, musingly; "the time has been when I had two pannicans of nuggets to my own share. Then after that I got a hole, in 'Eagle Hawk,' full o' gold."

" But what did you do with it?" was our inquiry. "Why, do you see," said he, "I'll tell you all about it-I knocked it down. I went to Melbourne, got with some old mates from Hobart Town, and after a fortnight's spree I was cleaned out.

"Bad news, friend," was our rejoinder; "that is the way with all you Derwenters. You are the hardest-working fellows going, and the best friends

of the publican."

This was the opening of a general lecture upon temperance and morals, to all of which the old man gave great attention, looking down at the ground, and giving his head some very mysterious shakings. Yes, it was all true, he knew it was; but the fact was, he was such a fool, and had always been so. Then, rising into the pathos, he told us that nobody had ever cared for him in the right way. He had been often in prison before he was transported, and all because of drink. In Van Dieman's Land he had been several times publicly flogged, and otherwise punished, and all because of drink. In Port Phillip he had made money, and could have been by this time a wealthy squatter, but had known nothing but misery, and all because of drink.

The old man shook his head mournfully as he added, "I am an old man now, and still a poor shepherd, They get all they can out of poor old Bob, and don't care what becomes of him. They will put me in among the Grampians before long."

Earnestly and affectionately did we plead with the old man. We spoke of the Pledge-we told mode of attack, we discovered the weak point of him of the "Good Shepherd," who would gladly take the wanderer into his fold. A tear glistened in his eye, as he falteringly muttered,

"God bless you, sir. You are very kind; but

it's too late-it's too late."

He would hear no more, but turned up toward a ravine, still muttering as he went,

"It's too late—it's too late!"

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"I would have told you if you had asked me."
The speaker was a tall girl, with bright auburn hair, dark hazel eyes, eyebrows and lashes twenty shades darker than her hair, and fair white skin, under which the blue veins could be seen meandering in

every direction.

Perhaps you, my reader, do not admire red hair; neither do I, with the usual accompaniments of light-green eyes, yellow eyelashes and eyebrows; but what I have described is very pretty, and Clare was very pretty; and under the circumstances it was not wonderful the tall soldier to whom she was speaking thought no one on earth to be compared

with her.

Clare Seymour was one of a large party staying at Sir William Grey's for a week's gaieties at Nutsford. Sir William and Lady Grey were as fond of her as if she had really been their niece, which she was not; Lady Grey being the sister of the present Mrs. Seymour, and Clare the only child of Mr. Seymour's first marriage. Moreton Grey was no relation whatever, but a great deal fonder of her than there was any occasion to be of any cousin under the sun. He had only just returned from the Crimea, and this was in the year 1857, when all England was startled by the fearful news of the Indian mutiny.

This was not the first time they had met since the Crimean campaign, when Moreton Grey returned, after nearly three years' absence, with all the honour and glory of a soldier,—and a very tall handsome one, too, he was,—to find Clara Seymour

just what he imagined she would be.

She was nearly sixteen when he went to Seaford to say good-bye before starting for the Crimea, and Mrs. Seymour told him Clare was at her music lesson and could not be disturbed. He must wait till luncheon, and then he would see her; and after luncheon she wanted to show him the puppies, and her new pony, and a wild duck's nest among the reeds by the water-side.

"Clare," he said, as they walked on towards the mere, "you'll be quite grown up when I see you

again."

Moreton Grey was rather provoked that this piece of intelligence received no answer but—
"Here comes Diver, and he must not follow us to the nest: and there's the cuckoo; the first time I've heard it this year. How I do love it!"

"I believe you love all your four-legged things better than me," he said, as she turned to send

back the Newfoundland dog.

"Not much is known about cuckoos, but I believe they have only two," she said, looking up mischievously into his face. "And pray why am I to be grown up, as you call it, before I see you again?"

"You would attend to Diver and then to that cuckoo just when I was telling you what I thought might interest you; but if you don't care to hear, never mind; my Aunt will tell you when I am gone."

"Now Moreton, I won't look at a thing, nor speak a word, till you tell me; not even if I saw a gold-crest's nest, or the first lilies of the valley out. Tell me now, do tell me. But really you ought to have listened to the cuckoo; it's lucky, and you ought to wish something, and turn the money in your pocket."

"Wish something! Well, Clare, I wish that I may not be left on the battle-field for some of your twolegged feathered friends to pick at. I'm off to the

Crimea."

She stopped suddenly. "Moreton, I'm so glad!"
Then all the colour rushed into her face, "I'm
so sorry. But, Moreton, you'll be a hero! I don't

know if I'm glad or sorry, indeed."

She walked on as fast as she could in silence. She thought of Moreton distinguishing himself—doing more than any officer in Her Majesty's army—charging like Prince Rupert—killing the Russian general with his own hand—winning a battle, and receiving Lord Raglan's thanks on the occasion—promoted to be a colonel—knighted, or made a baronet, also in consequence covered with wounds, but none that would disable or disfigure him eventually. No princesses to marry now as in old times, and yet she was certain he deserved one. Marrying him herself had not occurred to her yet; so she walked on and on.

Her companion, quite unable to imagine where her thoughts had gone, suddenly recalled her, by asking, "Where's the wild duck's nest, Clare?"

"Oh, we've passed it a long way!" she exclaimed, turning round: "we should have gone down by the willows."

"Will you tell me what you were thinking of,

Clare?"

"That's a thing I can't bear being asked, Moreton, and you know it quite well. What is the use of thoughts, if one may not keep them to oneself? They would be no better than words."

"Well, only tell me what you were doing. You did not look as if you were killing me in the Crimea."

"Who said I was in the Crimea at all?"

"Your eyes, Clare: you were not at the wild duck's nest anyhow, or you would not have gone beyond it. What, down here? This must be the duck's own path! You don't go through this, do you?"

"Yes I do, and I hope you won't be too great a goose to follow me," she said laughing, as she dived down through a brilliant carpet of marsh marigold, lady-smock, willow herb, and yellow flags.

"There it is," she whispered. "Now is it not lovely down here? No one ever comes but the

keeper and me,"

"Have you read Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems,

"No:" and the hazel eyes opened wide at the question just then.

"Then I shall send them to you from London, for a keepsake; and when you read one about Ellie you'll know why I asked you, down here among the bulrushes; only don't read the end, Clare."

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"The end of Ellie: only the first part."

" Why ?"

"Because I don't want your nest, whatever it may be, to end like her's, my pretty Clare. We have all our swan's nest, our castle in the air, you know."

"Have you one, Moreton? Tell me yours; I

should so much like to know."

"Not now. If I live to come home again, perhaps I may; so pray that the Russians may not make mincement of me."

"Oh, Moreton, don't speak in that way! I will

pray for you if you like."

"Will you, Clare? You'll forget."

"Never!"

"Morning and night?"
"Morning and night."

"What will you pray for me, Clare?" he said

gravely.

She stopped short, looked up eagerly into his face, and clasped her hands; then bending her head, she said, "I will pray that as a soldier you may do your duty both to God and to your Queen, and that He may cover your head in the day of battle."

They walked on silently to the house. "I must go to my French reading now, Moreton," she said,

as they entered the hall.

"Then good-bye, dear little Clare; don't forget

She gave him both her hands. "Don't forget

my book, Moreton."

"I won't forget it; and if I never come back the swan's nest will be mine, not yours." He gave her one kiss and they parted; she to her school-

room; he, Eastward ho-to the wars!

And the green volume came, and her name written in it. She knew most of it by heart before a month was over; and when at eighteen, soon after her exit from the school-room, Lord Meade, fascinated by her beauty, proposed for her, she made him in her own mind into "Lord Leigh, the churl;" and the young soldier suffering far away, into "Sir Grey, of Linteyed." She heard many of his letters read, and invested him with a sort of halo of honour and glory. Her step-mother was a kind gentle creature, quite different from Clare, and quite unable to enter into any of Clare's romantic ideas, as she eagerly read all the accounts of the campaign and gloried in all the gallant doings.

"How inconvenient the loss of an arm must be!" or, "I suppose he will always have to use a stick;" were the remarks that threw Clare back into herself, until she could be with Lady Grey, who with a mother's pride never tired of reading Moreton's letters over, with Clare sitting on the ground beside

her.

She had one delight,—that the wild duck had built her nest in the same place every year; and with a blush on her cheek she would go down by the same willows, through the same bright flowers, and the words would rise in spite of herself,—

"And to him I will discover My wild nest among the reeds." The blush would come deeper to think she had discovered it to him, and he had sent her that book, and said he would tell her his swan's nest when he came back; and he had called her "Pretty Clare," which was a great gratification to her, only she was so afraid he would think her hair too red when he did come. She was really quite glad the days of princesses were among the things that had been!

And at last Moreton Grey returned home; and Clare found she was more shy with him by far than she had ever been with any one before. She could always speak to her poor "churl, Lord Meade," even after she had prevailed on her father to refuse him; but with Moreton Grey, she had always the recollection of the wild duck's nest, and her promise to pray for him, to make her heart beat so fast whenever he spoke to her, with fear lest he should ask if she had kept that promise; and if he did?—she must confess she had!

Then came the Nutsford balls, and the Seymours went to Harden to them. Clare wore a forget-me-not wreath the first ball, on the Tuesday evening. Such a ball it was! A ball that may come once perhaps in a life, but never more.

Moreton asked her for the first valse, and she had many more with him, she did not know how many; but she heard Mrs. Seymour ask Lady Grey if a girl ought to dance five times with the same partner, and Lady Grey laughed and said—

"As often as she pleases, if they both like it."
She heard it, and wondered if Moreton heard it too, and if they had been speaking of her. She could not tell him she would dance no more with him; he would ask her why. She supposed they both did like it, as Lady Grey said; and on they went again. He had asked her about the nest, and almost repented, she blushed so; and yet, at the risk of bringing on another blush as deep, he threatened to say two lines of Tennyson's Day Dream, if she would not look at him, and, as her eyes then only got as high as his waistcoat, say them he did, putting his arm round her for another valse—the two last in the "Arrival."

One shocking thing Moreton Grey did. He entirely forgot he was engaged to Miss Julia Chester for a quadrille, and took Clara to the refreshment-room instead; which omission the young lady and her mother resented the first opportunity. In the first place, Lady Chester asked to return early, as she never allowed her dear girls to remain to the last; and, as they were staying at Harden, of course the whole party left the ball-room at the same time; and then in the cloak-room

Lady Chester said,-

"Dear Lady Grey, Dora, poor child! is so nervous with a strange postboy, she thinks he may be tipsy. Would you kindly take her with you, and I shall be most happy to give Captain Grey a seat in my carriage."

So Lady Grey of course said she should be very happy; and Captain Grey had to put Clare into the carriage beside the nervous Miss Dora, whom he wished considerably further than the place in Palestine to which disagreeable people are gene-

rally sent, and take his seat in Lady Chester's clarence; added to which the Seymours had gone

upstairs by the time he reached home.

Such a happy evening to be followed by such a morning! Bright and warm it was, and Clare, in a pale blue dress, came down to breakfast. She knew nothing of what had passed that morning. She did not know that the post had brought letters to Moreton Grey, which at once had made him go to his father's dressing-room; and that after he was gone Sir William called to Lady Grey, who, all unconscious, thought he had been to tell him he had proposed to Clare.

"My dear, I wish he had!" Sir William replied. "Very different news. His regiment is ordered immediately to India, on account of the mutiny."

Poor Lady Grey! Her one boy, her darling son, scarcely three months home from the Crimea, to be sent off again to danger and death in that horrible land!

"We had better wait till after breakfast, my dear, to tell it, and then our friends must be kind

enough to leave us."

So to breakfast they went. Clare saw something was amiss with Lady Grey, and took her seat, as she often did, next her, with a few words of inquiry; to which Lady Grey answered-

"Take no notice now, dear child."

The party began to assemble, Lady Chester and her two daughters. Lady Chester, with her usual kindly thought, took her seat next Clare; she could not bear to see girls flirt as Miss Seymour did.

Moreton was one of the last to come in. Perhaps no one but Clare and his mother saw the cloud on his brow. He came round and kissed his mother, and Clare saw Lady Grey's hand tremble as she poured out the tea. He took the seat opposite Clare, supported by the two Miss Chesters.

"Where is Colonel Gilbert?" said Sir William. "I suppose he cannot eat his breakfast till he has read the Times. Oh, here he is. Don't bring that horrid paper with you, my dear fellow."

"But I say, Sir William, there is something to see. Have you heard anything, Grey? Have you

had any letters this morning?"

"One too many, Colonel. Don't talk of it till I've eaten my breakfast."

"You mean to say it's true? Your regiment's ordered to be ready to embark immediately?"

Moreton glanced across the table. She was very

"You are determined to take away my appetite,"

There was dead silence round the table.

"Upon my word, it's sharp work, Grey. Why when did you land from the Crimea? Only the other day. I'll just read you what it says. 'The Hecla, Scagull and Mermaid are ordered round to Southampton, to embark H. M.'s 16th and 20th Foot, 20th Lancers (here he looked at Moreton Grey), and 4th, 9th and 11th troops Horse Artillery. These troops will proceed at once to Southampton, where every effort will be made to provision the vessels, and to embark all by the 22nd instant.' 'Pon my word! And this is the 13th, eh, Grey?"

Clare was bewildered. She knew every one was now talking, one louder than the other, and that Lady Grey's eyes were full of tears. It was a comfort to be his mother, for she might let them

She was roused from her dream by Lady Chester exclaiming, "My dear Miss Seymour, have you any particular interest in the West Indian plantations? If not, might I venture to ask how much sugar you mean to put into the slop-bason? I counted five pieces whilst Colonel Gilbert was reading."

Clare blushed till the tears stood in her eyes. Moreton Grey put hot milk into Miss Chester's tea, and cream into her sister's coffee, though she told him three times she preferred café noir: he could have eaten up Lady Chester with pleasure at

the moment!

As they left the breakfast room Lady Grey said, "Clare, dear, I want you to help me this morning. Go to my boudoir, and wait till I come."

" Mother, give me half an hour first," Moreton said, drawing his mother's arm through his; "after

that we can talk it quietly over."

"I thought of you when I sent her there," Lady Grey answered, almost too sad to smile. "Poor child, you must tell her before you go."

"She knows. I nearly told her last night. Don't let Lady Chester come too, mother!"

" I shall come in half an hour. One kiss, More-

ton. God bless you!"

Clare pushed back her hair, and looked in the glass; she was scarcely cool yet. Then she looked at some of Lady Grey's treasures, Crimean photographs. One of Moreton in uniform standing outside his tent. There was a step upstairs—then in the passage; not Lady Grey's most certainly; she never went upstairs two steps at a time. It was coming nearer. The door opened. She looked round—she was going to say she was waiting for his mother, but she had no time to say anything. He was by her side; he might have heard the beating of her poor little heart, if his own had not beat louder. All he said was, "Clare, my own darling!" and as he spoke his arm was gently folded round her.

One instant she looked up, then hid her face in her hands. He could only see the thick plaits of hair coiled round and round the back of her head.

"You remember when I went to the Crimea you were my swan's nest, my castle in the air, darling." He took one hand away and kissed it.

"Must you go again, Moreton?"

"You would not love me if I disgraced myself." She could not tell-she thought she must love him anyhow—and it was so hard to let him go!

My reader, you know Millais' picture of the Huguenot. They were standing much like that: one arm round her, the other hand stroking the bright smooth hair: and she looked up into his face like that pretty Papist, with her eyes full of tears, and whispered-

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"You have done enough—you might sell out."

There was the look "in her eyes he could not bear to see;" and, perhaps, had he trusted himself to look, the arm that was round her might not have relaxed its clasp, and the face that was as near her's as the poor Huguenot's might not have been drawn back—and then the lips would never have said what they ought to have said. But he did raise his head instead of bending it still lower, and his lip curled the least bit in the world, and he did say, "Clare, I'd sooner die than do it!" And Clare, like a true woman, felt the arm relax, and heard the tone in his voice, and saw the curl of his lip, and loved him the better for all. She felt,

"He could not love her half so much Loved he not honour more."

Lifting up her beautiful face she said, "Love me, Moreton—it was only a moment—I would not

keep you for the world."

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She knew herself forgiven, for the arm folded round her closer than before; and, smoothing the bright hair back from her face once more, he bent down and kissed her, and as he did that I think he may be excused for saying, "My own, my beautiful!" for he could look into her face now, and it was a very pleasant thing to do; so he looked and said, "My own, my beautiful!" and watched the bright colour rise as he said it; and then he said, more gravely, "You remember you prayed I might do my duty as a soldier long ago."

"And I can pray again," Clare said, with one long breath:" not for that; that you have done, and will do: but that you may be kept safe; kept safe; safe to come home again. Oh, Moreton, how I shall pray for that! When must you go?"

"If I had deceived myself, and you had said 'No,' after all, I should have gone off at once; but I must go by the night express."

"Night express? You don't mean this very

night!"

"This very night, darling. I was so glad to see that odious woman make you so uncomfortable at breakfast."

"Glad! Oh Moreton!"

"You know I was not quite sure till you mixed that eau sucré! You looked so statue-like whilst Colonel Gilbert read the news, I almost thought you did not care; but when Lady Chester made her kind and feeling observation, and you blushed so, I felt almost grateful to her, and almost quite sure."

"I would have told you, if you had asked me," said Clare, "words which we have read before."

"Would you? You have not told me yet!"
She smiled a bright laughing smile, looking up higher than the waistcoat now.

"You have never asked me; you took it for

granted in the most-"

"Audacious way; I did. I thought I should have told you last night driving home. I knew my mother and aunt would be asleep all the time and not hear a word; and then Lady Chester spoiled all with her usual tact."

The door opened; and of course Clare started away, as if to persuade the incomer, against the evidence of her own eyes, he had not been standing with his arm round her.

"It is only my mother. I asked her to give me half an hour, and she has been too impatient at the

end of ten minutes."

"Slander, Moreton; slander. Forty minutes instead of thirty; and I came to console you in case the dear child had refused you," Lady Grey said, as Clare clung to her, kissing her.

"Mother, it's not fair; she has not given me one, and you will have her when I am gone.

Here's my father, too."

"Come to see if I am to have a daughter," said Sir William. "She will be dearer than ever when you are away now, my boy. I can't say more than that, can I, dear child? Lady Grey said you would have made your escape if you had not said 'ves;' and she also said the girl did not live that would refuse him; but that was only her mother's partiality—and you don't believe it, eh Clare? Our guests are giving orders for departure, I am glad to say, for I am quite upset with this. I am not what I was, Moreton, three years ago. I cannot think how I let you go into the army, my boy. The Crimea took a great deal out of me, and this seems a finishing stroke."

It was not a finishing stroke. Sir William, though much weakened, mentally as well as bodily,

lived to see his son return. But how?

" MY DEAREST CLARE,

"He has arrived, and I ought to be, and hope I am, thankful: but oh, Clare, to see him as he is, and think what he was, is heart-breaking. He is in wretched spirits, too, and ill. But those horrid wounds! You and I would know him, Clare, but no one else; and to think what a face it was-my own handsome boy! Any mother might have envied me. It is terrible, quite; and he feels it so himself. They may say what they like, but honour and glory are sad, sad things, when they come like this. He is very low; his father was quite upset, not having prepared himself for such a change, and Moreton has not seen him since the first meeting. I do not exactly know all he has written to you; but he tells me he wrote from Malta, entirely freeing you from any engagement to him, and that he told you he would not see you again. He says now that after his father's face of horror and my tears he will see no one. Sir William was quite unprepared, and it was unfortunate he showed it so much. as the poor fellow is painfully sensitive. I do not ask you to come, Clare; I leave it entirely to yourself, dear child. We shall stay here for advice for Moreton, and he seems to prefer it to going home. If you do come, there is a room ready for you, and I need not say how fond a welcome from us. But if you feel you cannot face him yet, act as you think best.

" Always affectionatly yours,
"Frances Grey.

" Albemarle Street, May 15th."

There was no use remonstrating, though Mrs. Seymour did remonstrate. Mr. Seymour was in London, so there was no appealing to him. Clare had only one answer. "Mamma, if I had had the smallpox even, would he have deserted me?" And

the next evening she and Mrs. Seymour reached town, and drove straight to Albemarle Street.

"My child, I knew it; I knew you would come!" exclaimed Lady Grey fondly, meeting them on the stairs: and the next moment Clare, feeling very anxious, had kissed Sir William with as bright and happy a face as she could command. He shook his head. "Perhaps he will not see her after all," he said: "he would not see her father this morning."

"Not see me! not see me!" Clare said, with a quivering lip; "I will see him, Uncle William."

"The doctor has just left him, Clare," Lady

Grey said, as she entered the drawing-room.

"Then let me go now at once;" and she threw off her bonnet. "Do you remember this blue gown, Aunty?" she said, with a sort of half smile.

"He is lying down in the back dining-room; he stays there entirely; he could not come upstairs on account of his leg, and he has seen no one

but me. Clare, it is very, very sad !"

She opened the door and went in. The difference in the step made him look round as she closed the door, and with his one hand he covered his face with his handkerchief. The other sleeve was empty. She came across the room, stood by his side, and put her hand on his. He moved it away impatiently.

"For Heaven's sake, Clare, go; I begged you not to come. The one boon I ask now is, to die

quietly and be forgotten."

She knelt by his couch. "Moreton, say you

don't love me, and I'll go."

"I cannot see you, Clare; I cannot be seen by any one, far less by you. I am cut to pieces, Clare. My own father cannot look at me. My mother does, because she is my mother; but she does it shuddering. I could not stand your look of horror. I wrote only what I meant. Leave me, I beseech you. Don't kneel."

She knelt on. She put her hand again on his; but he again rejected it. With the tears in her

eyes, she bent over him and kissed it.

"You do not know all. I could never ask you to be mine. I only wish I never had, and I could

have borne my misery alone now."

"But you did ask me, Moreton; and until you say you don't love me, I am here, Moreton. I am not going away. Until you can say that, or until I don't love you myself, I'll never leave you Moreton."

"Listen to me, Clare; I've lost my arm."

"Only your left arm, Moreton."

"I am lame; lame for life. The wound is not healed yet; pieces of bone are constantly coming away. Sometimes the agony is more than I can bear. And then, my face. Clare, I looked once. I have never looked again."

"That won you the Victoria Cross, Moreton; we could not have that for nothing," she said gently.

"Victoria Cross! I would give it up to be as I was, not what I am. It was of no use; the poor fellow died afterwards."

"But you saved him, Moreton. It was like you to try, and you did. You saved him, and are here yourself. Oh, Moreton, if you could but tell how proud I felt when I read the order! I know it by heart. 'Captain and Brevet-Major Grey. For conspicuous bravery in the field, in retaking a gun, and turning it against the enemy. And afterwards, though severely wounded and almost alone, for a dashing attack to the rescue of Cornet Howard, of his own regiment, who was defending himself against a party of mounted sowars. In effecting this, Major Grey was desperately wounded in the arm and face. Arm since amputated." when you get it, Moreton—get the Victoria Cross, given by the Queen herself, with all England to see, all England to feel proud of you, I shall be there and see you, Moreton. You may speak coldly to me, and not look at me, and push my hand away,-I never thought you could have done it; you may hide your face from me now, but not then. I shall be there and see no one but you, Moreton, you and the Queen; I shall look at no other. Oh, Moreton, you told me, when I was such a child—I did not know all you meant by it you told me to pray for you, and I did, Moretonalways, night and morning, I prayed for you. I was too young to know what you meant, though you told me afterwards you loved me even then: but I thought nothing could be too great and daring for you to do; and then as I got older it dawned upon me, and when I went to those balls and Lord Clinton's coming-of-age before you came back, and everybody said foolish things to me, Moreton, I was all the time longing for you to come back, that I might just know what you thought of me, and I did not care for what they said one bit. And then you did come; Oh, Moreton, what a happy time that was! and that ball at Nutsford — and that terrible news at breakfast! And then, Moreton, your coming to Aunt Grey's boudoir, and I had this very gown on, and we were happy even though you were going away; and now you are come home-home again, and I am so thankful; and instead of standing with your arm round me, I am kneeling by you, asking to touch your hand: and so proud of you, Moreton-so proud of your empty sleeve — so proud of the Victoria Cross! Oh, Moreton, why do you make me say so much?"

"Clare; you don't know all yet. Besides being cut to pieces, I am ill: dying they think. They never expected me to reach England. It was thinking of you and for you made me write as I did—makes me speak as I do. Let alone being maimed—horribly disfigured—I am ill, Clare, dear, very ill; and I schooled myself to give you up. I thought I would die quietly—like a wounded animal, creep into a hole and hide myself from you, from every one, and die. And you—I knew you would feel it less than if—than if we had been together again. I knew you would 'weep your woman's tears,' for a while, and then forget me, and in a year or two be happy again. Why should I blight all your young life, Clare? It would be easier far for you to forget me now than if I

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had been selfish enough to keep you bound to me. You might smother your horror as my poor mother does; but you would have felt it; and so I wrote to tell you not to come—to forget me; and I ask you now, Clare—not because I have not loved you, but because I have loved you so well, so long—I ask you to leave me to my fate. A soldier's grave on the field had been better, far better; but that was not mine. I am left as a scarecrow to frighten all lads from soldiering, what else? Leave me, Clare, forget me, and in a year or two you will be happy again—happy again, Clare—not with me, but with another."

Her arm was thrown round his head and her face hidden on his shoulder. "Moreton, Moreton,

how can you be so cruel?" she sobbed.

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"Clare, don't. I am unmanned enough already. I cannot bear to hear you. Bless you, my Clare, mine once, darling; bless you for your love. It would be worse to look into your face and feel you could not love such an object — such a disfigured wretch; or, if you concealed that, Clare, feel that only a short time, months or weeks, remained to me, and that we should be parted, when perhaps, in spite of all, you had learnt to love me."

"Learnt to love you, Moreton? learnt to love you? Oh, I learnt that long, long ago, when you

"Not love you, Clare? not love you?" The one arm was round her at last, folding her close to

him. "My own, own darling!"

When he spoke again, the voice was his own, the voice it used to be. "Clare, I so dreaded to see a look of pain or horror on your face; I schooled myself, tortured myself into writing and saying all I have. And you will not leave me, Clare?"

"Never! Moreton."

"You knew I loved you, Clare. My heart was breaking all the time."

" I'm quite happy now, Moreton."

"And yet, Clare, ought I to ask you? I am so ill —only such a short short time, perhaps, to call you mine."

"Moreton, would not that short time be worth whole years? And why should you not get better, Moreton? We will go to the sea, and breathe the glorious fresh sea-breezes, and watch the glorious waves come curling over the sand. We will go there—go anywhere—you will get better. Are you not better already? Look at me, Moreton, and tell me?"

He uncovered his face. And even he, in spite of all his fears, was content, more than content, though he saw her eyes fill with tears. Bending over him, she rested her face, so soft and fair, against the sightless eye, the seamed scarred cheek, and kissed it.

" Moreton, you never told me they had cut off

all your hair," she said.

Weak and ill, wrought up by excitement, almost dreading an exclamation of horror at the reality, exceeding all she had pictured to herself, something in those few words made a something rise in the throat of the soldier who had charged against odds—

only those who saw and held their breath as they watched knew what odds—to save the boy fresh from his home, to meet a soldier's death in the next engagement. Moreton Grey never loved her as he did then, though he could not speak to tell her so.

When he could, he said, "Let me look at your face, my beautiful, and tell me—I am very foolish for asking you, but tell me the truth: I don't mind now, Clare; you have looked at me and kissed me, darling, so you will not vex me either way: and I want to know, if the last eighteen months could be recalled—if we could be standing in that boudoir over again—would you have me sell out and not go to India, or be as I am?"

She was looking eagerly at him, following his words; then she put her little hand round his neck, "And give up the honour and glory?—and all my pride in you?—and the saving that poor boy?—and the Victoria cross? Oh! Moreton, I only asked you just at the first moment—never again. And they would have pointed at you and said, "Poor fellow, she made him do it!" and you would have hated me long ere this, Moreton, and I should have hated you for doing it! Oh, Moreton, I am so glad to see you smile at last!"

"And one thing yet. I shall ask Benson to hold a consultation over me; and if they all agree that nothing can save me,—if they give me no hope—

then, Clare?"

The bright colour rose into her face as she

answered in a low calm voice-

"I will be your wife first, Moreton, and then we can ask the doctors what they think: whether you should stay here, or go home, or to the seaside. What they say shall guide us, Moreton; after that, when nothing can part us any more."

"God bless you, Clare!" he said gravely, and a strange look came over his face as he said it: the wistful, earnest look, that strangers read and understand rightly, when the eye that idolizes is, for a time at least, in mercy blind to its meaning. The first shadow of the dark angel's wing. "God bless you, darling! Nothing but death shall part us now!"

He took her hand and kissed it as she rose and stood by him as if in a dream. Looking on, and on, and on,—picturing years to come, all bright, unclouded ones: he would get well—he must. It was very hard to let him go before; but now, she could not part with him, her king, her hero. A merciful Father could not require it of her—never: she could not live without him. She longed to kneel again, and bury her face by his, and tell him so.

"And now, dear Moreton," she said at last, "you will not be vexed with me, but I am going to arrange your head, and then bring your father. Now there is your profile on the pillow, and you must not move when they come in. Just the clear outline of your face shows; such a grand outline it is, Moreton. I have drawn it so often; but you had not this long beard then."

"Clare, I was hardly myself. I behaved very ill to my father, and he is sadly changed; my poor

father! I knew I was bad enough, but his face and exclamation maddened me quite."

" And after seeing him this once, Moreton, you

will never mind again, will you?"

"Never, darling. I mind nothing since your lips have touched it. Clare, no one but you would have kissed this cheek."

"I didn't know you wanted any one but me to kiss it," she said, leaning over him again; "I

thought it was mine."

The profile with the beard raised itself from the couch to meet the bright laughing face. "To think that this is mine," he said, looking at the beautiful face and kissing it again. "Clare, I am better. Perhaps I may get well even now!"

The anxious look, the angel's warning, came over him again. She did not see it. She never did

until the last.

That is how Moreton Grey came Westward ho

from the wars.

Last year he set out on another journey—a long, long journey, alone :—to the "land that is very far off"

And Clare has his Victoria Cross.

M. E. G.

MOTHER MARGERY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grizzly north,
And where hemlocks, clinging to the hedges,
Like a thin banditti straggled forth,
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet,
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders, crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure,
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire,
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and dreary were the northern winters,
Winds howled pitilessly around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
And hung snow-wreaths around her naked bed,
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
But their dying rung out no complaints;
Cold and Penury and Neglect and Hunger—
These to Margery were guardian saints.
Of the pearls which one time were the stamens
'Neath the pouting petals of her lips,
Only four stood yet, like swarthy Brahmins
Penance-parted from all fellowship.

And their clatter told the bead-roll dismal
Of her grim saints as she sat alone;
While the tomb-path opened down abysmal,
Yet the sunlight through its portals shone.
When she sat her head was prayerlike bending,
When she rose it rose not any more,
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered—
Had been mother of the brave and fair—
But her branches, bough by bough, were scattered,
Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew—though sorely desolated—
When the children of the poor depart,
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage which had never fitted
Words to speak it to the soul it blest,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.
Thus was born such holy trust within her,
That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
Angels to her were the Loves and Hopes
Which had left her purified but sadder—
And they lured her to the emerald slopes
Of that heaven, where Anguish never flashes
Her red fire-whip—happy land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
Of this blighted, blighting world of ours.

All her power was a love of Goodness;
All her wisdom was a mystic faith,
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
Turns to music at the gate of death.
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,
Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with, would no more than crowd her,
To the wall whose opening was Relief.

So she lived an anchoress of Sorrow,

Lone and peaceful on the rocky slope,

And when burning trials came, would borrow

New fire of them for the lamp of Hope.

When at last her palsied hand in groping

Rattled tremulous at the gated tomb,

Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,

And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

You never can have congregational singing, if that is all you have. Unless you have singing in the family and singing in the house, singing in the shop and singing in the street, singing everywhere, until it becomes a habit, you can never have congregational singing. It will be like the cold drops, half water, half ice, which drip in March from some cleft of a rock, one drop here and another there; whereas it should be like the August shower, which comes ten million drops at once, and roars in the roof.

I like to see people sing when they have to stop in the middle of the verse and cry a little. I like such unwritten rests and pauses in the music.

When hymns come to the house of God all redolent of home associations, then singing will be what it ought to be—social Christian worship.—Beecher's.

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A RAMBLE THROUGH BRUGES.

THERE is no town of Belgium so characteristic of the past, and so full of Flemish developments,

as the old city of Bruges.

Lying upon the flat land which extends through most part of the Netherlands, it is far from being picturesque in situation. Intersected in all directions by canals, it is cut up into a number of islands, connected by bridges. The quays alongside of the canals are by no means so crowded as in that grand old past, when the men of Bruges, like the men of Ghent, were sought in alliance by the monarchs of Europe. Yet to these very canals, so unromantic as they may appear, did the city owe its commercial renown, and the wondrous buildings which adorn it.

The canals are used as common sewers pretty much, and are the receptacles for filth and refuse of all kinds. There is a connection with the sea, so that the worst impurities are carried off; but the scent in the neighbourhood is not beneficial to

health, nor agreeable to the senses.

The houses of the older sort are built after the Spanish fashion, and present a quaint-like aspect.

For a considerable time Flanders was attached to the Spanish crown, long after the provinces of Holland had fought their way to independence. The first Napoleon had one side of the grand square pulled down, to make room for a stupid-looking official residence, after the style of the Tuilleries.

The public buildings are chiefly churches and monasteries.

Notre Dame is one of the finest and largest cathedrals in Europe. Its pulpit carvings in wood are much admired. A statue of the Virgin and Child is attributed to Michael Angelo. The tombs of the great Duke of Burgundy and his daughter are there. The duke was slain in battle by the Duke of Lorraine. Several of the church paintings are by Van Dyck, Van Eick, and other Flemish artists.

The Church of Jerusalem is intended as a facsimile of the Holy Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was erected at great expense and trouble. The little tomb-chamber is lighted at all hours by lamps, and is constantly filled by devotees praying before the image of the sleeping Saviour.

The English church is a convenient edifice. It is well attended, as a large number of our countrymen find it convenient to live in so cheap a place.

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Bruges was once celebrated for its numerous monastic institutions. These were ruthlessly cleared off at the French revolution, and the property confiscated and sold. The béguinage, however, was spared, as the nuns therein took no perpetual vows, and were in high favour for their benevolent efforts. The béguins live in little communities in one large establishment. Some of these ladies have large private property to support them, and others labour for their living at lace manufacture. They devote two hours a day to devotional

exercises, and several hours to the visitation of the sick, the relief of the poor, and the instruction of youth.

A monastery once existed of distinguished character, known as that of St. John of Jerusalem. The vast building is now used as a hospital. The inmates are affectionately and seduously waited upon by Sisters of Charity. We were much pleased with the order and cleanliness of the establishment, the peaceful looks of the patients, and the cheerful

voices of the sisters.

A splendid collection of Flemish paintings is seen in one of the old halls of the monastery. Of the whole, that of Hans Hemling is most admired. It is a series of pictures to illustrate the story of St. Ursula and her convoy of eleven thousand This precious caravan was blessed at Rome by the Pope, graciously treated at Basle on the Rhine, and ultimately massacred lower down in their travels by the barbarous Huns. A multitude of figures are introduced; all of whom, being virgins, are exceedingly pretty, and gorgeously dressed. In one place they are cooped up in the open vessels of the day, and are packed like Dutch herrings in a barrel. Of course a large number of these little craft would be required to carry over the saint and her eleven thousand British virgins of high rank and beauty. The whole picture is so delicately drawn and coloured, that the use of an eye-glass but enhances our admiration.

The great interest in this picture is that it was one of the first trials at oil painting in Europe, and has been hardly exceeded in value by subsequent efforts of the brush. The painter, being sick, was so kindly treated by the good monks, that in gratitude he produced this miracle of art

for the adornment of their church.

Other painters are there represented. Van Oost, 1671, has left there his Dead Christ and Virgin. Deyster has several fine ones. Van Dyck's Virgin nursing the sleeping Jesus is one of his best productions. The mother is pondering, and Joseph wondering. Several monks and nuns are introduced. Hans Hemling has another picture there; it is a Dead Christ. The tears upon the Virgin's cheeks are very naturally done. Most of the hospital is in the same state as the artist knew it more than four hundred years ago.

There is a sort of monkish community at Bruges, not long ago instituted, called the Brothers of Charity. They have charge of about a hundred poor old men, for whose support the town authorities pay a certain sum. We were once in their church on the occasion of a festival, and were delighted to observe the comfortable appearance of the old folks. Entering the houses afterwards, we saw the Brothers, in their semi-ecclesiastical dress, sitting beside the aged paupers, and smoking a pipe along with them. There were seventeen Brothers in all.

A Lunatic Asylum of some hundreds of patients is under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The success of the treatment has given it quite an European reputation. We fell in with a weeping

mother, whose daughter had again been placed under the Sisters, at her own earnest request. There, she said, she was safe and happy, as well as healthy. Outside in the world her fits of insanity soon returned. The mild, gentle, cheerful, and yet Christian spirit of the ladies, effected more good than the labours of the doctor.

The Bruges people have quite a reputation for piety, fairly crowding their churches. Heresy does not exist among them. They have an equal reputation for their love of beer—going straight from church to the estaminet, or public-house. They are esteemed the most Catholic of all Catholics. It is to be regretted that, in point of drunkenness and partiality to strong liquor, they are not different from the most Protestant of all Protestants—the people of Scotland. Extremes meet.

The women are, as usual, superior to the men in morals. They do not drink. They are very industrious. The chief trade of the female population is that in lace. About fifteen thousand are occupied at home in this manufacture. It is amusing enough for the traveller, as he walks down the various streets, to watch their nimble fingers at their seats at the door or window, and to hear their ceaseless chatter or songs.

A market day in Bruges brings various people together from the country with their curious dresses. Crinoline has not got among the Brugeois, excepting the upper classes. The carillons, or chimes of the belfry, are played rost of the market day.

We know of few places so accessible and interesting to the English tourist as the old Flemish town of Bruges.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

In my garden at the West, I used sometimes to notice that the finest heads of lettuce were not in the beds, but on some southern ridge, where they had chanced to grow. It seemed as though random seeds always did the best, from a kind of wild emulation; but they never grew without the sowing, and the chance-sown seed was never wild.

If you shake the tree, you can bring down fruit, no doubt; but I remember, when a boy, the persuasion to get early out of bed was the thought of the large white apples that lay beneath the trees, awaiting the first comer—that had dropped upon the grass in the silent night, almost without a breath of wind to stir the branches. Now, I think every man ought to carry his boughs so full of fruit, that, like the apples which drop from silent dew, they will fall by the weight of their own ripeness for whoever needs to be refreshed. We should go home to the thrashing-floor like a great harvest waggon full of sheaves, which at every jolt casts down ears for the gleaners, and stray seeds for the birds, and now and then a chance handful, which, blown by winds into nooks and corners, comes up to grow, and to bless another generation.—Beecher's Life Thoughts.

NEW ZEALAND POETRY.

It is readily allowed that the ancient aborigmes, whether of Europe, Asia, or Africa, possessed ballads of their own: but it has not been so generally believed that modern savages and cannibals have been composers of songs.

Those of a people like the Maories of New Zealand, were, of course, corresponding to the manners and customs of that race. Without attempting a criticism upon the character of this poetry of the South Seas, we purpose stringing together a few illustrations.

The subjects include traditions of a religious and an historical nature, charms, war, and love.

The Creation was held to comprise three periods,
—the epoch of thought, the night, the light.

The second, when the world had no eyes, is thus described:—

The word became fruitful;
It dwelt with the feeble glimmering;
It brought forth night:
The great night, the long night;
The lowest night; the loftiest night;
The thick night to be felt;
The night to be touched;
The night not to be seen;
The night of death.

All this, and most subsequently given, will be found to agree with the legends of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, Scandinavians, Buddhists, and Mexicans. Chaos, the void world, is seen to be the popular conception of all nations.

After night comes light:
From the nothing the begetting,
From the nothing the increase,
From the nothing the abundance,
The power of increasing,
The living breath;
It dwelt with the empty space,
And produced the atmosphere above us,
The atmosphere which floats above the earth:
The great firmament above us dwelt with the early dawn,
And the moon sprang forth;
The atmosphere above us dwelt with the heat,
And thence proceeded the sun:

And thence proceeded the sun;
They were thrown up above,
As the chief eyes of heaven:
Then the heavens became light,
The early dawn, the early day,
The midday, the blaze of day from the sky.

Here, we have some correspondence.

Here we have some correspondence with the Mosaic account from these heathens of the extreme South.

But heaven and earth were joined. The former lay upon the other, and so made it barren. The Devil of the Maories dissolved the connexion by cutting the sinews of each. Heaven rose, light came, and as the earth shrank from her former partner the clouds rose to the sky.

Then there is the following address to the distressed earth, when bereft of heaven:—

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The stirrir on the in the becale As the nettle to the skin
Do not grieve for thy partner,
Do not cry for your husband.
Let ocean be broken,
Let ocean be far apart,
Be you united to the sea,
Yes, to the sea, O Earth.
Broken asunder are you two;
Do not grieve,
Do not continue your love,
Do not grieve for your partner.

All nations have traditions of the Deluge. This is a remarkable testimony to the ancient unity of faith. Various reasons are given, and different versions of the catastrophe appear, but the identity

of the story is established.

The Maories held that the deity Tawaki was amusing himself one day with a merry display of dancing upon the floor of the heavens. He continued his exercise so long, or indulged in such violence, that the theatre of his operations went into convulsions, and the floor cracked. Why it was we know not; but it seems that a considerable water supply was banked up in those ethereal realms. The liquid was then, as now, governed by the law of gravitation, and, spreading itself about, came to the rent in the upper story, poured through it, fell upon the unfortunate earth beneath, and drowned the whole. This affecting circumstance excited the sympathy of the Maori poet, who thus sings:—

The earth's skin was the Tutu: Her covering was the Wehe wehe: Her covering was the bramble; Her covering was the nettle. Don't grieve that the earth is covered with water; Don't lament for the length of time. The ocean's reign shall be broken; The earth's surface shall be rough, With mountains girdling forth, Girdling round the sea,-Yes, round the sea. Broken up shall you be (O Earth), Do not grieve, Yes you, even you, Lest you should grieve through love; Lest you should grieve for your water-covered surface; Lest you should lament for the time.

The charms are about as innocent as many of our own. Here is one for a burn:—

What causeth the burn?
Fire caused the burn.
Fire kindled by whom?
Fire kindled by Main-ika.
Come and fetch some—spread it out,
To be a slave to dress our food.
Small burn, large burn,
Burn be crusted over with skin.
I will make the flame roar.

The charm for wind can rarely be required in so stirring a climate as that of New Zealand, especially on the western side, one of the most stormy coasts in the world. But here is one uttered by the becalmed mariner:—

Great wind, lasting wind, Wind exceeding violent— Dig up the rocks of the deep. Come, come.

er

The New Zealanders were all devout believers in ghosts, and had more faith in the spiritual work than the whole race of Rappers of England and America.

One of the missionaries gives us the following version, in agreeable measure, of a spirit's address over a little child. A few words may be explained. Arikirau was a place celebrated for the growth of flax. Ngahue was a friend of the spirits. Hinerau was a wind that came from the world of spirits. Hiwawe was situated in that airy realm. Rangi, or Rangitotoke, was a god of the shadowland.

This is the song:

I am pierced by the wintry blast,
My body is slender and wan;
I weave not, my weaving is past,
And all my warm garments are gone.
Full oft to fair Arikirau
All lonely I posted my way,
To gather the flax-leaf; but now
My members refuse to obey.

'Twas thoughtless of thee to come here
With naught but thy paddle in hand:
Some power must have silenced that fear
Ever felt in approaching this land.
Ngahue, methinks it was thee
I beheld on the dark distant isle;
And fain would I hasten to see,
And sit by thy side for awhile.

As the kelp of the sea is uptorn
By the high swelling tide from its bed,
So o'er the wide water I'm borne,
And cast on the shore as one dead.
Anon I am lashed by the surge,
That beats on dread Hingara's reef,
So sacred:—but soon I'll emerge
And triumph o'er danger and grief.

O come, ye soft airs from the plain,
Where Hinerau fans the fair trees,
And waft my fond spirit again
Where the loved ones are dwelling at ease.
To linger awhile, or to roam,
Where once I was useful or gay,
Would draw off my heart from its home;
O then, let me hasten away.

Let me hasten to Hiwawe's vales,
Where the hosts of the mighty ones tread
Where they fly on the sweet scented gales,
Far, far from the tombs of the dead.
Great Rangi! thou comest for me;
Ah! haste thy kind message to tell;
Again my bright home I shall see—
Then, mortals and Death—fare ye well.

The New Zealanders, fierce in war, and terrible in their vengeance, have ever been regarded as gentle and tender in their family relations. They know how to love their own, and to mourn for their

departure.

There is a pathetic lament among their favourite ballads, in which the deceased is addressed as the Evening Star going to another sphere, and yet revisiting the earth when the tumult of day has passed. The scene is laid with the Tikaro, a tribe living near Hokianga to the north-west of the northern island.

The Evening Star is waning. It disappear m To rise in brighter skies, Where thousands went to greet it. All that is great and beautiful I heed not now. Thou wert my only treasure. My daughter, When the sunbeams played upon the waters, Or through the waving palm, We loved to watch thy gambols On the sandy shores of Awapoka. Oft at the dawn of day Thou girdest on thy garments, And with the daughters of thy people Hurried forth to see the fruits of Mawe gathered in; Whilst the maidens of Tikaro, In quest of the rock-sleeping mussel, Braved the surges, and in turn Entrapped the stragglers of the finny tribe That linger near the shore to feast awhile. When the tribes assembled To partake the evening meal, Thy fond companions gathered round thee, Each eager to bestow some dainty, And await thy smile. Where now? Oh! where now? Ye tides that flow and ebb, No longer may ye flow and ebb; Your support is borne away, The people still assemble At their feast of pleasure. The cause still cuts the wind in twain, And scatters the sea foam; Still the sea-birds, like a cloud, Darken the sky, hovering o'er the crags; But the loved one comes not. Not even a lock of thy waving hair Was left us, o'er which to weep.

This truly solemn dirge displays the deep emotions of a father at the loss of his darling little one. The heart of man is the same everywhere. The silence of the merry laughter—the sleep of smiles in death—the lost caresses never more to come,—have been as much mourned over in the flax hut of New Zealand, or the bark breakwind of the Australian, as ever they were in the cottage homes of Britain.

The next monody has more fire than tenderness, as is fitting in commemorating the departure of a chief:—

Behold! the lightning's glare, It seems to cut asunder Hurharra's rugged mountains. From thy hand the weapon dropped, And thy bright spirit disappeared Beyond the heights of Rankawa. The sun grows dim, and hastes away, As a woman from the scene of battle. The tides of the ocean weep, as they ebb and flow; And the mountains of the south melt away; For the spirit of the chieftain Is taking its flight to Rona. Open ye the gates of the heavens! Enter the first heaven—then enter the second; And when thou shalt travel the land of spirits, And they shall say to thee, "What meaneth this ?" Say, the wings of this our world Have been torn from it, in the death of the brave. The leader of our battles, Atutahi, and the stars of the morning, Look down from the sky; The earth reels to and fro, For the great prop of the tribes lies low.

Ah! my friend, the dews of Hokianga Will penetrate thy body. The waters of the rivers will ebb out, And the land be desolate.

Few poets of even the most civilized regions, would exceed in sublimity of expression some of these lines of the cannibal islanders.

There is another lament which may interest the reader, as it is associated with a remarkable con-

vulsion of nature.

Te Henhen was a distinguished priest of Lake Taupo. This district of the interior of New Zealand has been for ages subject to violent volcanic eruptions. The craters of Tongariro and other cones have belched forth their destructive fires. Forests have sunk beneath the rockings of the earthquake, and the scene of their leafy glory has been covered by a vast sheet of water. Hills have arisen, and lava currents have spread their scathing desolation over the country.

It is not at all uncommon, even at the present day, for the traveller to fall in with volcanoes discharging boiling mud. Occasionally these eruptions will take place in unlooked-for places, and at unexpected times, and be productive of much mis-

chief and loss of life.

Tradition relates that this said Te Henhen was a boastful man, who pretended to great influence with the gods, and, therefore, considerable power over the elements.

Once upon a time he was seated with his tribe on the side of a hill, when a terrible explosion took place, and a vast avalanche of boiling mud

came rushing down the acclivity.

Instead of taking at once to his canoe, he attempted the Canute expedient of ordering back the torrent. Unfortunately, obedience did not follow the command; and so Te Henhen and sixty of his people were overwhelmed by the burning mass.

As he was a great chief, and much estcemed for his warlike character, the poet laureate of the pine-

forest thus immortalized the incident :-

The morning breaks; it looks forth, By the side and through the peaks of Tauhura. Perhaps my friend comes back to me. Alas! I swim alone. He is gone. Thou hast taken him! Go, then, thou great one! Go, thou terrible one! Go, thou that wert like a Rata, And gave shelter to many. Who is the god that hast cast you In his anger to the jaws of death? Sleep on, my father, in that much-dreaded house. The cord of Kaukau shall no more grace thy arm. It was the delight of thy ancester, of Ngahere, Which he left, a sign of chieftainship. Turn this way thy great and noble frame, Let me see at it again: Like the blue waters is thy face, Marked with a hundred lines. Thy people now are chieftainless, And have no courage left. They stand alone; they look dismayed, Like the stars of heaven forsaken.

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Atutahi is gone, and Rehna the man-eater, The great star that stood over the Milky Way, is gone. And thou, too, Tongariro, stand alone. The prows of the Arawa float in the waters; Women from the west there weep, Because thou art gone. Come back from the west, come back from the sea, With thy tatooed body, Looking as beautiful as that of thy tupuna of Rangomai. The darkness of the Po has enclosed thee, Son of Rangi. But cease to weep. Arise! Stand forth! Take again thy meri, And talk o'er thy deeds of valour,-How thou didst tread them down by hosts. Thou wert a rock by ocean shore! But thy death was sudden. By the side of Pepeki Thou didst fall. Thou wert laid on the earth; But thy fame shall travel while the heavens remain.

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This is a noble dirge, and worthy of the warrior. But it needs a few words of explanation. He is compared to a Rata. This is one of the most singular trees in the world. It appears first as a modest climber beside some huge monarch of the woods. Gradually it extends itself upward, spreads its tendrils, and clasps the trunk around. As its strength increases, its bulk enlarges, its grasp becomes more vigorous, until the tree which sheltered it expires in its strangling folds, and the destroyer soon develops into an enormous forest tree. Te Henhen was not the only warrior that could be likened to a Rata. In some respects it is but a type of a large class, who, coming to the help of others, thrive upon their destruction.

A cannibal song may here be introduced, as a suitable sequel to that heroic lament.

The Maori words are these:-

Tenei tou roro Ko te Kowhatu e tu Ri te ahi-Rai, Kia reka iho ai Taku Raigna iho-e.

This, being interpreted, has this Christian sentiment:-

O that this were your brain!
This very stone lying by the food-fire!
That my devouring it might be sweet to the taste!

A little variety may be thrown in here in the shape of a canoe song, sung while drawing the boat from the sands into the river. It is not unlike one of the chants of our own seamen:—

One.—That's it—go along—rimu.

All.—Cheerily men!
One.—Go along, totara.

All.—Cheerily men!
One.—Go along, pukatea.

All.—Cheerily men.
One.—Give away, firmness.

All.—Cheerily men!
One.—Give away, strength.

All.—Cheerily men!
One.—Brace up.

All.—Cheerily men!
It's I—It's I;

A long pull.

The thing is dead;

A long pull.

Jog along, jog along,
Slip along, slip along,
Brandish the hatchet.
Cheerily men,
Draw it out.
That's it.
It's a duck.

Quack! quack! quack! quack!

Some of their funeral pieces have not a little mystical meaning in reference to Po, which was Night or Chaos. Thus we have the following chant at a burial:—

Te po nui,
Se po roa,
Le po uri uri,
Le po tango tango,
Te po wawa,
Te po te kitea,
Te po te waia,
Tena toko ka tu,
Ko toko o,
Tane rua nuku.

This declares, place a staff for the Po, or Night:-

The great Po,
The long Po,
The dark Po,
The gloomy Po,
The intense Po,
The unseen Po,
The unsearchable Po,
Behold the staff stands,
The staff of
Tane rua nuku.

The spirit is said to take its passage along Po through the Reinga. The Reinga is the extreme north of the island. When the ghost reaches this spot, it runs along a tree at the extremity, and drops into the water to rejoin friends gone before into the spirit world.

With this springing of hope, there was another song for the living at the funeral:—

Place a staff for the day,
The great day,
The long day,
The bright day,
The gloomy day.
Behold the staff stands;
The staff of the end of heaven—
The staff of flowing light—
The staff of the bright world—
This is all for the day.

The spade that dug a grave was held to be sacred, and to be used only for a similar purpose. As its last turn was used, the survivors chanted the following:—

Closed up—closed up
In the womb of night,
With the early dawn
Eat the sacrifice of the dead,
From the cultivation of your father,
Which is left in the world.
Closed up—closed up
In the early dawn;
Eat the spirit of the fat, the taro,
Your food to feed you is the fly,
Eat it in Pairau your abode.

As may be supposed, songs about love and marriage, with all attendant joys and sorrows, are numerous enough among the tribes, and sufficiently distinctive.

The children have games among themselves, in which the nursery rhymes have relation to this important social question. Thus, a knot of laughing young lassies of the forest will join in some such dialogue as the following:—

First.—Pray, what is your husband, ma'am? Second.—My husband tills the kumera root.

First.—Go to some strange land where the soil is rich.

This is in reference to the growth of the kumera potato.

Again:—
First.—What is your husband, ma'am?
Second.—My husband is a fisherman.

First.—Go then to some other place where the sea is calm.

A third couple venture forth:—

First.—And pray what is your husband?

Second.—Mine is a digger of fern-root.

First.—That will do better. You have got the packing up in store, and the pulling out again.

The three chief objects of family industry we have alluded to, and the lassies have an opportunity of indicating the occupation they would prefer for their future lord.

The boys and girls, when at their evening games, were fond of indulging in some little pleasantries of this nature. The lads would taunt the girls with such a song as this:—

Who will marry the woman Too lazy to weave garments? Tongariro is the food for The skin of such a one eh!

This is a benevolent expression. Tongariro being the name of a burning mountain in New Zealand, it is like saying that a gentle roasting is the best use to which an idle wife can be applied.

The lassies retaliate thus :-

Who will marry a man Too lazy to till the ground for food? The sun is the food for The skin of such a one—eh!

This is at least a more elevated, though even warmer, comparison than that used by the boys. The latter, though, return the compliment in some jests upon the fashions of the ladies:—

When she goes out
She kuikuias,
She koakoas,
She chatters.
The very ground is terrified,
And the rats all run away—
Just so.

Boxes of ears and hearty laughter close the street-scene.

But it is time to turn to more sentimental musings. Let it not be thought that Love has not flown across the Equator, and visited the far-off isles of the South. It is true that such regions are

somewhat different from the Paphos and Olympus of old. The Fauns and Fairies never got down that way at all. But the good people may have objections to salt water, or certainly not admire a night in a tossing ship upon the waves. But if Robin Goodfellow, Queen Mab, and others of the little folk, have not crossed the Line, Cupid with stronger wings has flown thither; or, with tenderer heart, has listened more graciously to the appeals of swains and maidens fair in those distant isles, and gone to their rescue.

Love, that sports with roses in Europe, has no objection to the flowerless land of the Maories. He has at least the rustling of the noble fronds of a fern-tree valley, the soft murmurs that steal through the umbrageous grove, and the music of dancing falls. More than this, he has susceptible male and female hearts, upon which to exercise his

archery skill.

New Zealanders quite appreciate the human passion: the only drawback to their enjoyment, as more civilized people would conclude, or, at any rate, a serious diminution of their pleasures, is that they are perfectly innocent of the art of kissing, and are content with the simple rubbing of noses.

Poetry is not absent from the breast of the Maori. Though unable of old to write a sonnet to the eyebrows of his mistress, and forward it by the evening mail, he could run off a measure, expressive of his feelings, as the Improvisatori of Italy now. The gay troubadours of old were rarely able to send their verses to their lady-love, though ready enough to sing before their castle bowers, or chant their praise in court or forest wild. An ignorance of caligraphy with them, as with the tatooed race, confined their powers to the living voice. Their strains, however, could be acquired by others, as the canary learns the note of the nightingale.

In this way some of these epistles of passion, composed amidst the ravings of the southern ocean, or the solitude of the pine-forest, have reached our northern border.

Here we have the heartrending tale of a forsaken maiden, who follows with her eye the path of her neglecting lover:—

Look where the mist Hangs over Pukehina: There is the path By which went my love.

Turn back again hither, That may be poured out Tears from my eyes.

It was not I who first spoke of love. You it was who made advances to me, When I was but a little thing.

Therefore was my heart made wild; This is my farewell of love to thee.

Alas! the course of true love runs not smoothly in the fern vales of the south. It is the old story—of woman's confidence, and man's treachery. He sought, and won. He gained the treasure, and then flung it from him.

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It is not in single blessedness alone that such sorrows can occur. Wedded life in Maoriland was full of such incidents of disappointed or short-lived affection. No benevolent Sir C. Cresswell appeared there, to rush with a noble knight to the relief of the fair and tried ones, and sever the bonds that held them in cruel yoke to the false partners.

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But another voice of distress reaches us from a forlorn maiden. Her story is the following:—Beguiled by a British sailor, she had been drawn away from her island home of Tuhna. He had been faithful to her but for a short time. Tired of her company, the wayward man had secured a new fancy—Toru, or Pohiwa, niece of the great southern warrior, Rawparaha—and had sailed off with her to England.

The forsaken mistress now recalls her former lover, Tangiteruru, who would be so glad to hang a shark's-tooth ornament from her ear. But in a strange district, far away on the ridge of Parahaki, she sighs in vain for even the cast-off garments of the rival lady. This is her lament:—

My regret is not to be expressed : It was like a spring gushing from my eyes. I wonder what Te Kainku is doing; He who deserted me. Now I climb upon the ridge of Mount Parahaki, From whence is clear the view of Tuhna isle. I see with regret the lofty Taumo, Where dwells Tangiteruru. If I were there, the shark's tooth would hang from How fine! how beautiful I should look! But see—whose ship is that tacking? Is it yours? Ottu You, husband of Pohiwa, Sailing away on the tide to Europe. O Toru Give me some of your fine things; For beautiful are the clothes of the sea-god. Enough of this.

The next one tells its own tale. It is, again, the story of forsaken beauty. The ode is an address to the Sun, calling upon him to hasten his departure, that she may the better indulge her grief in darkness, and that she lose the sooner those objects of regard which put her in mind of her home and love.

I must return to my rags,

And to my nothing at all.

Set, O Sun, disappearing in your cave,
While tears flow like water from my eyes.
I am a forsaken one, since you have gone,
O, Tarati. Now is vanishing from the sight
The point of Waiohipa,
And the cliff of Mitiwai is fading away like smoke.
Underneath that cliff is the god of my love.
Have done, spirit, the work of intrusion.
Now that you are absent in your native land,
The day of regret will, perhaps, end.

We trust she found the peace that time and absence bring to the disconsolate lover. We have the assurance of another New Zealand poet, that—

" Love does not torment for ever."

This comforting doctrine is thus expressed by the Maories:—

Kaore te aroha Mohukihuki ana.

This poem is also from a lady's pen, we were almost going to say; it was certainly the outpourings of a female nature. It may be a little shocking to confess that this is the composition of one who was in love with a married gentleman; though it must be acknowledged that, according to the fashion of the country, it was not impossible for Rawhirawhi to add to the treasury of his home by the entrance of this unfortunate lady. The respectful way in which reference is made to the lucky individual who possessed the substantial part of the warrior is not to be forgotten. It is too evident that the frail poetess regrets her position, and is far from being content with the "shadow of desire."

But to the ode :-

Love does not torment for ever;
It came on me like the fire which rages at Hukanai. If this one is near me, do not suppose,
O Kiri, that my sleep is sweet.
I lie awake the live-long night,
For love to prey upon me in secret.
It shall never be confessed,
Lest it be heard of by all.
The only evidence shall be seen on my cheeks,
The plain which extends to Tauwhare;
That path I trod to enter the house of Rawhirawhi.
Don't be angry with me, O madam!
I am only a stranger.
For you there is the body of your husband.
For me there remains only the shadow of desire.

It was customary for the females to have a concert among themselves, when, with their hair decorated with feathers, and their faces ornamented with daubs of red ochre and charcoal, they seated themselves in front of their huts.

The following Haka was a favourite song of the New Zealand maidens. It refers to the inspiring presence of a lover, though wrapped in shadows. They had a firm confidence in the modern doctrine of the soul having power to obtain a temporary release from the companionship of the body, while it followed some strange and pressing fancy.

The ghost of a living lover, though coming in the silence and the darkness of night, can never, surely, be so terrible to a girl as the appearance of the spirit of a departed one!

The allusion to the *Huia* is a pretty one. It is the name of an elegant bird, and is used symbolically for any dear and cherished object. The beloved one is ever the Huia of regard; a jewel, indeed, as valuable for its qualities as attractive for its beauty.

This is the love-sick lady's song :-

Your body is at Waitemata; But your spirit came hither, And aroused me from my sleep.

O my companions, detain my Huia, That the cord of my palpitating Heart may again be mine. Go then, O water of my eyelids. To be a messenger to the Huia feeding on my life.

Tawera is the bright star Of the morning; No less beautiful is the Jewel of my heart,

Most assuredly the maidens of England would call this sighing of their Maori sisters somewhat sentimental, and yet would be very slow to condemn it as being unnatural or absurd.

Having now given specimens enough of the poetry of the New Zealanders, we would fain add a couple of traditions, in more sober prose.

Amidst the tales that present themselves, we have preferred to select those relative to the tender passion, as more readily to be comprehended by the readers of the National Magazine, if not altogether appreciated from the prevalence of sympathetic emotions.

Among the traditions translated by the labours of the missionaries, as well as by Sir George Grey, the Governor of Cape Colony, and once again to be the Governor of New Zealand, none is more interesting than the following love story.

It relates to one of the ancestors of the New Zealanders, a mother of the Maori land, but once a fair and blushing maiden of the Totara forest.

Hine-Moa, daughter of the chief Umukaria, the father of the tribe of the Ngati Umui-karia-hapu, was a Maori beauty. A neighbouring chief had four sons, all of whom were enamoured with this flower of Rotorua, and longed to transplant it from the sweet village of Owhata.

But the youngest of these tatooed young warriors, the sighing Tutanekai, dwelt much upon this belle of the wilds, till his passion became inflamed

like the fiery cone of Tongariro.

The usages of society did not permit many opportunities of intercourse; but at bridal meetings glances had passed between the young people.

"How beautiful she is!" cried Tutanekai to his friend young Tiki; "she moves as gracefully as a

canoe on the waters!."

"How handsome is he!" quoth the pretty maiden to herself; "his eye shines like the evening star, and his body is as straight and strong as the pine of the forest!"

Yet neither made advances. The bashful youth feared to tell his tale; and the lady trembled to adopt the common Maori fashion of sending a friend to say she loved him.

"She is surrounded by lovers," said he, "and may not be able to see me." "He looks, but speaks not," said she, "and will, perhaps, have no love

for me."

But Tutanekai took a native horn, seated himself upon the top of a hill in his island, and told his love in soft strains, which the evening breeze bore over the sparkling lake to the fair maid at its side.

"Ah! ah!" said the gentle one, "this music comes from him to me."

spatched a friend to say how long and much he had loved her. With the simplicity of the words, she had but one reply to make-

"And have we then both loved the same?"

After this the young people met, and eyes and tongues told all the rest of the story. But they knew that the friends of each would object to the union. He was the youngest son, and his brothers were more influential; her family aspired to a nobler connexion for the beauty.

What was to be done? There was no help for it. It must be a Gretna Green affair, with the

part of the blacksmith left out.

This was to be the arrangement. Tutanekai was to sound his horn some night upon the island, and she was to seize a canoe and paddle off to him. Were he to come for her, a stone meri would soon destroy the handsome features he displayed. But the little bird that tells everything in savage as in Christian lands had carried a tale, and the friends of Hine-Moa took measures against her flight.

When the moon was throwing down upon the heaving bosom of the lake Rotorua a thousand reflections of her loveliness, the maiden stood gazing at the enchantment, while her ears drank in the melody of a well-known horn. The signal was there, but how could she answer it? The canoes had been drawn up high upon the beach, and no power of hers could stir one from the sands. She strained her eyes to the island, and dropped bitter tears into the tide.

Again and again did the horn sound in the soft moonlight, and the poor helpless maiden saw the sun rise upon the village. The island was far off, the canoes were secured. What could she do?

Love is inventive, and Maori girls, like their English sisters, are skilful in expedients to accomplish their objects. Hine-Moa must get to the side of her expectant lover. She must not appear unfaithful to him. She dare not, in her modesty, entreat the help of others in her love adventure. She has to work out the problem alone.

Could she not swim to the island? But the distance was great, and the lake was deep. The breathings of that delicious music again stole along the waters, and sharpened her imagination while charming her bosom. She knew what she would do. Some empty gourds were near: she would have these to support her as floats. Three were attached for one side, and three for the other.

Her clothes were cast off, her body floated on the water, and she struck out vigorously for that Eden shore before her. When tired with swimming, she rested upon her gourds. The darkness closed the island from view; but the magnet of Tutanekai guided her, as the sweet measures from her lover fell upon her ear.

She gained the land. But she was naked, and her maidenly blushes rose. A warm spring of water was near. She hastened to it, and stooped down beneath arching boughs in the tepid pool.

Tutanekai was thirsty with his blowing, sent one of his slaves for a cool draught from The hero summoned up courage at last, and de- lake. He returned close to where the lady was called 47 Th pecte " (ing 8 bash

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sam zati had T bes concealed. Imitating the voice of a man, she called out aloud,

"Where are you taking that water?"

The poor fellow, much frightened at the unexpected salute in the night, said, To Tutanekai.

"Give to me," exclaimed the fair bather. Drinking some of its contents, she threw back the calabash so as to break it upon the stones.

"Where is the water I sent you for?" said the

young chief.

"The vessel is broken," was the reply; "some man in the bath broke it."

"Then fetch me some more," was the order.

The same process of questioning and breaking took place. It was repeated. The chief was now in a rage. Catching up a weapon, he ran forward to the warm pool, saying "Where is the fellow

who broke my calabashes?"

The heart of the maiden beat wildly at the voice of her beloved. She drew back further under the deep shade of the overhanging foliage.

"Where are you," cried Tutanekai.

The throbbings of the bosom of the Maori maiden gave response. The young man crept cautiously round the pool, feeling as he went along with one hand, and clasping his war-club with the other. All at once he seized upon the soft little hand of the girl. He was bewildered and subdued.

"Whose is this?" said the lover. "Who are

you?" he continued.

"It is I, your Hine-Moa," was the gentle and

modest reply.

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The fair one came forth from her shelter, with all the grace of the white crane from the water. Tutanekai threw a garment around her, and took her to his home. That made them, by native custom, husband and wife. And Hine-Moa, the swimming betrothed, became the mother of a great tribe.

Taranaki has of late come prominently before the English public as the scene of a long and well-sustained conflict, maintained by the Maories against the British arms. It is a lovely region of hill and dale, clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, with a most genial climate. The soil is volcanic, and a splendid volcano raises its snowy crest ten thousand feet above the sandy shore.

If a stronghold of warriors, it is no less the paradise of Maori women, whose reputation for beauty is recognized throughout the island.

Many years before the white stranger had come to disturb the hearths of the savages, this realm of Taranaki was governed by a chief, who possessed the fairest of daughters. Rau Mahora was the talk of the western people.

Among those who heard with emotion the tale of her charms was the youthful chieftain of the adjoining tribe, named Takarangi. Unhappily, as was too commonly the case with New Zealand, the same as with nations of more pretensions to civilization and Christianity, the neighbouring tribes, had a quarrel and came to blows.

The pah, or fortress, of old Rangiarunga was beset by his enemies. The wooden barricade defied

the force of wooden clubs and stone axes. But, when closely blockaded, provisions became scarce, and the water failed. The chief and his daughter suffered terribly from thirst. The father in his extreme anguish got upon the bulwark of his citadel, and piteously begged drink of the besiegers. A few were seized by some benevolent impulse toward the aged warrior, ran for the cooling draught, and held up the calabash. Others, less governed by gentle feelings, rushed forward, and dashed the cup to the ground.

Again was the voice of the old man raised. But this time it was to the hero of the combatants, who stood with his white heron plume. "Give me water," said he, "if thou art able to stay the

surging of this sea of warriors."

"Ah," thought the young man, "that is the father of the fair Rau Mahora." So he went for the water, came forth among the blood-excited throng, and calmly presented the calabash to the dried lips of his foe. So noble an act, performed with such dignity, was not resented by his wild followers.

"Drink," cried Takarangi, "and give some to

that young girl beside thee.'

Not satisfied with this, but moved by some softer impulse, the youthful chieftain seemed to forget the siege, and the presence of his enemies, clambered up the tree fence, none thinking of opposing, and sat himself beside the fair maiden in the very stronghold of the adversary.

"What think you, my child," suddenly exclaimed the old chief; "would you like him for a husband?" "I would," said the artless girl. There was no

need to ask Takarangi.

Without a word, the war had suddenly ceased. The tribes were commingling in friendship. Courtesy, daring, and love had quenched the fire of conflict.

From this happy union sprang the tribe now resident at Wellington, the southern capital of New Zealand.

When I see how much has been written of those who have lived; how the Greeks preserved every saying of Plato's; how Boswell followed Johnson, gathering up every leaf that fell from that rugged old oak, andpasting it away,-I almost regret that one of the disciples had not been a recording angel, to preserve the odour and richness of every word of Christ. When John says, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not ontain the books that should be written," it affects me more profoundly than when I think of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, or the perishing of Grecian art in Athens or Byzantium. The creations of Phidias were cold stone, overlaid by warm thought; but Christ described His own creations when He said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are life." The leaving out of these things from the New Testament, though divinely wise, seems, to my warning, not so much the unaccom-plishment of noble things, as the destruction of great treasures, which had already had oral life, but failed of incarnation in literature .- Beecher's Life Thoughts.

ZENIA, THE RUSSIAN PILGRIM.

THE following narrative, so descriptive of Russian peasant life, and so highly creditable to the religious and moral sentiment to be found amongst the Russian peasantry, was communicated to a lady-traveller (Madame de Speranski) who recently visited Palestine. The heroine was one of a numerous class of Christian pilgrims from Russia, who congregate at Jerusalem periodically, intent upon the performance of their religious vows.

By way of preface something may here be said regarding the circumstances attendant upon a pil-

grimate to the Holy Land.

The pilgrimage to Jerusalem is not considered to have been adequately performed until the devotee shall have passed one night in the Church of St. Sepulchre at Calvary. On a particular day in Holy week the pilgrims voluntarily shut themselves up in the church, to engage in acts of penance and devotion, accompanied by the performance of vespers and matins. The doors of St. Sepulchre upon such occasions are closed at sunset, to be reopened at sunrise.

During this time, the pilgrims submit to a kind of cloistral seclusion; but their devotions are hardly conducted, be it stated, with the decorum and solemnity befitting meditation and prayer. A tumultuous concourse flock into the sacred edifice and spread themselves along its roomy aisles with

unnecessary clamour and disturbance.

The devotees have arrived from every Catholic country under the sun, and in excited crowds throng the wide aisles of St. Sepulchre even to the foot of Golgotha, rudely disputing the passage at every step with equally anxious pilgrims. The fanatical and devout, the austere and the merely curious, mix indiscriminately, pushing and wrangling with one another for places in the church.

A few years ago there were several characters who had rendered themselves conspicuous in the pilgrimages to Jerusalem by their strange and uncouth behaviour in the precincts of holy St. Sepulchre. One notorious individual was a certain German baroness, who had performed several pilgrimages: she was accustomed to enter the church in vestments of the most grotesque fashion, and force her way through the crowd, thrusting vi armis everybody aside who happened to intercept her passage. Her gestures were so extravagant they induced the belief that she was a maniac; and she distributed her knocks and cuffs with unmistakable vigour; par example, she strikes a fanatic almost as mad as herself, and lo! a torrent of invectives from the unfortunate dervish quickly repays the assault. They quarrel, dealing out harsh and dissonant recriminations in different languages, until the disgraceful proceedings are put an end to by the interference of mediators, who reluctantly step in after much patient endurance.

The Christians of the Greek Church of Russia form a considerable proportion of the assemblages

of pilgrims, and have earned the reputation of

being the best behaved of all.

When night begins to close in upon St. Sepulchre, deepening the shadows thrown by the massive columns of the church upon the marble floor, and seeming to extend the enormous proportions of the sacred edifice by casting objects into partial obscurity, the scene is full of grandeur and sublimity. Groups of ghostly-looking objects are seen, here prostrate about a pillar; there bending and stooping before the altar, glimmering lamps cast uncertain lights around. In the distance the eye perceives the red and starry gleams of waving censers and tapers carried by a procession. The concourse of all races of people,—the fitfully illuminated darkness, — the highly-perfumed atmosphere,—the murmur of many voices heard until silenced by the sudden chanting of a hymn in the choir of the cathedral,—combine to produce an effect which once heard is not forgotten.

It was within the sacred precincts of St. Sepulchre that the Russian pilgrim, Zenia Alexiewitch, became known to Madame Speranski, and confided

to that lady the following pathetic story:

"I was born" (the Russian pilgrim began) "in a village a few miles distant from the town of Tiver, in central Russia; my father was the vicar or pastor of the place. I, and a brother, were the only survivors of a numerous family. The recollection of their losses affected much the happiness of my parents. Each sabbath as it arrived renewed their regrets, for it brought around them throngs of the young and happy to remind them of their bereavements. The peasantry of my native place was composed of a better class than the generality of Russian serfs; and they paid more regard to personal appearance. The young women wore for their Sunday and holiday attire, brightcoloured dresses, snowy caftans, and hats, imparting to them a becoming and coquettish air. The young men, in their Greek tunics, high boots, and lowcrowned beavers, ornamented with a feather, vied with the softer sex in the picturesqueness of their costume. If the Sundays were fine, it was customary with our villagers to form in procession, and slowly proceed to the church, singing hymns as they went along, and by their good example causing others to join in divine worship. Upon such occasions the aged people seated themselves before the cottage doors, and looked on with gladdened features while their children performed this interesting ceremony.

"In autumn, a similar gathering or re-union took place; the young men of the peasantry, equipped with warm skins and furs, then prepared to quit their native place to earn a livelihood during the winter, as boatmen on the Volga, or drivers and waggoners on the roads to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Upon such occasions the parting between parents and children proved an affecting sight. It was on one of these leave-takings" (continued the Russian pilgrim, tears starting in her eyes) "that my brother left us—alas! never to return. His companions returned home in spring, but he came not with them; they re-

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ported that he had met with his death by being drowned accidentally in the Volga. I was the only child now left to my bereaved parents, but the loss of their son proved so great an affliction that my poor mother's grief hurried her also to the tomb. My father's story is so connected with my own that I must shortly relate it. He began life in the church, with good prospects, having pursued his studies with success at college; but, just as advancement presented itself, he was unfortunately attacked with paralysis, and became a cripple the rest of his days.

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Damian Alexiewitch - such was my parent's name-left his college to marry. He made a journey into the interior of the country, for the purpose of proposing for the hand of Zenia Orvin, my mother. After many days' travelling, the sledge finally stopped before the door of a farm-house, the abode of his affianced. Orvin saw her lover descend from the sledge maimed and supported by crutches, but this did not create in her much surprise; she had been already prepared for her Damian's affliction; nevertheless the sight of one so dear, yet disabled, saddened the welcome the Orvins were ready to give to their visitor. They received him with undiminished-friendliness, and in a week from the day of his arrival his marriage took place. Soon afterwards the parsonage in which I was born was purchased with the dowry of my mother, joined to a sum of money in my father's possession.

But, not to dwell on these details, let me at once come to my own history. At the age of twenty I suffered from a visitation of providence of a nature to withdraw me altogether from society. I was seized with an illness of a serious character. But the trial I was subjected to brought with it a great moral change in my nature. It is necessary to explain the nature of my malady. One summer's evening, I was reading to my father a favourite book under the shady foliage of a Linden-tree in the garden of the vicarage. I read with deep attention, for the subject was a tale of bereavement that resembled my father's. The book indeed produced in both of us emotion; and at the part I came to which most affected us, I became overcome with a strange sensation of languor and giddiness. swooned into the arms of my kind parent. Alarmed at the continuance of the stupor, he carried me to the house; and alas! to his great grief, I remained long confined to my bed, even as one who was in a trance. It was death in all but the shroud and the worms that feed on corruption. The people who came to my bed-side refused to believe that I really lived; and he alone who could detect the recurrence of the spark of life in my pallid features was my father himself.*

In this state of trance, visions inspiring me with devotional ideas were constantly present to me; they were followed by frightful hallucinations,

which in their turn gave way to accesses of stupor

The vision that visited me oftenest pictured Palestine—the Holy Land. The sacred city, Jerusalem, was so distinctly foreshadowed to my eyes, that when in after-life, as now, I actually visited this sacred spot, I recognised certain places and objects for the same that had passed before me

in my dream existence.

It was many months before I actually awoke from the trance; and when I did so, it was in a state of weakness and prostration. But when gradually the lethargy wore off, the sensations of new life I began to feel were full of an enjoyment and buoyancy beyond my power of describing. After my final recovery the time, as I said, passed with a tranquillity and zest for existence such as I had never yet experienced. Still, however, my sleep was attended with recurrent visions of the Holy City. In this happy condition of mind, I was brought to a knowledge of worldly things that I had long been absent to. One day my father sent for me to his quiet study in the now almost deserted parsonage. After alluding to my recovery, and thanking Providence for restoring me, he began to speak of matters that had indeed strangely escaped my mind. At every word he spoke I upbraided my own selfishness.

"My child," he said, "during your long-continued malady passing events were dead to you, even as to one in the grave. But since your miraculous restoration, what have been your impressions? Have you observed the changes of the

last few months? Look at me, Zenia!"

I raised my eyes. The change I saw in my father had not impressed my mind until that moment, wrapt as I was in my own selfish considerations.

That manly brow, once so broad, open, and unruffled—that face so full, firm and healthful in colour!—the forehead was now deeply furrowed—the face blanched and wrinkled. Grief and suffering had left these ravages on a countenance and form hitherto remarkable for their serenity and dignity. Alas! I had indeed been unobservant of the traces of sorrow, so perceptible in my father. But he understood my feelings. He proceeded:—

"Zenia, age creeps on. I am old—nay, I feel that I have not long to be with you!—not long to wait ere the span of life is reached! You wonder at the change you see in me. But my misfortunes in life have been many, and none heavier than the latest that have fallen upon me. Your mother taken from me; my own constantly failing health—my school passed into the hands of others—even the pastorship given to another;—poverty and penury have overtaken us. Ought I to repine? The will of Heaven be done! But you, my child—when am gone—it is for you these tear sstart forth!"

I threw myself on his neck and mingled my tears with his. Never shall I forget that affecting hour. I chose the opportunity to reveal to my parent a resolve that had taken possession of my soul.

"My father," I said, with strong emotion,

^{*} The cataleptic state, or ecstacy, the malady of Zenia, is not uncommon in most countries: but in Russia it is of frequent recurrence. It is supposed to be brought on by climatic influences, and persons of the devotional temperament are said to be more subject to it than others.

"when you leave me this world will cease to possess any interest for me. I will devote the remainder of my existence to a sacred mission, to which Heaven has called me. The pilgrim's footsteps shall take me to Palestine, there to renounce

worldly things for ever."

After the lapse of a few months my father died. I pass over the trials and sorrows of my existence following this great bereavement, feeling unable to contend with the recollections of the desolation that ensued. I take up my story at the termination of the long seclusion I chose to impose on myself within the deserted parsonage, after my father's death.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter had come and gone, while I remained a recluse. Meanwhile, all things around me were in decay or perishing. My petted linnet lay at the bottom of his cage, dead long since. The house-dog prowled in the rank weeds of the neglected garden; natural objects once so attractive—the birds I loved to watch in their sportive flight and thrilling songs—the flowers I once tended with so much love and care—none of these things any longer possessed their accustomed attractions. In my misanthropy I looked upon every favourite pastime with disgust and dislike. My own careworn features and bended form excited pity and sympathy in the few neighbours who chanced to see me.

One desire alone had, in truth, taken possession of my soul. It was to commence the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which had been the dream of my past years. I longed for the day that was to see me depart on my journey to Palestine; and I exulted to think that the hour approached when, with naked feet, and the garb and staff of the pilgrim, I should wend my way to the Holy City.

Friendless and alone in the world; in solitude my prayers were fervent for strength and courage to enable me to fulfil the task I had undertaken and to reach the foot of the cross. Let me now

relate how that task was realised.

It was on the Easter Sunday of the year 184that I visited for the last time the Linden-tree overgrown with weeds in the deserted garden. I sat on the old oaken bench and allowed my thoughts to dwell upon the past. My parents slept beneath the mounds of turf I could discern in the adjacent churchyard. Brothers and sisters-all had passed away. Those hours of my youth so full of hope had given place to sadder feelings. I had already supplied myself with the primitive equipments suitable to my pilgrimage—my bible; a robe of serge; the staff and wallet; the sandalled shoonwith only a few roubles sewn in the hempen girdle of my robe, intended to be resorted to only in extremity. Finally bidding adieu to my home, I bent my footsteps from my deserted home and commenced my long and wearisome journey.

After two days' travelling I arrived at the town of Tiver, where I obtained the information requisite to guide me on my way. The garb I wore obtained me the pilgrim's humble fare and lowly bed. For many days I travelled through strange

lands, encountering the weariness and sickness of heart that the religious mendicant must experience. But Providence sustained me; my strength and energies were impaired, but not destroyed, when finally I reached the goal of my hopes, jaded, footsore, and exhausted, but still more than ever attached to my holy mission. You see me before Calvary in the character my thoughts had so long dwelt upon. I have performed my pilgrimage."

Madame de Speranski's Journal merely adds that Zenia, having finished her story, took her leave, and, descending the steps of Mount Calvary, was soon lost in the crowd of pilgrims below and seen no

more.

E. H. MALCOLM.

GERMAN BEER.

THE beers of Belgium and Germany, in general, may be divided into two classes—the brown, and

the white, or yellow.

The brown differs from the other in taste, but not in effects. The colour may be said to be chiefly owing to a more advanced carbonization of the extractive substances. It must be prepared from the best strong hops, in the proportion of 550 to 642 grammes to the hectolitre of beer. This will do for that manufactured from winter barley. Summer barley requires but about 420 grammes.

I am sorry to inform your readers that, growl as they may about the adulteration of English ale, their Teutonic neighbours across the German sea sigh over the depravity of humanity in a similar manner. They also have to mourn over the fact that they cannot get a glass of good beer. It is doctored for them. In a foreign work upon beers I learn that the following substances form parts of this wholesome beverage:—acetate of lead, acetate of copper, chalk, lime, potash, magnesia, sea-water, tartaric acid, chicory, lichens, gentian, pavot, coque du levans, &c. Several of these are well-recognized poisons. Substitutes for hops of no good to man are abundantly known.

No little trickery is employed to manufacture an article in demand, but not according to the orthodox manner. Thus, with our brown beet of Belgium one brewer, Berhardt, gives the following

story :-

"I employ," says he, "in the manufacture of my brown beer the following substances, which give it the colour and the taste of the ordinary brown beer. I evaporate in a well-tinned cauldron a part of the liquid, even to the consistence of a syrup. I keep it in motion on the fire continually until the syrup becomes a burnt and deep-coloured sugar; with that addition alone I am already in a condition to make my beer brown equal to the best of the sort. But as all brown beers have a slightly astringent taste, I give it to the ordinary brown beer by the addition of the bark of oak or mahogany."

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This is the confession of a harmless sort of trick, compared with others not told so ingenuously.

The white beer is prepared from pale malt. yeast for strong beer is from 92 to 95 grammes a hectolitre; but for the blanche only 61 are necessary, though a little warm beer is added. Gelatine, above all that obtained by hydrochloric acid, has

an effect to clarify the beers.

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There is a great variety of beers. Wheat beer is made from wheat and the fecula of potatoes in equal proportions. Rye beer is made of rye and potatoes. Barley and oat beer require potatoes also. beer is made from gavina, of rice one-half, fecula of potatoes one-fourth, and wheat the other fourth. Potatoe beer has wheat and maize in it. The sugar beer of beetroot contains 300 parts by weight, of sugar of beet, 25 of rye, and 25 of oats. Sugar beer is of 50 parts of rough sugar, 25 of oats, and 25 of wheat. Lentil beer contains wheat. French-bean beer has, also, some wheat. Other substances, as millet, &c. are converted into beer.

The difference of the growth of hops is the great cause of variety in the Belgian beers. The yellow secretion may be 7 per cent. in one neighbourhood, and 18 in another. The foreign matter, so called, runs from 11 to 16 per cent. higher the per-centage of the foreign matter in the hops, so much the more injurious to health. Some French chemists contend that there are hops of so poisonous a kind that Government should interfere for their rejection; as the beers made of them not only grow sour speedily, but are affected with the poisonous quality. The yellow juice of hops contains eighteen substances; among these are carbonic acid, potash, essential oil, water, ammonia, gum, silex, sulphur, iron, phosphorus,

The malt of Belgium and Germany is more crisped than that of France.

The double beer will keep six or eight months, when the little beer lasts but six weeks. The latter

requires less yeast.

One of the most esteemed beers of Belgium is the Faro. Barley and wheat are mixed for it in the proportion of 38 hectolitres to 22; there is also added the ball of wheat 4 sacks, and hops 92 kilogrammes, to produce 100 hectolitres of beer. The Faro or yellow beer is casked at 12° C. without ferment, being at higher temperature than others. The ball of wheat is called kaf in Flemish, and gives to the beers that insensible fermentation, a bouquet, and a style that altogether distinguish them. The Faro is the Brussels' beer in particular, and is higher in price than others.

Lambick, especially that made at Hal, is thought the strongest of the Belgium beers. Both it and same vat. The proportions for the Lambick are as follows: -81 hectolitres of wheat weighing 80 kilogrammes; 13 hectolitres of malt, weighing 44 kilogrammes; 30 of good hops from d'Alost;

these produce 344 hectolitres of Lambick.

That which distinguishes some of the German

Bavaria, is in the mode of preparation. Thus, a well-pitched cask is used, prepared in a careful way with aromatic pitch from the Tyrol mountains. The liquor is put in fermention at a very low temperature in the coolest places. Cavities are made for its reception in rocks or the sides of hills, or houses are built with solid masonry. Even double doors are provided, with chimneys that may be opened or closed at pleasure. Still further to increase the aroma of the beer, additions are made of aloes, cassia, camomile, coculus indicus, Florence Iris, &c., administered according to secret methods. To finish ale, the beer is clarified; for the taste is not at all in favour of the thick, muddy looking, frothy beer so much admired in London. The clarification is performed with gelatine, as calves'-feet jelly.

The winter beer, so called, is made in October, November, March, and April. It requires less malt and hops for the quantity than the summer beer; but it must be drunk early. The summer beer is made in the coldest months, and lasts the longest.

Anacreon was never more enthusiastic in his praise of flowing wine, nor Burns of whisky, than the Teutonic poets of the matchless glory of beer. The favourite songs of Belgium are those in praise of beer. However much the German family may differ on questions of politics and religion, on this theme they are one. There are, in fact, two bonds of union in the great Germanic Confederation, in spite of all petty jealousies—the pipe and the glass. The politician, the philosopher, the divine, the mechanic, the prince and the beggar, there meet on one common platform; with beer and tobacco they are brethren. The universality of the admiration for these two excitants astonishes the traveller. An anti-smoking association has even less chance of success than a teetotal one.

The attachment to tobacco is comparatively new, but it is a most unqualified one. Such a realm of smoke is a most unsatisfactory one in which to travel. I could never realize the pleasure of semisuffocation in a room or railway carriage. No man can approach you without a strong odour. An acknowledgment is readily given that it is an injurious habit; but it is added, "I like it, and everybody smokes." Several Belgians told me that they had been brought to death's door by the pipe. Medical authorities make attestation, puffing away all the while, that the majority of cases of consumption among the German race of young men arise from immoderate smoking.

But for all this, the tobacco is still in the ascendant. Faces are paled, teeth are decayed, eyes are blinded, limbs are shaken, the nerves are unstrung, the stomach is injured, the lungs are Faro are made in the same manner and from the destroyed; but the habit is followed as strongly

as ever.

And why is this? Simply for the two reasons that heavy beer-drinking prevails among them ;they like it, and it is the fashion. When men meet together, they must smoke together, they must drink together. How the Belgian ladies can live beers from the Belgium, especially in the case of in such an atmosphere of smoke, and calmly submit to such a taint of the sweet breath of heaven, is a perfect marvel. In England politeness dictates consent from a lady present in a carriage before the pipe is ignited; the more polished foreigner would laugh at such squeamish refine-

ment. His pleasure is paramount.

The same may be said for the poor lady's endurance of the everlasting glass of beer, the accompaniment of the ever-smoking furnace. It cannot be agreeable to her gentleness of nature and delicacy of sentiment, to have such frequent jingling of beer-glasses in her ear, with the bleareyed gaze and fetid breath of her continually beer-drinking companion. She is rosy, while he is sallow. She is bright and cheerful, while he is muddy and dull.

But fashion is an awkward thing to fight with, as dear *Punch* has found in his unsuccessful, though valorous, contest with crinoline. In spite of the folly of the affair, the Chinese dame will pinch her feet; the Papuan will file his teeth, and the Belgian will smoke his pipe and drink his beer.

Louvain has been for hundreds of years an established brewery. Although competitors for the honour of supplying the thirsty have appeared in every town and village of Belgium, Louvain still exports some quarter of a million of casks of beer

every year.

Two beers are made there—the white and the Peeterman. The white is prepared from barley, wheat, oats, and buckwheat; of which only the barley is malted. It is drunk four or five days after fermentation, and lasts two or three weeks in summer and four or five in winter, after which it turns acid. If put into small pitchers about a week after fermentation, it becomes a fresh effervescing draught. It was a beer of this sparkling champagne character that the German historians tell us Luther so admired when it was presented to him after his meeting the Diet at Worms. When I declined a draught abroad, I have been more than once rallied on my want of respect to the memory of the Protestant champion, and have been told again of his praises of the Eisenach beer, which he drank at the Brown Bear of Worms. The Roman Catholics of Belgium admire this taste of the Reformer, at least, and quote with approbation the good old times.

The Peeterman of Louvain is particularly admired. It requires more hops than the white beer, is boiled more, and its fermentation lasts longer. It undergoes a second boiling for four or five hours with old hops, and a certain gelatinous matter: when calves' feet are not ready at hand, the dried skins of sea-fish are employed. The fermentation lasts four days in summer, and five in winter. The must is then of a rich brown, with a fine aromatic flavour. Honey is often put in the mixture. Peeterman contains much extract, and is more agreeable in taste than many Belgian beers. It is drunk after three or four weeks in summer, and six

or eight in winter.

The Diest is much used in Brussels. Of a thousand parts by weight in it, wheat has 400, malt

440, and oats 160. It is a strong beer. From a thousand kilogrammes of mixture 27 hectolitres are produced. A second beer is made there of inferior strength. About 60 hectolitres come from 480 kilogrammes of wheat, 920 of malt, and 240 of oats. Diest is a town about twenty miles north-east of Louvain.

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The brown beer of Malines is made from oats, wheat, and barley, in the respective proportions of one, two, and four. The double brown beer is of a very deep colour. Malines is an important place

between Antwerp and Brussels.

Lierre beer is made at a town eight miles from Antwerp. There is a sort called cavesse, which is manufactured from barley, wheat, and oats, in the proportion of six, one, and two. It is of a very pale colour, and was formerly exported in large quantities. It is boiled three hours for white cavesse, and six hours for the yellow cavesse. It must be drunk within three or four days in summer,

and eight or ten in winter.

The Liège beer has a large sale. The young beer is from barley, rye, wheat and oats. The beer of the season is made from the same materials; but from an equal mixture 45 hectolitres of it are produced to 70 of the young beer. A wine of a miserable description, but exceedingly heady, is manufactured near Liège. The juice, however, is principally employed in the preparation of verjuice. This beer is not light and sparkling as the Brandenburg beers, called the champagne of the north. Liège is a drunken town, less from beer than gin.

In the forest of Ardennes, so immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare, it is not beer, but peeque, which is the drink: that is something between gin

and whisky.

The Namur breweries were exempted from the payment of excise by Duke Albert, because of his delight at the exhibition of a combat on stilts which he witnessed in the market-place there. He knew no better way of pleasing the townspeople than thus lowering the price of their favourite beverage.

I HEARD a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle. and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and, working makes them men !- Beecher's Life Thoughts.

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BEING A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH DOG TO AN AUSTRALIAN DOG.

MY DEAR PRINCE.—My name is Scamp. I should like to know what kind of a looking dog you are, and what sort of people you live with; so I suppose you would like to know what sort of a looking dog I am, and what my mistresses and masters are like, so I am going to tell you. I am a small dog, and my coat is so black and shiny that I sometimes hear ladies say it looks as though it were made of satin; but it is not, for it is made of very short fine hair; and I can tell you that now it is so very cold and the snow is on the ground, and I can walk all over the ponds because the water has become so hard from the frost, it does not keep me half so warm as those long thick-haired coats I see other dogs wear. When the snow first began I did feel so very cold that I became very discontented with my shiny black coat, and wished all day long I could

have one like Mrs. Brown's dog.

Well, one day my mistress (whom I hear some little girls and boys call Aunt Dorothy) went to call on Mrs. Brown, and made me go too. I did not want to go away from the fire, but she would make me go. I did not want to see the dog with the long thick coat; I knew I should want it so very much, and I know it is very wrong for a dog to wish for what is not his. Well, as soon as I got into the drawing-room, there, sure enough, was the dog; he is a great deal bigger than I am, and, oh dear, how comfortable he looked, I thought to myself. Just then he jumped up, and with his hind leg -his right hind leg-he scratched his right ear as hard as ever he could—then lay down—in a moment he jumped up again, and with his left leg he scratched his left ear as hard as ever he could lay down-up again, scratch, scratch, he went; then he began to bite himself, taking very little bits up at a time all over; it seemed to me he could not sleep a bit, and I am so fond of sleeping that I am sure he must be so too, so I went up to him and whispered—(You know, Prince, that dogs understand each other quite well, though we do not make queer ugly noises with our mouths like little boys do)-Well, I said to him, "Why don't you go to sleep? What makes you scratch and bite yourself so?"

"O, Mr. Scamp, don't you see what a long coat I have got? How I wish it were like yours."

"Dear me!" said I, "I have been wishing so for one like yours."

"Oh! Mr. Scamp, you would not want it long if you had it."

"But why?" said I.

"Why, Mr. Scamp, did you ever see a flea?"
"A flea," said I, "Why, what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"
"No, never, on my life!"

"Well, I can tell you, you would see plenty if you were to look under my hair. They are not very big creatures, not nearly so big as flies; but they

are so tiresome, they do so tease me, they run about my body as hard as ever they can go, and when they are hungry they stick a little instrument they have at their mouths into my flesh, till the blood comes, and that is their dinner. When I asked them what made them come and live on me, when there was so much room around—'Oh, we do not wear thick coats as you do, we have no hair at all, and, dear me, we find this weather so dreadfully cold that the moment one of us saw your nice coat, he hopped to tell us of it, and a hundred of us hopped into you directly. I wonder you never try to hop, it is so much pleasanter than running. Ah, but now that I stand on your side and look at you, I see that you have only got four legs, whilst I and all my relations have six.' Mr. Scamp, I felt so angry that I snapped him between my teeth and killed him, but there were ninety-nine left; for you know if one is taken away from a hundred there are ninety-nine left; and what with their hopping and their biting I never get a wink of sleep; then I fidget about till my mistress gets quite cross, and rings the bell, and tells the man-servant to put me in the stable, and there of course there is no fire."

Just then, I saw my mistress going out of the door, and I ran after her as fast as I could; but all the way home, I thought to myself, I hope I shall never be such a silly dog as to wish for other peoples' things. I must always remember that what has been given to me is just the right thing for me, and never be cross and grumble. Well I must not forget to tell you that all my paws are brown, so I look as if I had brown stockings on. I can jump, run, bark, howl, and whine like any other dog, but I can do a great many other things that other dogs cannot do. First, when I come in from a walk, I always rub my feet on the door-mat to take off the dirt. I hear my other mistress say (I hear some little boys call her Aunt Penelope), that before I came to live with her, a big boy used to live with her, and he was not half as careful to make his feet

clean when he came in.

One day, Prince, when I came in I was very tired, and I thought, I won't wipe my feet to-day; so I ran as fast as ever I could to the top of the house where I knew my dear master was, and hoped that he would let me get on his lap; but the door was shut. I am not allowed to scratch at the door, so I said "Bow, wow!" But master said "Go and wipe your feet, Scamp." My mistress called from below, "Come and wipe your feet, sir!" I was so silly; I thought if I wait a little while master will open the door, though I did not do as he told me: so said "Bow, wow: bow, wow!" I was very nearly being so naughty as to scratch; but I remembered all in a minute what a kind good master I had, and what a kind good mistress, and how many delicious bones they gave me when I was a good dog, and what nice walks I went with my mistress. I was quite ashamed of myself for not doing what they told me directly; so I ran down and wiped my feet as well as ever I could, and felt quite happy as soon as I heard my mistress say 'Good dog, Scamp.' I ran up again, and said "Bow, wow;" but my voice sounded quite different this time, because I was a good dog instead of a naughty one; so my master opened the door directly, and I jumped up on his

lap and he covered me up with his coat.

Another thing I do is to stand with my paws on a chair whilst master puts a handkerchief over my eyes; he tells me to be an honest dog, and not try to look. Of course I would not do such an unfair thing. He then hides a bit of sugar, and when he knocks I know I may go and look for it; and if I can find it I may eat it; and I do like sugar so,—don't you? Well, I hunt and hunt,—it is so hard to find sometimes; for sometimes it is in a work-box, and the lid is shut; sometimes it is shut up in the tea-caddy; sometimes it is on the high sideboard; and last night after hunting about for a long time, and almost beginning to think I would not try any more, I went close to my master's foot, I fancied I smelt sugar. I pushed his foot gently with my nose; he moved it; no, it was not under it, yet I smelt it, so I thought it might be in his shoe, so I scratched his foot—not to hurt him you know, but to tell him I wanted him to take his foot out of his shoe; he did so, and do you know when I put my nose into his shoe, there was a most delicious lump of sugar. I ate it up directly, and I thought to myself, I will never get tired of trying if I cannot do a thing as soon as I want to do it. I won't give up trying, but I will try again and again. I am sure to do it at last.

What I like doing best I will tell you. Sometimes when I am out walking, my mistress gives me a parcel to carry home to my master. Now I know that the parcel has something very nice inside, for I can always smell it. Sometimes it is sugar-sometimes biscuit-sometimes buttered toast, and sometimes even a delicious sweet cake, so I take it in my mouth (I very often wish I had a pocket in my coat, but as I have not, I carry everything in my mouth). I know it is not mine, so though I should like to eat it very much, I would not do such a naughty thing as to eat what did not belong to me, so I walk till I get home, wipe my feet, and then look for my master; when I see him I run to him, put my front paws in his lap, he puts out his hand and says,—"Why, Seamp, what have you got there?" I open my mouth and let the parcel drop into his hand. He always says,—" There, Scamp, good dog, you may have it, but go and show it to your mistress first!" So I run to the one called Aunt Penelope, and put my paws on her lap, and put my head up that she may see what have I have in my mouth. She says, "I see, Scamp; go and eat it!" So then I eat it up, and it is so nice. When my master and mistresses sit down to dinner I never sit down and whine and bark, as many badly behaved dogs do; but I jump on master's big chair, sit quite quiet, and never ask for anything; because if I did I know I should deserve no dinner at all. Presently, my master gets up and puts a plate full of bones close to my nose;they do smell so nice,—but I know he does not mean me to eat them in the dining-room; so of the sun.

course I only look at them, till Ann (that's the servant) says,—" Now, Scamp, would you like some dinner?" I say "Bow." She takes the plate and puts it down on a mat near the garden door, and there I eat my good dinner; and I always do feel so much obliged to the good people who give it to me.

I have told you so much about myself, I have hardly time to tell you anything about my master and mistresses. Aunt Dorothy takes me on such beautiful walks. I make her do what I like, dear Prince. It is such fun, when I have walked far enough, I just take hold of her dress and give it a good shake. She knows what I mean, and so comes home directly. I do wag my tail so hard (that is your and my way of laughing, you know, Prince). I never shake Aunt Penelope's dress, she always makes me do as she wishes, but I do not always like to do so; but then she teaches me all the clever things I do, so I do love her, for I like to be a clever dog, it is so silly to know nothing. I often wish I were a little boy, that I might learn to read. I would try so very hard, and not give a bit of trouble to the kind person who taught me. But the one I love best is my dear master. I sit on his lap nearly all day. I go with him when he reads the newspapers, and as soon as he sits down in the reading-room, I jump on his lap, and only think, Prince, he lets me get on his bed every morning, and you cannot think how pleasant and warm it is. But he would not let me do this unless I were a good clean dog, and wiped my feet as I told you.

Now, my dear Prince, I hope you will write a letter to me. I hope your little masters do not pull you about to hurt you, but only to play with you. I hope you love your masters and mistresses as much as I love mine. I send you a good wag

of my tail, dear Prince, and remain, Your affectionate friend,

DOG SCAMP.

MEN utter a vast amount of slander against their physical nature, and attempt to repair deficient virtue by maining their animal passions. These are to be trained, guided, restrained, but never crucified or ex-terminated, for they are the soil in which we were planted. Our life on earth begins in the body, and depends for vigour upon the fulness and power of our physical nature. An acorn at first sprouts from the soil, and spreads its young leaves upon the surface of the ground. Every year its top grows away from it towards Heaven: yet the top neither forgets nor scorns the earth-buried root. The brightest leaf which the sun loves, or the wind waves on the topmost bough, has leave to be beautiful by what the root gives it, and carries in its veins the blood which the cold root sucked up from the moist earth. The top will famish when the root is hungry.

The way to avoid evil is not by maining our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigour to our moral nature. Thus they become, as in the ancient fable, the harnessed steeds which bear the chariot of

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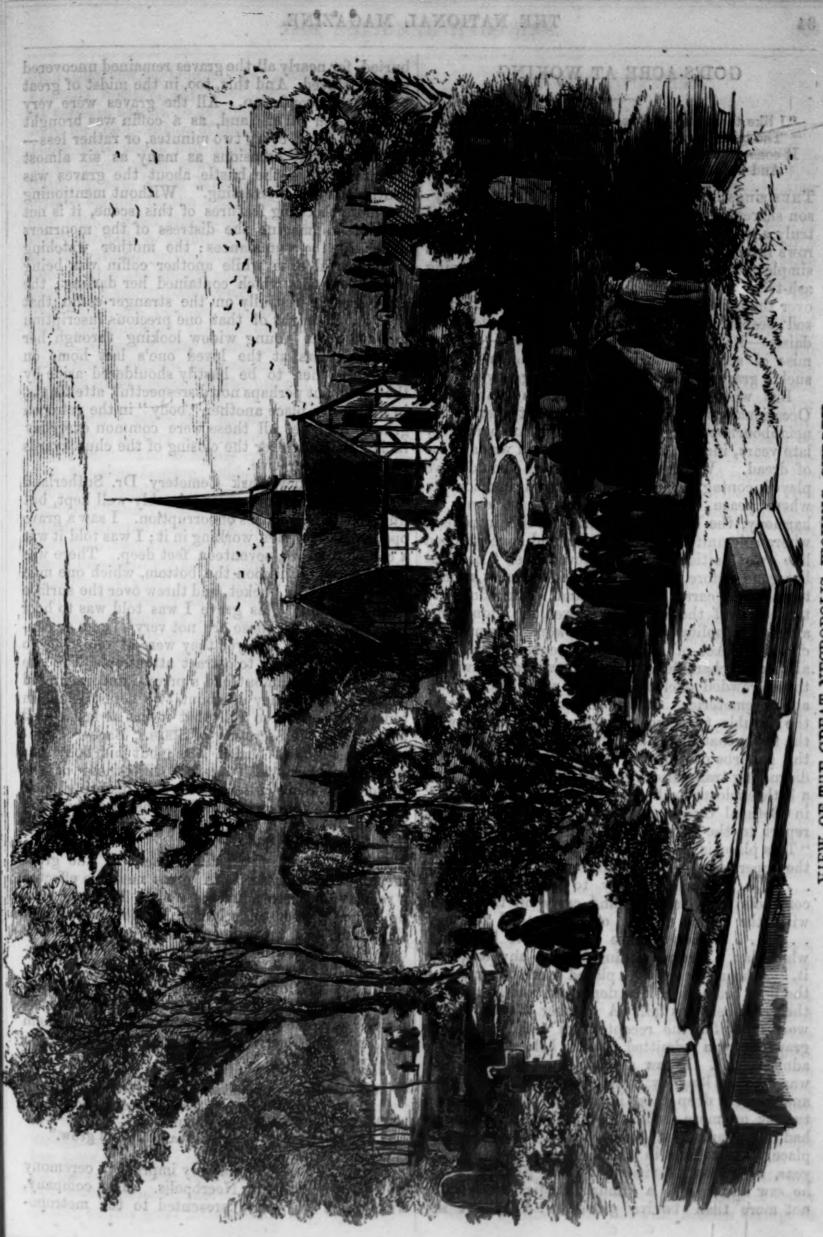
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VIEW OF THE GREAT NECROPOLIS, WOKING, SURREY.

GOD'S-ACRE AT WOKING.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just:
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

Thus sings Longfellow, who with our own Tennyson shares the laurel-crown of modern poetry. And truly a well-ordered graveyard, with its trim furrows intersected by flowers and gravel-walks—its simple church in the midst—its willows and weeping ash-trees hanging green, and just a thought sadly, over the memorials of the departed—its luxuriant sod bespattered with buttercups and star-eyed daisies—its silence and fair look of peace—its promise of second birth in immortal bloom—surely such a graveyard is beautiful and suggestive!

But where shall we find such a graveyard? Occasionally in country places, but not often in the neighbourhood of great cities. Till comparatively late years, indeed, the city churchyard was a place Where pleasant zephyrs should have played, contagion and disease lurked insidiously; where peace and beauty should have dwelt in harmony, the bustle and hurry of life intruded; where solemnity and decorum should have watched like twin deities, over the loved ones "not lost but gone before," neglect and carelessness seemed together to carry desolation and wretchedness to the hearts of the bereaved. Even for a long time after metropolitan churchyards were peremptorily closed by Act of Parliament, scenes of the most abhorrent character were daily witnessed within those crowded enclosures known some fifteen years ago as cemeteries. It is no secret to those who take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the facts, that in some of the smaller cemeteries in the suburbs of London the most disgraceful and disgusting transactions continually took place. Of a little enclosure called "Victoria Park Cemetery," in Bethnal Green, Dr. Sutherland, in his official report to the Secretary of State in 1855, says-"This place is unconsecrated and exempted from the operation of the Metropolis Burials Act. The Company to which it belongs contracts with parishes, and carry on their trade with the usual neglect of health and decency. I saw a grave open, at the bottom of which lay a pauper coffin without any earth on it. A board or two was placed over the grave till the next coffin should be deposited, and so on until the grave becomes full! A number of other graves were open for the reception of coffins, and each grave, it was admitted, would hold four or five adult coffins. I saw a grave for children, which was six feet long by two feet eight inches wide, and ten feet deep; and in it were to be deposited twenty or more cossins. A cossin in this grave had not a particle of earth over it." Of the same place, Mr. Holland in his report, made in the same year, says that he visited it on a Sunday, when he saw upwards of a hundred bodies interred in not more than twelve graves. "I cannot say

buried, for nearly all the graves remained uncovered while I stayed. And this, too, in the midst of great bustle and confusion. All the graves were very near to each other; and, as a coffin was brought for burial about every two minutes, or rather lessand on several occasions as many as six almost simultaneously—the bustle about the graves was continuous and distressing." Without mentioning the more shocking features of this scene, it is not difficult to imagine the distress of the mourners under such circumstances: the mother watching with tearful eyes while another coffin was being placed over that which contained her darling: the child gazing wistfully on the stranger-coffin that shut out the sight of that one precious inscription for ever: the young widow looking through her blinding tears at the loved one's last home on earth, and then to be hastily shouldered aside by the rapid, but perhaps not disrespectful, attendants, in a hurry to place another "body" in the yet open grave! And yet all these were common everyday incidents, soon after the closing of the churchyards was made imperative.

Of the Abney Park Cemetery Dr. Sutherland writes: - "The surface is tolerably well kept, but underneath it is a mass of corruption. I saw a grave open, with two men working in it; I was told it was a common grave, seventeen feet deep. There was water running in upon the bottom, which one man baled out with a bucket, and threw over the surface of the ground. This grave I was told was to hold seven persons." These are not very solemn or consoling incidents, and yet they were at one time so common as scarcely to attract attention. The late Mr. Barber Beaumont had a private unconsecrated cemetery in Stepney of about two acres, which in ten years became so full that it was at last closed by order of the Secretary of State. Barber Beaumont was himself buried here; but his body has since been removed, together with those of the principal persons interred in this festering spot, which in a few years will probably be let on building leases,—lying as it does in the midst of a thickly

populated neighbourhood.
Soon, however, the establishment of the great

metropolitan cemeteries in great measure effected a remedy for these admitted evils. The dead were no longer allowed to be buried beside the homes of the living, and government authority abolished at once and for ever the evils arising from private cupidity and false sentiment.

In 1854 the London Necropolis and Metropolitan Mausoleum was added to the other suburban cemeteries. It is the largest and most complete of them all, and well deserves the title we have given to

this paper. Here, as elsewhere,

"With his rude ploughshare, Death turns up the sod,
And spreads the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God:
This is the place where human harvests grow."

We lately assisted in a very impressive ceremony at this same London Necropolis. The company, with great liberality, presented to the metropolitan districts of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, a plot of freehold land, some six acres in extent, to be appropriated as a God's-Acre for the members of that excellent association. There were about four hundred persons present, all of whom went down to Woking in a special train by the South Western railway, from the private station of the company in the Westminster road. After travelling for about twenty-four miles through a beautiful country, the members and their friends arrived at the cemetery, where they were met by the officers and chaplains of the company. An appropriate service was then performed by the Rev. Mr. Lemaire, and, after the ground had been perambulated by the brethren, Mr. John Harris, Grand Master of the North London District, read a suitable address, and the ground was declared to be opened for the use of the society for ever!

In such a place, and on such an occasion, the ceremony was very suggestive, and by no means melancholy. The company can well afford to present to the London Odd-fellows—as they have already presented to the Swedenborgians, the Dramatic Society, and other communities-so large a plot of ground: for they have in their possession more than two thousand acres—seven times the space occupied by all the other cemeteries put together. We feel that both the society and the company are worthy public recognition. We have, therefore, thought it well to give our readers a pictorial and verbal description of the London Necropolis. This great cemetery, we may say briefly, consists of about five hundred acres—out of the two thousand-already enclosed, planted, laid out, and prepared for interments. Each occupant has a separate grave in a dry sandy soil—so dry, indeed, and so sandy, that water is not reached though you dig for five-and-twenty feet! The cemetery is situated in the midst of delightful undulating sylvan scenery, far enough from London and from all large aggregations of people to be perfectly harmless; and as near, by means of the railway, to the city as Kensall Green, or the other large suburban burialplaces. None of the disagreeable sights or sounds that offended the eyes and ears of the public a few years since are to be found at the Necropolis. The privacy and quietude of the place seem admirably adapted to its purpose, and the whole business of receiving, conveying, and depositing the dead, is conducted in a manner which reflects the highest degree of credit on the officers of the company. And in the matter of economy of charge—no small or unimportant item in funerals the Necropolis offers a highly favourable contrast to the old churchyard arrangements, and even to those adopted at other cemeteries. In all that concerns decency, decorum, cleanliness and order, the Necropolis may be regarded as quite a model institution. Now that extra-mural interment has been, properly, made imperative, we know of no cemetery which in all respects so fully meets the wants, wishes, and even prejudices of the public, as this great metropolitan burying-place.

A VILLAGE FEAST.

ONCE we had occasion to pass through a quaint little village, situate in one of our midland counties, and could not refrain from observing its picturesque ivy-clad church, neat vicarage, tidy, clean-looking shops, and decent cottages, with their little patches of garden-ground in front. The place seemed to woo the pencil of the painter, or the muse of a Bloomfield or a Clare; yet when we visited the same place a few months later there was an air of change about it, which we could not account for at the moment. Nothing was altered: the houses and gardens were still in existence; the church was still covered with the clinging ivy, and the vicarage still displayed its snow-white front, relieved by a rich green background of ancient trees; but there was an increased air of cheerfulness and comfort in the aspect of the whole place which greatly puzzled us. No dingy window-panes, no shutters hanging on broken hinges, no great unsightly gaps in the pavement, no untrimmed garden plots, and none of the litter often observable in a country village. Had the kind-hearted fairies been at work, and burnished up the place? or had Shakspeare's "Puck" been renovating the village in one of his lightsome frolicking moods? At last, however, the whole mystery was solved, and we found it was occasioned by the approach of THE VILLAGE FEAST.

The inhabitants are a quiet race, and do not care about being visited by too many strangers, so we will call the village by the name of "Greendale." Greendale is a charming place. The little cottages, with their rose-covered fronts, and gardens rich with summer flowers, appear most beautiful in the warm golden sunshine of the autumn; and the tired wayfarer, as he passes along the hot dusty road, often gazes with a sigh of envy on the cozy wee abodes, and cannot—indeed, what mortal could? -refrain from wishing that he were the occupier of one, if only the least one of all. Poor fellow, he only beholds the silver side of the shield; for he would be one of the foremost to grumble at the trials and discomfort entailed on the simple cottagers during the long dreary months of winter, when the snow lies deep on the ground, and the village spring is frozen up.

Villagers in general possess but few holidays, and of these the grand event is the one known as "The Feast." For some weeks previously the note of preparation is sounded, the cotter's only pig is carefully fattened, and the plumpest and finest of vegetables and fruits carefully preserved. As the crisis approaches, great is the cleaning of windows, the whitewashing of walls, repapering of bedrooms, painting of doorways, thatching of roofs, repairing of general dilapidations, scrubbing of floors, decoration of mantelpieces, and other manifestations of a praiseworthy desire to do special honour to the occasion.

The Red Lion lays in an extra stock of "old October," and perhaps mixes a sly drop of water with the spirits: while old Jim Miffins tramps to

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ceremony company, metropothe neighbouring town for a fresh supply of oranges, nuts, and sweetmeats, and will have to carry them for several miles in the scorching glare of the noontide sun; let us therefore trust that his gains may be many, and his losses few. The baker has his oven baking away from morning till night, and vows that he never baked so many pies and cakes before. The butcher obtains the juiciest joints procurable, and retails them to smiling housewives, whose cheeks rival the red of his own primest steaks; while the grocer declares that if the rush of customers continues he shall be sold out long before night.

At length the Feast Sundayarrives, and at an early hour the whole village is astir, and getting ready for the reception of the expected friends and visitors, who soon begin pouring in from all directions. From the distant railway station, from surrounding hamlets, from neighbouring villages, and from faroff manufacturing cities, come the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, grandchildren, aunts, uncles, cousins, and other relatives of the simple villagers.

Plenty of handshaking, cordial greetings, and interchanges of friendly offices take place; and it would do good to the heart of the sourest misanthrope to behold the glowing radiant features of all, as they meet around the breakfast table in the old homestead. Still the visitors keep thronging in, some on foot, some by the early trains, some in carts, and others by any procurable conveyance. The members of families find themselves reunited with the long-absent ones; the father meets his manly son; and many are the recitals of domestic anecdotes, or the legends and traditions of olden times. The old man's eyes glisten as he speaks of one yet absent, and whom none have heard of since, in a moment of unreflecting passion, he left his native place; but the bereaved father places his shrivelled hand on his infant grandchild's head, and thanks God that there are still some whom he can meet with a smile of love.

But, hark! the bell is ringing the villagers to divine service at the parish church, and the picturesque streets are thronged with gaily-attired groups of people proceeding to church or chapel. Never has preacher a more attentive audience than has the clergyman on the present occasion; for many-very many-of his hearers have been scattered far and wide in the land; their lives have been varied and full of change; some have risen in the social scale, while others have sunk, either by their own vices, their follies, or their misfortunes, to the lowest depths of poverty; but for once all these things are forgotten as they find themselves within the old familiar walls of the house of prayer, and hear the simple earnest tones of the venerable preacher. Then the assembled congregation feel a calm and holy influence pervade their breasts, which causes their hearts to throb with emotions far too difficult to describe. No marvel that the homely hymns should be well and touchingly sung-no wonder that many an eye is moist with uncontrollable tears; nor that many a strong-limbed man is observed to tremble like a

child; for who could recall old associations and yet remain callous and unmoved by their soft influence.

The service is soon over, and then the fragrant tempting odour of hot dinners issues from the interior of the various cottages. No stint of generous hospitality now. "Make yourself at home" is the order of the day, and right heartily is it observed; for the viands disappear with surprising celerity, much to the unconcealed gratification of hosts and guests. In the afternoon, the streets, lanes, and cool shady meadow-walks, are clothed with happy family groups; and perhaps in lonely forest nooks we may come across young couples who wander amid the beautiful ferns and long-tufted grasses, busily relating to each the adventures of the past, or indulging in sunny hopes of the future. maiden's features become suffused with a crimson glow as her lover breathes how she always was "his thought day by day, and dream by night." But we must not intrude on the silent happiness of the twain, but leave them to build their glittering castles in the air by themselves.

With the decline of day, the number of visitors is increased by those who are released from the farm-duties required even on the Sabbath day, and few are the abodes in which some relation, friend, or guest is not to be found. Still, however, there are exceptions, which form a painful contrast to the joyous scenes elsewhere. Here is a silver-haired widow perusing a soiled, travel-stained letter, sealed with black, which informs her of the death of her sailor-son at sea. God help her! Here is an aged couple mournfully looking at a vacant chair, or gazing with tearful eyes at the rude portrait of a young female, which is suspended over the fire-

place.

In the picture the features are calm and fair; but in the large town yonder, their miserable daughter leads the hell-life of the outcast, her eyes gleam with the incipient fires of insanity, and as she whirls through the gas-lit streets, arrayed in all the gaudy seductive finery of the courtezan, it may be that for one blessed moment she dreams of the old familiar home, of a father's love, of a mother's care, and in that moment forgets the bridge, the poison, and the hospital, which ever arise in her dreams, and foreshadow her suicidial attempts to rush "anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

Let us draw the curtain. The shades of evening gather slowly around, the places of worship are again filled with devout listeners; but in the beershops and inns are numbers who allow themselves to be enticed into partaking plentifully of Sir John Barleycorn's entire, and are drinking and smoking in a way that forbodes ill for the coming morrow. But, despite this unseemly behaviour on the part of so many of the ruder class of villagers, a certain degree of order is observed till the following day, when the comparative quiet and decorum of the Sabbath is but too frequently exchanged for the rude licen seand brutish drunkenness of the Monday, and a dark cloud is cast over the otherwise innocent enjoyments of The Village Feast.

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ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[Continued from p. 297.]

CHAPTER XIX.

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BREAKFAST CHAT.

THE good lady held a bundle of newspapers in her hand, which she deposited beside her plate, and into which she dipped alternately with that; commenting on the contents of either, without interrupting the progress of the meal; something after this fashion:-

"'English news,' hum! 'Ill-treatment of wife by her husband'-can't call that news, howeverstaple article that among our items. Serve them right, too, the broken-spirited wretches: when will they learn to hold their own? This collared head is delicious; it really does you credit, child"—to Sidney-"but I don't suppose you had much to do with it either."

"Indeed but I think she had, Claudia," interrupted Mr. Meryt: "there is very little comes to the table but Sidney has had the supervision of it, if not an actual finger in it: eh, my dear?"

Sidney blushed a grateful acknowledgment of the compliment; from her father rare enough to make it valuable.

"Yes; well I know it is rather the fashion nowa-days to go in for making girls into pudding machines, mincemeat choppers, and that sort of thing. I haven't any very high opinion of your sex myself, brother; but I don't quite believe the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Sidney looked at Josephine, who regarded the plainspoken lady with looks of astonishment. Adela with difficulty repressed a smile; Mr. Meryt laughed outright.

"Seeing that the only member of the sex alluded to in this matter must be myself," he said, "I beg leave emphatically to deny such an implication. But surely, Claudia, your own admission that the dish is good is sufficient to absolve my girl from any exclusive design upon male affections in her proficiency."

The laugh went round. Certainly Aunt Claudia was an ample testimony that she by no means disdained such proficiency.

"Ah, well," she said, returning to her papers; "such things are well enough for those whose talent lies that way."

Sidney's dark cheek flushed momently at the emphasis; but it passed as quickly, and the next instant she was doing the duties of the meal most hospitably; indicating to Josephine some dish she remembered to be a favourite long ago: now prompting Adela's delicate appetite, now assiduously anticipating her father's desires, now pressing Aunt Claudia to try something she was sure she would like.

"Here is a speech, five columns long, of that Lord Rantipole to his constituents," again the maiden lady gave forth. "Has that man no one to stop his mouth? it would be a charity to himself—really it would: the rubbish he contrives to accumulate in that head of his, and then with a stir and a warm in the stewpan of his own noddle, serves it up with a little of his own sauce as an entirely original dish."

"Why, Aunt," laughed Sidney, "you are borrowing your similes all out of my department, surely!"

"You are hard on Rantipole, Claude, I think," said the father. "If his opinions be not always consistent, and his manner of expressing himself not quite original, he has at least a good fund of information, and his heart is in the right place. We may forgive him for opening his mouth now and then—not always wisely or wittily—when we remember the many he has filled, from his own resources, and with so liberal a hand."

" Pshaw! what have feelings and soft natures to do with legislation, brother? But you always did go in so for universal benevolence and charity and that-"

Mr. Meryt made no answer, and for a moment there was silence; perhaps it struck every one, in various ways, how much of that speech was true, and how such a kindly nature had been ill-requited and outraged in its tenderest part.

But the Amazonian maiden, clad as in armour of armadillo, never heeded these mere susceptibilities. She was still occupied alternately with the journals and mouthfuls of Strasbourg pie-quoting from the former as she read :-

"'And he was sure, from the genial and hearty concurrence he beheld in those pleasant and inspiriting countenances around him-' Pshaw! what a fool the man is. Brother, I do wonder how you can stand up for him! Why, you remember his speech upon the 'Mousetrap Bill,' and how he got scouted, and, in fact, regularly put down."

Her brother-in-law was listening, with an amused smile, waiting to the end; and wickedly allowing the lady to air her blunder and her white teeth to the full. As she finished her vigorous denunciation he burst into a laugh, and shook his head deprecatingly, as he said, "Oh! Claude, Claude!"-for such blunders were not uncommon with the lady politician, who was apt to get her facts slightly confused.

"You are speaking of Sir Harry Bantam, ma'am, I think, now," said Josephine, in that clear quiet voice which at once claims attention.

Claudia turned sharply towards her.

"Dear me," she said, "are you a politician?"
"Not in the least, I assure you," replied the young lady: "it was by a mere chance I was able to recall that fact; but it is so fixed on my mind that I am not likely to forget it. My father was alive at the time; and he, with a dear friend then visiting him, were often engaged in discussions on the great topic of the day. The speeches and the names of those most actively engaged in the question, became quite familiar to me;—that is all, I assure you."

"And your opinion, Miss Strauzlaine?"

Josephine shook her head.

"I could not help, of course, siding to some extent with one or the other, when all were so animated and eager; but as to my opinion, I was not sufficiently versed in the question, from the beginning, to pretend to enter into its bearings; my inclination would only be that of those I was among,-I am sure not influenced so much by the

merits of the question-"

" Of course! -of course!" exclaimed the lady. "Isn't that just what I say? The women of the present day really have no opinion, no mind, no notions of their own. They are entirely led and governed by those quite unworthy to govern. They believe what they are told, they don't really endeayour to have an idea, or to exercise their judgment. And you, Miss Strauzlaine now, you actually could hear the great, the stupendous questions of your country's legislature, canvassed day after day, and not arrive at any just and sound conclusion.'

"I did not say so," replied Josephine, somewhat warmly. "I did indeed come to one conclusion; from all I heard and understood,—that the question itself was really unimportant, and the excitement arose chiefly through persons who were desirous of

distinguishing themselves."

" No question is unimportant," interrupted the masculine tone of Miss Claudia. " No question; not the smallest, can be unimportant to any of us, forming part of a great people, under the same government. Do we not each fill our appointed part in the vast machine of the glorious British Constitution? Are we not bound to fulfil these duties to the uttermost?"

"Exactly so, my dear Claudia," said Mr. Meryt, who knew precisely all she would have said, having heard it some hundreds of times already. "But we are not yet quite agreed that woman's part in the said machine is that you would assign to her."

"Have we not souls, sir? Are we not responsible

creatures?"

"Sorrowfully be it said, yes," answered Mr. Meryt solemnly. "Responsible for more than ever they would like to own, I fear, most of them."

"Then, why are we to be deprived of those rights? -why are we to be considered but as the reflection of man?—why denied the power of discriminating

right from wrong?"

"Oh! not so," said Josephine warmly: "we did not speak of right or wrong—it was but opinion, judgment. Who is unbiassed after all in such things by some authority, even if it is unconsciously; and it seems to me a privilege, not a hardship, that a woman looks to hers near home, and may, if she will, reap the benefit of the judgment which has been tested by great results, to guide her even in her smaller sphere."

From her wide white brow to her throat, a deep blush spread as she finished speaking. It was not her habit to let her thoughts find words so readily, save on rare occasions, and with those chosen spirits

who were as herself.

She involuntarily drew back and made a half inclination of apology: but at last seemed to think

none needed.

For the girls they were amazed, though secretly rejoiced. They never dared to argue with their maiden aunt, much less contradict, though they did on occasion rebel, and in secret laugh at her peculiarities. But to stand up to her in the way they had just witnessed!—a girl, too, who had been brought up chiefly with themselves-but indeed Josephine was always different; "so brave," as little delicate Adela was wont to say.

The elder lady did not continue the discussion. She contented herself with a glance, meant to be crushing, at Josephine; repeating her last words,

with a scornful emphasis-

" 'Smaller sphere!" Breakfast continued for some minutes peacefully. The youngest daughter was repeating to her father some historiette she had been reading, having reference to a piece of music which he had bought her. Both were enthusiasts in music, and Meryt made a point of obtaining for her the choicest productions. He almost idolized his delicate and lovely child. It was curious, as people said, seeing she was the very image of the wife who had betrayed him. Was it not in consequence rather of the resemblance? It would seem so. Every day brought the girl nearer to the full completion of its mother's loveliness; each day seemed to twine her still closer round the father's heart. It is true the resemblance was little more than physical.

Here was the same profusion of golden hair, the same lustrous complexion, the same deep blue eyes. But the languor, which in the mother had been habit, was in the daughter the result of fragility; the sweetness and affection, which in one were feigned, were in the other genuine; the dependance natural, the disposition gentle, like

the frame, almost to feebleness.

Adela was a creature to pet and love, without fear even of consequences; and Sidney, in her more robust and deeper, but not less affectionate nature, pardoned the apparent neglect, which passed her over, to fondle and cherish the younger sister.

It was a terrible blight that rested upon his girls -the father knew it; and while he made ample provision for both, so that, come what would, they need never feel the want of any home comfort they had enjoyed, he sedulously guarded them from more contact than was possible with the outer world, which is but too apt to judge rather by painful possibilities than by probable exceptions.

They lived very much secluded; still they did see visitors, and were sufficiently intimate with the outer

world to claim kindred with its interests.

"You have not got beyond your English news et, Aunt," said Sidney; who never suffered a cloud to hover long in her atmosphere.

"Your coffee is cold I am sure: let me give you

another cup," she added.

"Thank you, child. There is rather a good thing here," she said, " addressing Mr. Meryt, and looking up, as she handed her cup across to her niece."

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"An address on the Factory Bill. There is some good stuff in it too. It's a pity he raves so much on the dignity of Man, and his prerogative, as he calls it, of protection to the weak. The weaker, as he says—meaning the women of course—could do something that way themselves, I've a notion, if they were not so trammelled and fettered."

"You will like to see this, Charles," the aunt went on: "if I'm not mistaken he thinks a good deal after your own style; only he is wrong, as I've said before, about the ten-pound householders; and his notions on the franchise are rotten, absolutely rotten. There it is — the Honourable Aden Power."

She handed the paper across as she spoke—unconscious how in the act she favoured her late

Poor Josephine! That word coming all unawares upon her—how quickly it routed her self-command, how checked her blood, how set her nerves a-quivering.

Her fork had dropped from her fingers; she started, made an effort to recover herself, yet listening, all scared, to hear what was to come; heard, yet comprehended not, the question her hostess was putting to her; and passed her half-empty cup to Sidney; whose little exclamation first recalled her to herself. She passed it over with a smiling excuse.

"A little more in that, if you please," so she said; her thoughts were—"Aden! that is his brother—what then! what is he now to me?—then to her friend beside her:—

"Your roses are beautiful!—I have seen none such. Sweet enough?—oh yes, very nice; all is nice here, Sidney; but I was saying, your roses—"

Was Fate to be so cheated, think you? Should not her boasted staunchness have its test? If the name was nought to her, let her then not flinch—

"Adela with a paper!" cried the female politician, looking up, and seizing upon her victim—well, now that is a marvel! I should have some hopes of you, child, if I saw your face oftener behind the *Times* sheet. But what is it you've got hold of? The fashions, I suppose, or a wedding. Just look, Sidney; but it's a wedding, I'll wager."

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Sidney was peeping over her sister's shoulder, anxious to spare her annoyance; but Adela's blushing face appeared from behind the columns; as she said—

"It wasn't a wedding, Aunt; and I looked at first because the name was the same as the gentleman's you told Papa."

"What is it all about, darling?" asked the fond father, sure to be interested in whatever Adela took up.

He followed the indication of his daughter's

"Dear me! shocking indeed." Then he read the paragraph:

"We understand that Mr. Arthur Power, the son of Viscount Honiton and Loftborough, who lately became the husband of the beautiful and

accomplished Lady Geraldine Lineage, lies dangerously ill at the village of Rochenstein. The unfortunate gentleman had been travelling with his lady, their son and suite, up the Rhine, and unhappily passed through —, in ignorance, it should seem, of the fever raging there. The courier was the first victim to this fatal error. Mr. Power, in his too great anxiety for his servant, neglected due precaution, and was himself seized with the most alarming symptoms. On the first certainty of his illness, the Lady Geraldine and her son were removed beyond the reach of contagion. Tidings have been despatched to the residence of the Earl and family in London. At the time of our parcel being despatched the unfortunate gentleman was delirious.

"A sad end to a wedding tour!" observed Mr. Meryt, "Poor fellow, he will fare badly in that wretched hole of a place!"

"If he has a good constitution, he may rally," was Aunt Claudia's comment, as she pushed her chair back from table.

And she—to whom those words they had so lightly passed over bore such a sense—how did she receive them? Come reason, come dignity, come staunchness and propriety—come all that may bear her real aid and succour. She was so strong but now in that talisman—he was nothing to her.

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CHAPTER X.

RESOLVED.

" DANGEROUSLY ill !-alone !-with strangers, and delirious!"

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"Oh my God! what was in my heart to do it?"

tion, became quite familiar to me; that is all, I assure you."

"And your opinion, Miss Strauzlaine?"

Josephine shook her head.

"I could not help, of course, siding to some extent with one or the other, when all were so animated and eager; but as to my opinion, I was not sufficiently versed in the question, from the beginning, to pretend to enter into its bearings; my inclination would only be that of those I was among,-I am sure not influenced so much by the

merits of the question-"

" Of course! - of course!" exclaimed the lady. "Isn't that just what, I say? The women of the present day really have no opinion, no mind, no notions of their own. They are entirely led and governed by those quite unworthy to govern. They believe what they are told, they don't really endeayour to have an idea, or to exercise their judgment. And you, Miss Strauzlaine now, you actually could hear the great, the stupendous questions of your country's legislature, canvassed day after day, and not arrive at any just and sound conclusion.'

"I did not say so," replied Josephine, somewhat warmly. "I did indeed come to one conclusion; from all I heard and understood,—that the question itself was really unimportant, and the excitement arose chiefly through persons who were desirous of

distinguishing themselves."

" No question is unimportant," interrupted the masculine tone of Miss Claudia. " No question; not the smallest, can be unimportant to any of us, forming part of a great people, under the same government. Do we not each fill our appointed part in the vast machine of the glorious British Constitution? Are we not bound to fulfil these duties to the uttermost?"

"Exactly so, my dear Claudia," said Mr. Meryt, who knew precisely all she would have said, having heard it some hundreds of times already. "But we are not yet quite agreed that woman's part in the said machine is that you would assign to her."

"Have we not souls, sir? Are we not responsible

creatures?"

"Sorrowfully be it said, yes," answered Mr. Meryt solemnly. "Responsible for more than ever they

would like to own, I fear, most of them."

"Then, why are we to be deprived of those rights? -why are we to be considered but as the reflection of man?—why denied the power of discriminating

right from wrong?"

"Oh! not so," said Josephine warmly: "we did not speak of right or wrong-it was but opinion, judgment. Who is unbiassed after all in such things by some authority, even if it is unconsciously; and it seems to me a privilege, not a hardship, that a woman looks to hers near home, and may, if she will, reap the benefit of the judgment which has been tested by great results, to guide her even in her smaller sphere."

From her wide white brow to her throat, a deep blush spread as she finished speaking. It was not her habit to let her thoughts find words so readily, save on rare occasions, and with those chosen spirits

who were as herself.

She involuntarily drew back and made a half inclination of apology: but at last seemed to think none needed.

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For the girls they were amazed, though secretly rejoiced. They never dared to argue with their maiden aunt, much less contradict, though they did on occasion rebel, and in secret laugh at her peculiarities. But to stand up to her in the way they had just witnessed!—a girl, too, who had been brought up chiefly with themselves-but indeed Josephine was always different; "so brave," as little delicate Adela was went to say.

The elder lady did not continue the discussion. She contented herself with a glauce, meant to be crushing, at Josephine; repeating her last words,

with a scornful emphasis-

" 'Smaller sphere!" Breakfast continued for some minutes peacefully. The youngest daughter was repeating to her father some historiette she had been reading, having reference to a piece of music which he had bought her. Both were enthusiasts in music, and Meryt made a point of obtaining for her the choicest productions. He almost idolized his delicate and lovely child. It was curious, as people said, seeing she was the very image of the wife who had betrayed him. Was it not in consequence rather of the resemblance? It would seem so. Every day brought the girl nearer to the full completion of its mother's loveliness; each day seemed to twine her still closer round the father's heart. It is true the resemblance was little more than physical.

Here was the same profusion of golden hair, the same lustrous complexion, the same deep blue eyes. But the languor, which in the mother had been habit, was in the daughter the result of fragility; the sweetness and affection, which in one were feigned, were in the other genuine; the dependance natural, the disposition gentle, like

the frame, almost to feebleness.

Adela was a creature to pet and love, without fear even of consequences; and Sidney, in her more robust and deeper, but not less affectionate nature, pardoned the apparent neglect, which passed her over, to fondle and cherish the younger sister.

It was a terrible blight that rested upon his girls -the father knew it; and while he made ample provision for both, so that, come what would, they need never feel the want of any home comfort they had enjoyed, he sedulously guarded them from more contact than was possible with the outer world, which is but too apt to judge rather by painful possibilities than by probable exceptions.

They lived very much secluded; still they did see visitors, and were sufficiently intimate with the outer

world to claim kindred with its interests.

"You have not got beyond your English news yet, Aunt," said Sidney; who never suffered a cloud to hover long in her atmosphere.

"Your coffee is cold I am sure: let me give you

another cup," she added.

"Thank you, child. There is rather a good thing here," she said, "addressing Mr. Meryt, and looking up, as she handed her cup across to her niece."

"An address on the Factory Bill. There is some good stuff in it too. It's a pity he raves so much on the dignity of Man, and his prerogative, as he calls it, of protection to the weak. The weaker, as he says—meaning the women of course—could do something that way themselves, I've a notion, if they were not so trammelled and fettered."

"You will like to see this, Charles," the aunt went on: "if I'm not mistaken he thinks a good deal after your own style; only he is wrong, as I've said before, about the ten-pound householders; and his notions on the franchise are rotten, absolutely rotten. There it is — the Honourable Aden

She handed the paper across as she spoke—unconscious how in the act she favoured her late opponent.

Poor Josephine! That word coming all unawares upon her—how quickly it routed her self-command, how checked her blood, how set her nerves a-quivering.

Her fork had dropped from her fingers; she started, made an effort to recover herself, yet listening, all scared, to hear what was to come; heard, yet comprehended not, the question her hostess was putting to her; and passed her half-empty cup to Sidney; whose little exclamation first recalled her to herself. She passed it over with a smiling excuse.

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"A little more in that, if you please," so she said; her thoughts were—"Aden! that is his brother—what then! what is he now to me?—then to her friend beside her:—

"Your roses are beautiful!—I have seen none such. Sweet enough?—oh yes, very nice; all is nice here, Sidney; but I was saying, your roses—"

Was Fate to be so cheated, think you? Should not her boasted staunchness have its test? If the name was nought to her, let her then not flinch—

"Adela with a paper!" cried the female politician, looking up, and seizing upon her victim—well, now that is a marvel! I should have some hopes of you, child, if I saw your face oftener behind the *Times* sheet. But what is it you've got hold of? The fashions, I suppose, or a wedding. Just look, Sidney; but it's a wedding, I'll wager."

Sidney was peeping over her sister's shoulder, anxious to spare her annoyance; but Adela's blushing face appeared from behind the columns; as she said—

"It wasn't a wedding, Aunt; and I looked at first because the name was the same as the gentleman's you told Papa."

"What is it all about, darling?" asked the fond father, sure to be interested in whatever Adela took up.

He followed the indication of his daughter's finger.

"Dear me! shocking indeed." Then he read the paragraph:

"We understand that Mr. Arthur Power, the son of Viscount Honiton and Loftborough, who lately became the husband of the beautiful and

accomplished Lady Geraldine Lineage, lies dangerously ill at the village of Rochenstein. unfortunate gentleman had been travelling with his lady, their son and suite, up the Rhine, and unhappily passed through ---, in ignorance, it should seem, of the fever raging there. The courier was the first victim to this fatal error. Mr. Power, in his too great anxiety for his servant, neglected due precaution, and was himself seized with the most alarming symptoms. On the first certainty of his illness, the Lady Geraldine and her son were removed beyond the reach of con-Tidings have been despatched to the residence of the Earl and family in London. At the time of our parcel being despatched the unfortunate gentleman was delirious.

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have no right to save him!"

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But no—there was no rest. Books, work, sketching, music, talk—all the same; no rest, no repose anywhere. A presence seemed to pursue and warn or admonish her. It grew upon her, it assumed almost, to her sense of hearing, a reality—yet there were no words.

And ever, again and again, she found herself straying from all outward things, trying to picture to herself the inn room, with its scanty accommodation; the village doctor—or would they have obtained efficient medical aid—surely yes! Who were with him?—faithful servants of course; yet if Lady Geraldine had required their escort!—how could she leave him—she, his wife!

"Why, Josephine! whatever are you doing, dear; look where you have put the vase"—Sidney's merry voice broke the reverie. "Oh dear, you must be dreaming; see, you've sealed the empty envelope, and left the letter open. I was just

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All this time she had not lighted a lamp. The moon had thrown sufficient light for her into the chamber, but now that began to pale, before the mists and the faint shuddering twilight, which precedes the dawn.

She lighted her lamp, and closed the curtains: then set herself to put together a few necessary articles in a small travelling bag.

All this time she had not paused, neither sat down, nor lost one minute in reflection or doubt.

All lay ready prepared as for a journey. A thick strong pair of walking boots stood by the bag-she still wore her slippers; but hat, and cloak, and gloves, were laid ready.

Now she went softly to the window, and drew aside the blind. The mists were sullenly rolling up the hill-tops; streaks of crimson and blue showed faintly along the grey sky with just a pro-

mise of the golden day below.

The lady opened a door which communicated with a small chamber within her own, and a sound issued thence which told of a sleep heavier than musical. But the sleeper was soon awake in answer to her mistress.

"Gertrude,"-Josephine spoke to her maid in her native tongue, bidding her not be alarmed-"I am not ill, only going a short journey. You will come -I want you to get us some breakfast; quickly; then put the horse to the light chaise. We must start as soon as it is day."

The girl was half-dressed as her mistress finished her directions; and—though she was no sylph slipped, shoeless and noiselessly, from the room to

fulfil her errand.

The lamp might be extinguished in the chamber, so fast the twilight grew over the hills, dawn hurrying closely at its heels, eager to kiss the fair country-side.

Josephine took the lamp in her hand, to guide her footsteps, lest she might trip on the many stairs, or in the dim corridors, as she sought Sidney's room.

She had scarcely entered when her friend started up. "Josephine! are you ill? I knew you were.

was dreaming—" "Hush, dear Sidney; do not wake Adela. No-

thing is the matter."

And Josephine set her lamp in the chimney and briefly detailed her plan.

"Not without breakfast, Josephine; no, no!" Josephine restrained her friend, as she would have risen.

" Gertrude has breakfast ready by now. I take the light chaise: your father will not object?

"No, no, of course: but Carl will be ready in yamp, not fired of scheming was, or

"You shall not rise," persisted Josephine. can drive, as you know; so can Gertrude. I would rather not take Carl; we shall go quicker; and the chaise shall be left at the inn where the coach passes."

"But Josephine, this Englishman—he will have

his servants, his friends will have come."

"I do not know—we cannot be certain. He was my father's dear friend, Sidney. Do not try to persuade me, I am resolved."

Sidney knew how futile such an attempt must be. Her friend wished her good-bye, and promised to return immediately if she found her services uncalled for.

She had barely left the room ere Sidney had sprang from her bed and was rapidly dressing.

Soon, to Josephine's surprise, she joined her below, where she was making a hasty breakfast, prepared by Gertrude's busy hands without disturbing any of the house.

The light chaise was at the door, with the horse harnessed, and the travelling bag deposited inside. In a few minutes all was in readiness, and as the sun flared redly over the eastern hills, magnified by the mists through which he shone, the travellers mounted to their vehicle and set out.

Sidney waved an affectionate farewell as long as she could see them in the valley. A few farm-men and labourers were astir; they rubbed their eyes and looked sleepily after the chaise, bobbing their heads, or gravely lifting their caps, as they recognised an equipage from the White House.

The young lady was far too absorbed to observe them: but Gertrude nodded and smiled good-

humouredly.

It elicited some little surprise to see the females so early abroad; but the English family were privileged to do singular things, and the event was not one to make any great impression. The chaise drove steadily on out of the valley upon the high road. Meanwhile the mists dispersed, the sun rose high in the heavens, and the White House was astir, none the less briskly for the absence of the two who had gone out from it with the dawn.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN EXTREMIS.

NOVEMBER had come in cheerfully; the year was descending into a kindly old age; sere and crisp and tanned. Not with rhymy fogs and wheezing unwholesome vapours, but with cheery and pleasant frostliness of aspect. In the woods the leaves fell thick and brown, crackling under the solitary footfall, or showering merrily over the active squirrel busied in his prudent anticipations of winter.

Every day the blue sky showed wider athwart the naked branches, as they parted company reluctantly with their leafy burden: and the cottage at Sea View seemed making out its title to the name more fully, as evening by evening the glorious panorama of sunset became more and more visible from its

windows across the ocean.

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All this time she had not paused, neither sat down, nor lost one minute in reflection or doubt.

All lay ready prepared as for a journey. A thick strong pair of walking boots stood by the bag—she still wore her slippers; but hat, and cloak, and gloves, were laid ready.

Now she went softly to the window, and drew aside the blind. The mists were sullenly rolling up the hill-tops; streaks of crimson and blue showed faintly along the grey sky with just a pro-

mise of the golden day below.

The lady opened a door which communicated with a small chamber within her own, and a sound issued thence which told of a sleep heavier than musical. But the sleeper was soon awake in answer to her mistress.

"Gertrude,"—Josephine spoke to her maid in her native tongue, bidding her not be alarmed—"I am not ill, only going a short journey. You will come—I want you to get us some breakfast; quickly; then put the horse to the light chaise. We must start as soon as it is day."

The girl was half-dressed as her mistress finished her directions; and—though she was no sylph slipped, shoeless and noiselessly, from the room to

fulfil her errand.

The lamp might be extinguished in the chamber, so fast the twilight grew over the hills, dawn hurrying closely at its heels, eager to kiss the fair country-side.

Josephine took the lamp in her hand, to guide her footsteps, lest she might trip on the many stairs, or in the dim corridors, as she sought Sidney's room.

She had scarcely entered when her friend started up.

"Josephine! are you ill? I knew you were. I
was dreaming—"

"Hush, dear Sidney; do not wake Adela. No-

thing is the matter."

And Josephine set her lamp in the chimney and briefly detailed her plan.

"Not without breakfast, Josephine; no, no!"
Josephine restrained her friend, as she would have risen.

"Gertrude has breakfast ready by now. I take the light chaise: your father will not object?

"No, no, of course: but Carl will be ready in

"You shall not rise," persisted Josephine. "I can drive, as you know; so can Gertrude. I would rather not take Carl; we shall go quicker; and the chaise shall be left at the inn where the coach passes."

"But Josephine, this Englishman—he will have

his servants, his friends will have come."

"I do not know—we cannot be certain. He was my father's dear friend, Sidney. Do not try to persuade me, I am resolved."

Sidney knew how futile such an attempt must be. Her friend wished her good-bye, and promised to return immediately if she found her services uncalled for.

She had barely left the room ere Sidney had sprang from her bed and was rapidly dressing.

Soon, to Josephine's surprise, she joined her below, where she was making a hasty breakfast, prepared by Gertrude's busy hands without disturbing any of the house.

The light chaise was at the door, with the horse harnessed, and the travelling bag deposited inside. In a few minutes all was in readiness, and as the sun flared redly over the eastern hills, magnified by the mists through which he shone, the travellers mounted to their vehicle and set out.

Sidney waved an affectionate farewell as long as she could see them in the valley. A few farm-men and labourers were astir; they rubbed their eyes and looked sleepily after the chaise, bobbing their heads, or gravely lifting their caps, as they recognised an equipage from the White House.

The young lady was far too absorbed to observe them: but Gertrude nodded and smiled good-

humouredly.

It elicited some little surprise to see the females so early abroad; but the English family were privileged to do singular things, and the event was not one to make any great impression. The chaise drove steadily on out of the valley upon the high road. Meanwhile the mists dispersed, the sun rose high in the heavens, and the White House was astir, none the less briskly for the absence of the two who had gone out from it with the dawn.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN EXTREMIS.

NOVEMBER had come in cheerfully; the year was descending into a kindly old age; sere and crisp and tanned. Not with rhymy fogs and wheezing unwholesome vapours, but with cheery and pleasant frostliness of aspect. In the woods the leaves fell thick and brown, crackling under the solitary footfall, or showering merrily over the active squirrel busied in his prudent anticipations of winter.

Every day the blue sky showed wider athwart the naked branches, as they parted company reluctantly with their leafy burden: and the cottage at Sea View seemed making out its title to the name more fully, as evening by evening the glorious panorama of sunset became more and more visible from its

windows across the ocean.

Still the hand of autumn touched all so lightly, the roses lingered on their stems, and around the porch clematis and honeysuckle might yet be scented. It was like the death which sometimes spares the bloom even on the cheek of age. So soft and pleasant an autumn might well cause one to

forget that winter was at hand.

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green thicket.

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He acceded then, with a new zest, to the desire of his friends and admirers that he would lend his influence to certain agitations, and add the persuasion of his eloquence to the claims of certain popular

questions.

My lady was not slow to hear of this, nor was she ignorant how sorely Aden tried the temper and forbearance of his lordly father, again and again ruthlessly trampling on his prejudices, riding roughshod over pet fallacies, and by the full light of his clear sense shewing mere conventionality for what it was.

It was a sad thorn in the flesh of the old peer, these rebel tendencies in his eldest-born; and it rankled even the more that it was for ever coming between him and the expression of his real feelings; which warmed stronger towards Aden. Indeed the old gentleman, worried by the infirmities of his state more than his age, was doubtless wearying somewhat of political strife; and, like the lion of the fable, would gladly have lain him down to pass in peace the remainder of his days. Since his reconciliation with his son, his animadversions on Aden's proceedings had been wonderfully modified; he no longer denounced in such vigorous language what he could not approve, and gave unqualified praise where, without dereliction from his own tenets of faith, he dared. He was beginning to feel, this high and haughty lord, that want which the proudest must one day acknowledge—the need of something to lean on, and to care for, beyond mere pride of birth, or rank, or power. His eldest son, even though he thwarted him in many of his dearest hopes was all in all to him, was daily and hourly becoming even more the staple of his existence.

Her ladyship could hardly be aware of the extent of this fact. Aden was at least away, that was a source of gratification; she could not endure his presence. It was a relief to know him absent, that he was not at least enjoying in anticipation the delights of the lordly inheritance which was to be one day his. Then her silence had succeeded, and so well!-Arthur married to the wealthy beauty, so suited as they were - such congratulations reached her from all sides—such felicity in the match! Happy, they must be, of course, it admitted not of a doubt. The very fact of their prolonged stay abroad testified to that. The few letters she had received from her son did not, certainly, make any very decided assertion on that score, but that was hardly to be expected. Her ladyship, not tired of scheming, was, even now, in

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pained—nay, even agonised look: yet there is not an atom of indecision, or weakness, or reluctance, in any one of the placid, hopeful features. But there is no one to note any of this from the oriel windows now. Everybody is busied within, more or less, with the sad message which has just reached them; and the clergyman's ring at the bell is suffered to remain a few minutes unanswered.

The minister is a privileged visitor at the Abbey, perhaps because he never asks for himself, though the boons which he obtains for others are not few; and my Lord and my Lady do really treat him as if he were akin somewhat to their own humanity, probably because he never loses sight himself of the fact. He passes in, then, as a matter of course,

and desires to see the Earl.

The portly butler, who came hurrying forward, announced, in a properly pitched key, the terrible news which had just thrown the house into commotion.

The clergyman listened, expressed earnestly his concern; but his business admits of no delay, even

on that plea.

"I must see his Lordship," he said, going forward to a small study where he is invariably received by

"Tell his Lordship, if you please, I will explain."
It is no pleasant undertaking to carry such a message to my Lord at such a time; and the servants know it. On the other hand, they are well enough aware that, should they refuse, the clergyman is quite prepared to seek the Earl himself; and such evidence of insubordination would ensure the loss of their places.

"My Lord, Mr. Chepstow will take no refusal. Yes, my Lord, Mr. Pomfret acquainted the gentleman that your Lordship was about leaving immediately. He still said he could not go without

seeing you."

One thought darted into the mind of the nobleman. The clergyman had received later news of his son's state. He instantly turned towards the apartment where the minister awaited him. The door was open; Mr. Chepstow stood at the threshold. Impatience and haste were written on his countenance; yet for a moment every other emotion gave place to one, as his eyes fell on the frank, handsome, though haughty face, of the old nobleman, and deep pity made itself apparent in every feature.

The Earl was equipped for a journey; he held his hat in his hand; in fact the horses were at the door. He was beginning to say as much to his visitor, and to urge him, in a deprecatory tone, to pass at once to the subject of his business, for his

journey could not be delayed.

"My Lord, you must pardon me," said the clergyman, speaking rapidly. "My errand is from a death-bed. We must lose no time: it is a matter of life and death, nay more, to you. I must beg of you not to delay."

"They have told you?-"

"I know all. Your son is ill; but, my Lord, you know me: I say that still you must come; defer

that journey to investigate a terrible and mysterious story affecting you. My Lord, you can trust me, I hope; and what I say, believe me, is true." be

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"Where?—what am I to do?" inquired the Earl, aghast. "My horses are at the door."

"The carriage could not ascend the rock; we must go the quickest way. My Lord, I entreat you, for the sake of all you value on earth, come with me, and lose no time."

"I will come; but, Chepstow, what does it

mean ?"

"As we go, sir; as we go," said the minister, his eagerness rising to entreaty—"I know nothing, absolutely, I tell you. I come from a dying woman, who implores your ear for a secret of shame and wrong! God grant we may not be too late!"

My Lord, now thoroughly moved, assented with almost equal haste, and the clergyman at once led the way. Passing a servant in the hall, his lordship gave orders hurriedly concerning the horses. The carriage was to be "kept in readiness," he said.

Then they passed out from the ancient porch, with its unstained escutcheon of the gallant Powers, and sped up the long avenue, fast darkening now, and where their feet rustled in the thickly-fallen leaves.

[To be continued.]

THE MASTER-SPIRIT OF FRENCH COMEDY

Ar a time when a gentleman, English born, but French by parentage and education, has been delighting all London with his performance of Hamlet, and at a time when Shakspeare clubs and Shakspeare dinners are in vogue in Paris, some remarks on Jean Baptiste Poguelin, or Molière, the father and master-spirit of French comedy, may

well lay claim to public attention.

Amongst his own countrymen, Molière's name to this day is a very tower of strength, or rather of popularity; which however, we believe, is not solely to be attributed to the popularity and merit of his works, but in a great extent to the lavish and enthusiastic praise he has received from all the great French dramatic critics. We are told that with Molière comedy (i. e. French comedy) first had birth, which is true; and that the names of Molière and comedy are synonymous, which is questionable. Molière's works may fairly be divided into two classes; those that bear the marks of having been written hurriedly and for the moment, such as L'Amour Médecin, Les Fourberies de Scapin, Le Médecin malgré lui; and those more ambitious productions that appear to have been perfected with infinite skill and labour, such L'Avare, L'Ecole des Femmes, Tartuffe, Les Femmes Savantes, and Le Misanthrope. It is curious to note that these more matured productions were not by any means the most successful. The light and pleasure-seeking court were far more enchanted with the perplexities of Sganarelle and the knaveries of Scapin, than with the more solid

beef and pudding that was placed before them in the more perfected comedies. Nor is this difficult to understand. Putting aside the natural tendency of French character, we doubt even if a British audience would not have done the same. Molière has fallen into a fault which must always mar the acting merit of his better works, and which often makes them somewhat tedious even to peruse: the action is too compressed, is confined to a few scenes only, and the other scenes are occupied in tedious conversations and long-spun dissertations. All Molière's characters preach more or less. Nowhere is this better, or rather worse, displayed, than in the Misanthrope; where the first scene is devoted to a long conversation between Alceste and Philinte, and in which they argue out the peculiarities and weaknesses of their respective characters, after the manner of some dry legal pleading. In thus at once exposing his hero's character, Molière lays himself open to severe criticism; he leaves nothing to be guessed at, but at once puts a stop to all curiosity on the part of his audience, which, on the contrary, ought to be encouraged. Nor do we know of any dramatist who so much displays his own private opinions as Molière does. In the Femmes Savantes, for instance, no one can doubt that the words put into the mouth of Clitandre the lover, are the real, the matured, opinions of Molière the man, the tapissier de la cour, the very humble caterer for pleasure to "the greatest monarch of the world." And yet what a strange and unforeseen moral this Femmes Savantes now conveys. Of course Bélisle and Trissotric, Vadius and Armande, are as amusing as ever, for our opinions of the absurd are never open to much modification; but are not Clitandre and Henriette now as ludicrous in their contempt for learning and their opinion of the end of female education as Bélisle and Armande are in their pedantry? And yet, in spite of this, the Femmes Savantes is in our opinion the most amusing and the best of all Molière's productions. The quarrel between Vadius and Trissotric was not new, but it is adroitly brought about, is in all respects natural, and the degrees of rage between the combatants are very finely marked. The object of the Femmes Savantes is also a good one; pedantry, especially female pedantry, was in those days an acknowledged and a crying evil, which could in no way be more effectually suppressed than by the raillery of the dramatist.

We wish we could say the same for Tartuffe, whose production created as much furore in France as Addison's Cato subsequently did in England. In spite of all that Molière wrote, and all that was was written for Molière, in its defence, we consider this play bad alike in moral and in style. Its purpose—to display the craft and cunning of a religious hypocrite—is in itself a very questionable matter for theatrical representation. We readily admit that the worst enemies of Christianity are those whining and lachrymose curs, who, with God and God's words always on their tongues, ignore both in their hearts, and give to the infidel and scoffer opportunities for sneering at the practice of religion, where they cannot sneer at its preaching. But we

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cannot believe that it was Molière's object to throw men such as these into ridicule. Tartuffe, to our minds, is an ideal creation of Molière's, and not the portrait of a contemporary: thus it loses the only merit that could be assigned it, and naturally sinks under the mass of impurities with which it is infected. Some of its scenes,-those where Tartuffe is detected and unmasked,—are revolting in the extreme; and are not only unworthy of Moliére, but would be unworthy of Wilkes or of Tom Paine. In the first few scenes of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme there is much rollicking fun, especially where the professors so strikingly defend their avocations; but with the departure of the professors the fun appears to depart also, and the remaining scenes serve but to portray the bourgeois in the wiles, or rather in the pursuit, of an intrigue totally at variance with his character, as displayed in the early part of the play. We have already stated that one great fault we find with Molière is, that he confines the action of his comedies to one or two scenes only; and this remark will also hold good as to the humour of these productions; for with Molière fun and action were pretty nearly synonymous. This fault is painfully perceptible in almost all his works, though of course not in the Fourberies de Scapin, where, on the contrary, Molière has run into the opposite extreme, and has given far too much of what he previously gave too little. To Molière's talent for depicting intrigue we have already passingly alluded: of intrigue he was a master; his characters fall into difficulties and out of them with the utmost rapidity; but his dénouement generally appears hurried, because he almost invariably brings about his catastrophe by instrumentality entirely foreign to the piece. Molière's forte appears to have been in depicting what was on the surface—the peculiarities, the oddities, and the whims of his fellow-creatures; he invariably fails when he has to deal with the nobler and stronger passions. He could admirably paint a man in a pet; he fails entirely when he paints a man in a passion: he could photograph a lovers' silly jealous quarrel, but when he has to depict love he breaks down entirely—his ladies and gentlemen address each other with ease and with politeness—they delight in antithesis, or are provokingly simple. They make love in epigrams. They know nothing of the all-absorbing and alltender passion that inspired Juliet, and that Lisander tells us of. That Molière wrote with an object in view we shall readily admit, but we scarcely think that this enhances his merit; for the object, judged by our standard of what genius should write for, is indeed a poor one. It stands declared in one of his prologues, where he makes Comedy, Music, and Ballet sing-

"Unissons-nous trois d'une ardeur sans seconde Pour donner du plaisir, au plus grand roi du monde."

Yes, that was Molière's aim in writing—to give pleasure to the greatest (?) king in the world, and, let us add, to his court. This will explain—better, we think, than some critics have explained it—the

reason why Molière draws nearly all his characters from the bourgeois and domestic class. It has been argued that he did this because it was amongst that class that he had been born, and had mixed during the early portion of his lifetime. This may be a very good reason for explaining how it is Molière describes that class so well; but it is no reason for showing why he always chose that class for his caricature. The reason is on the surface - the court and the gay world would prefer laughing over other people's faults than over their own, and no class ever yielded them so much pleasure and delight as the class bourgeois; the consequence is that when Molière treats us to a man of fashion, generally the true lover, he gives us a very sensible, harmless young man, full of decorum, and conversant with all the proprieties. Such men are not meant to be laughed at. We can split our sides when the fat bourgeois and the saucy maid speaks, but a man of fashion we must

treat with fashionable respect.

Among the most striking of Molière's faults his disregard of probabilities stands peculiarly prominent. No dramatic author of our acquaintance has such a disregard for them. He paints the wildest and most extravagant characters; he perpetually fixes his scenes in the street; he is always treating us to the comic servant. This mania for putting the low comedy business entirely in the hands of servants, is in our eyes a very glaring fault. We believe that as a class there will be found less wit and humour among servants than among any other class. They are too much hampered by the formalities of their position; they are too much in the presence of their superiors; they are too much inclined to take their masters and mistresses as their standard of excellence, to be very witty or very original. We know that the French have always accorded their servants more freedom of thought and action than we English do; but for all this there is no race of people, who, so far as their domestic affairs are concerned, live more within themselves than the French; and it is simply absurd to make a pert waiting-woman rate her master as to the husband he shall choose for his daughter, advise him as to his doctor, and rebuke him for his conduct to his family. However droll such scenes may be, one moment's reflection as to their probabily will dispel our pleasure, and the very superiority of their wit will but increase their absurdity. It is for this reason that we consider the most amusing servant Molière ever drew is also the most natural. We allude to Martine in the Femmes Savantes, a stupid, fat, ignorant paysanne, entirely innocent of all education herself, and utterly despising it in others; a hard-working ignoramus, proud of her honesty and her ignorance, and whose rustic eloquence is most amusing when brought in juxtaposition with the pedantic diction of the silly blue-stockings. Our readers will not fail to note that this class of servant is not yet extinct.

Writing thus especially for the higher classes, Molière naturally deprived himself of that im-

portant part of the dramatist's character, viz.: the moralist. He could become a caricaturist, he could become a censor; but he durst not let a blast of good refreshing moral sentiment burst into those heated and superficially refined saloons. As he could not become a moralist, he became a flatterer; the pieces that were written to be played expressly before the king painfully display this. We should not complain of delicately turned allusions and graceful compliments, these a drama can present with infinitely more ease and honour to its author than any other walk of literature; but Molière did more than this-he broke out into the most foolish and most fulsome flattery; and when we remember how keen was his satire, and what a caricaturist he was at heart, we cannot but think how much he must have despised himself for giving, and the pleasure-loving old king for receiving, the periodical feast of adulation so adroitly offered and so greedily devoured.

Though this is our general opinion of Molière, and though it will have been perceived that we are not disposed to praise him as many have, we yet do not find it difficult to understand how and why he was so successful during his life, and has been so popular since his death. The faults which we have pointed out, serious as they undoubtedly appear to us, would be as complacently pooh-poohed by French critics at they were nearly universally overlooked during Molière's life. It may be bad taste and insular pride, but we English like, and have always liked, "a good play;" and when we cannot get one we will shut up the playhouse. We do not go to the theatre to laugh at a comedy, or to weep at a tragedy, we may do both earnestly enough; but we are little satisfied if we do not carry away some bright thought, some pleasant scenes, some well-drawn picture of life. As a rule we hate improbable stories, everything must appear real and natural. It is to this we trace the great success of the Colleen Bawn; were the picture of Irish life less minute, and Mr. Boucicault's "tremendous header" less natural, the drama to have been successful would have had to possess many literary merits of which it is now deficient. But this is not the case with the French: they go to the theatre to be amused or horrified according to their light or dark shades of character. Molière's audience wanted to laugh and to be amused, and being amused they cared but little for the truth of the picture that they laughed at. They knew as little as they cared, and Molière's comedies helped to turn a prejudice into a belief. They naturally despised the bourgeoisie: how could those poor benighted heathens who only saw the court on a holiday, and the king when en grand monarque-how could they be anything but the most ludicrous and absurd of mortals? And to think, too, of their wealth !- what a freak of fortune that such people should be rich! Upon this prejudice Molière played, and adding only to his répertoire those parians both of court and peoplelawyers and doctors—he was safe of sympathy and applause.

That Molière was the first French comedy writer, and that he has not since been surpassed in merit or in success, we are perfectly willing to admit; but neither of these circumstances add to Molière's genius, though they may add to his merit. He was conversant with both Latin and Italian, and had the vast store of Latin and Italian comedies to guide him; and from these he derived no mean advantage, most of his comedies being as original in plot as those "new and original" adaptations from the French which every day appear on our own stage. That he has not been surpassed may be attributed to the fact of his being first in the field, and of his great success. He was instantly dignified into the position of a classic, and all later writers have been so dazzled with his fame, that, instead of giving play to their own imaginations, they have been content to make him their model. And whilst we utterly repudiate and laugh to scorn the French critics who would class Molière with our great, unapproachable, unrivalled Shakspeare, we will willingly admit that, as there can be only one Shakspeare, there can be only one Molière. In Shakspeare both design and execution are complete. In Molière the design is faulty and hampered, but the execution, with the exception of one or two defects, which are only defects to Englishmen, is brilliant in the extreme. Whether he wrote hurriedly or at leisure, his versification was always perfect, his diction always polished, his characters generally consistent with themselves, however unlike their originals, and his knowledge of stage by-play unrivalled.

We are inclined to think that Molière, like other men of genius, would have left a greater name and better works, if, instead of being tied to the tail of a court, he had been free to write and study at his own will and in his own circle. In Molière's success we see more for pity than for admiration; we look upon him with much the same feelings that we should look upon a Canadian woodcutter destined to chop firewood. Compelled to besmear his page with flattery; compelled even in the choice of his characters to be obsequious to that class which affords most subject for the satirist; compelled often to write hurriedly and regardless of reputation; to us it is a matter of wonder that he achieved so much. We make every allowance for the difficulties of his position. None mourn more than we do that he did not think more of future reputation than of momentary success and break himself from the slavery of the court. But it is the duty of the critic to judge of a man's productions only by the actual merit of those productions themselves, and adopting that rule we have endeavoured to speak of Molière. It is from no wish to pull down departed merit that this article is written. But it behoves the world not to place too much credit in mere names, as is now too often done. Let us still enquire into works, and when, as in this case, no motive but the love of truth inspires, the result, whether it enhance or diminish a reputation, will still be productive of undoubted benefits.

SPENCER BALFOUR.

LIFE IN THE BUSH. THE CANVAS HOTEL ON FIRE.

WITH some experience of tent life, we cannot venture to pronounce it either comfortable or romantic, in spite of its patriarchal associations, and pretty pictures of a Bedouin camp. Where a number of such canvas dwellings are pitched together, there is not only a necessary disregard to the decencies and proprieties of civilization, but an exposure to predatory incursions, and an increased liability to accident by fire. When surrounded by reckless men, smoking and drinking at all hours, so inflammable a substance as the tent is constantly open to ignition.

We confess that, with our rambling experience, and our repeated occasion to take shelter for the night under the canvas of a diggings' hotel, we have felt more fear of fire than danger from robbers. Such accidents have occurred with much loss of life, even when the structure has been partially of wood. One of the English magicians lost, it is said, some hundreds of pounds' worth of machinery and apparatus, by which his tricks were performed, in a fire at a diggings' hotel. He saved his life by a leap through a sort of a window.

When it is remembered that the stock on hand is almost wholly spirits, that no cellars exist for their reception and security, that the free use of matches for pipes is in the midst of inflammable materials, that the stoves have their tubes conveyed through canvas walls and roofs, that servants are proverbially careless and independent there, that host and hostess, as well as guests and strangers, are very subject to an intemperate reel to their beds with a candle, the amazement is that fires are not much more frequent and fatal in occurrence.

The scenes of low debauchery, and the language of disgusting shamelessness, will not render such a hotel life of much comfort to a well-regulated mind, or to a man of any cultivated taste. As no sounds are shut out, the inmate is condemned to listen to oaths only to be manufactured in America, and imported from the States, so singularly daring and blasphemous are they. The lodger must also be regaled with the filthy speech indulged in by the most abandoned of the sexes, when together in a state of maudlin drunkenness. The miserable partition which divides him from others can hardly screen him from sights of infamy, and cannot shield his ears from sounds of evil.

Our own painful experience of these things, as travellers, supplies us with not a few illustrations of these remarks, at the same time it must be acknowledged that we have known hotels at the diggings as well conducted in every respect as those of more settled and civilized quarters. The personal attention and kindness we have received, in spite of our well-known temperance principles, constrain us to speak favourably of the parties conducting the establishments, while condemning the system by which they themselves are often the greatest sufferers.

At the outside Rushes we have been most inconvenienced and annoyed by the accommodations. Once we were enclosed for the night in a windowless canvas enclosure, parted off from the kitchen on the one side, and the only other chamber in the hotel on the other side, by bits of baize cloth. The drawing aside of a canvas fall led us out into the drinking room. In the middle of the night we were roused by the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" Darting out of bed, and seizing the valise, we were soon in the street. Fortunately, there was no immediate danger on our side of the irregular pathway. But opposite was a hotel in flames. Late the preceding evening we were scandalized at the doings there, in connexion with what was called a ball, and had been prevented sleeping till the early hours by the wild revelry of the inmates. When others had retired for the night, the thirsty landlord wanted some more good liquor; and, in his drunken negligence, set fire to the canvas bar.

It so happened that no one was killed, although several were severely burnt. As no water could be got, the Bush fashion of putting out the fire was adopted. Men seized coats or blankets, rushed at the flames, beat violently at them, and succeeded at last in stifling the whole, though not until most of the hotel was consumed. The canvas roof and

sides were rapidly rolled off by the fire.

On another occasion we were at a rude diggings' outpost, and were obliged to shelter at one of these canvas houses. As the only room for the accommodation of strangers was wholly appropriated by a party of noisy gambling diggers, we were forced to wander about outside in the forest on a damp evening till bed-time. Our chamber was about eight feet square; it contained a small window of a pane or two, secured against any opening. The walls were canvas of course, though some paper

had been pasted on two sides.

The neighbourhood was very interesting. A narrow passage divided the room from that in which the card-players grew more boisterous as the brandy took, and who did not separate till one o'clock. On one side was the kitchen, with a roasting fire in a stove. On the other side was the bar, then open and crowded, with the rattling of bagatelle going on, and the disturbance of a fight. Hung on outside to my chamber was a miserable hole, into which the landlord had thrown a drunken fellow. An attack of delirium tremens made him not only an unpleasant neighbour, but an alarming one. During the whole night he continued his cries, groans, oaths, and shrieks. We dared not open the bit of a door for air, because of the company near. A more distressing time of it we never had in all our colonial career, especially from having been really ill for several days before.

Visiting a new Colony, we were directed to the principal hotel where the government officials were staying. The table was certainly well supplied, and cleanliness was duly observed. But the sleeping accommodations would be thought strange to many from Europe. One vast roof of canvas covered the hotel. The bar was, of course, the

largest apartment, and would afford space for fifty A small side-room out of this open space was for the reception of gentlemen, and the place in which we took our meals. Over against this was another canvas room, of increased dimensions, which served several offices. By day it was the police court of the district, where the magistrate presided. In the evening it was a restaurant for the million. At night the floor was strewn with beds. In the morning, after breakfast was cleared off, the place was put square for the police authorities. It was so convenient for all parties, especially for the landlord, that a calico door led from the court to the bar.

The sleeping apartment, for it was single, was a long space divided off into two rows of bed-rooms, having a passage to the end. There was only one entrance to the whole. Each sleeping berth was, a little enclosure of druggetting or canvas, the walls of which rose about six feet only. Thus the same roof was open to all visitors, and a free current of air was obtained. It required no contrivance like the ear of Dionysius of Syracuse to catch all the

sounds proceeding from the lodgers.

Quite sensible of the danger of fire, we prepared calmly for the emergency. We lay, an open knife ready to hand, so that at the first alarm we might rip open the wall of the house, and make our escape. More than once were we kept awake by the fear of accident, especially as the landlord himself, the last of the series, was often in a sad state of oblivion at retirement. One night we watched for a couple of hours the light reflected on the roof from his neglected candle.

A week after our last visit there a fire did take place. The flames made short work of it. The lodgers lost everything they possessed, and escaped only with bruises or burns. The landlord, in addition to his stock and furniture, lost a considerable

sum of money.

With the progress of civilization, the Canvas Hotel becomes a wooden one, and ultimately rises a grand structure of stone or brick, with an architectural embellishment not often known even in England.

PRIDE slays thanksgiving, but a humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow. A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves. When any mercy falls, he says, "Yes, but it ought to be more. It is only manna as large as a coriander seed, whereas it ought to be like a baker's loaf."

How base a pool God's mercies fall into, when they

plash down into such a heart as that!

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invincible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.





RIPON MINSTER, FROM THE SKELL.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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show home seventy to the craftly the and I

RIPON MINSTER.

THE site of one of the very earliest Christian foundations in Britain cannot but be deemed an appropriate subject for the National Magazine. Much learned and interesting controversy has been bestowed upon the question of the first introduction of evangelical faith into the island. Archbishop Usher quotes several old writers in support of the opinion, that the Apostle James carried the Gospel hither. Dr. Burgess with great keenness and ability has argued (in his "Origin and Independence of the British Church,") that St. Paul had this honour. General tradition points to King Lucius as one of the first persons of rank and power who encouraged the new faith. The period in which he flourished is variously stated, between the years 99 and 190; but it was not until the year 570 that any decided national change took place. About that year an eloquent monk named Augustine, and many others, laboured energetically in Britain, and were proportionately successful. Eventually his efforts were rewarded by Pope Gregory, with the Metropolitan See of England, and he fixed upon Canterbury for the site of his cathedral. The present cathedral is built upon the spot selected by Augustine for this purpose. In a future number of this journal, we hope to present our readers with a view of Canterbury, and to pursue the subject of Early British Religion a little further.

In the year 661, the first monastery of Ripon was founded by Alchfrid, King of Northumbria. The period at which the celebrated Wilfred flourished is differently stated; but we prefer to consider that he replaced the first modest structure by a much superior edifice about the year 850. In 860 this building was burnt by the Danes, who about that time overran the northern parts of Britain, completely establishing their power until some twenty years afterwards they were expelled by Alfred. Shortly after the destruction of this first abbey-church, Wilfred was somehow enabled to rebuild it with still greater magnificence. Some of the legendary incidents of this period are re-

lated in the rhyme which follows this article. The centre tower of the present Minster, shown in our photograph, is called St. Wilfred's, and the crypt is believed to be a portion of the church which he built. To reach it, you pass along narrow, dark passages; a bone-house and vault, walled and paved with human skulls and bones, are also shown. The present church was principally built by Roger, Archbishop of York, in the twelfth century; it has the form of a cross, and at the west-end are two uniform towers, each 110 feet high. Each of these formerly carried a wooden spire of 120 feet high, but they were demolished in 1660 by the fall of the steeple of St. Wilfred's. A sum of about £30,000 is now about to be expended in repairs of this fine old Minster.

Ripon is situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near the junction of the rivers Ure and Skell. It has a population of about 5,000 souls. In the market-place is an obelisk 90 feet high. Here, in the days of Queen Victoria, is still observed a custom of those of King Alfred: - one of the constables blows three blasts on the horn every night at the mayor's door, and three more at the foot of the market-cross.

SAINT WILFRED: A LEGEND OF RIPON.

A THOUSAND years ago !- ah me, It sounds like hoar antiquity! And then, in truth, our merry isle Had never worn the pleasant smile Her dear familiar face displays In Queen Victoria's peaceful days :-

And then—in truth, the Danish hordes, With pagan rage, and ruthless swords, Were even more fiercely hostile towards Reform—than modern House of Lords!

And then, - that band of monks-the Church, Of hospitable dole in search— Unhoused and hunted, -goodness! how Unlike the Church of England now! Then-Ripon's income, I'll be bound (Of Ethelred,-the Saxon's giving,) Good Bishop Wilfred must have found A very different sort of living From Durham, York, or London, - those Which regal Palmerston bestows!

A thousand years ago !—just then The monastery's holy men Had fled from fire and savage yells To lonesome woods and darksome cells.

The good St. Wilfred was a man Of solemn eye and stately mien, And ere those dismal times began Abbot of Ripon he had been.
But now, within its shattered wall The murderous Danes held nightly rout; Or moping owls began to call, And foxes trotted in and out.
Wilfred had 'scaped the heathen rage, And dwelt in forest hermitage.
And many a stalwart monk was there, The abbot's sylvan life to share:
Nor monks alone:—a Saxon Earl Not far was lodged in rocky den, And here and there a lovely girl Bloomed 'mid the band of hunted men.

It happened that a Danish chief—
The chief in power, and deeds of blood—
Outwent his followers, and, in brief,
Had hunted further than he should,
And now, as shadows fell, would fain
Have reached his distant camp again.
Crashing the underwood, his feet
Passed near the Earl's secure retreat.
Well Alstan knew the wretch who led
The horde, that day his vassals bled;
When,—'mid wild shrieks and stifling cries
His oak-built castle lit the skies!

Out leaped the Saxon in his path,
His huge blade quivering with wrath;
"Die, villain!" roared he,—and amain
The sword descended on the Dane.
Not then, I ween,—not first that night
Had Olla met a foe in fight:
The ready weapon from his belt
Parried the blow,—and then was dealt
So nimbly that the Saxon knelt;
And soon another deed of blood
Against the savage chief had stood
But in that instant, from behind
His arm was grasped with sudden might;
It seemed that more than humankind
Had sprung upon him in the fight.

Ho, Olla!—man renowned at arms, Who near in deadly strift was beat, What is it now thy breast alarms And hugs thee into base defeat!
'Tis holy Church!—a giant monk I clasping hard thy quivering trunk!

Ho, Wilfred! give the savage breath!
His throat is gurgling, now, in death!
And see! a ghastly wound beside
Is ebbing out his bad life's tide.
The abbot saw,—and let him sink
Beside his bleeding Saxon foe;
Then stood between, and sighed to think
On guilt of sin, and need of woe.

He hailed his doleful forest-men (The men who trained and hunted deer !) Who bound the gaping wounds and then They bore to Alstan's rock-cave near The bleeding foes, and pattered beads And wet their lips, and muttered prayer; But all the more substantial needs Left they to gentle Elda's care.

O proud destruction of fair form! That oft where all is fierce and rude With grace of love, and pity warm, Is woman's gentle heart imbued! So,—when at length the rosy page, Health, came to wait upon the Earl, And on his foe with hate and rage The reddening lip began to curl, His daughter her sweet converse lent To good St. Wilfred's words of faith, That love of Christ, and pure intent Will triumph over hate and death, "And what," he cried, as Scriptures tell "If love-fires heaped on guilt abhorred Should melt a savage imp of hell Into a servant of the Lord!"

Earl Alstan listened and believed; And Danish Olla wondering lay: Was Elda's watchful eye deceived That change came o'er him, day by day? Till, when at last his sword he lashed To claim his savage rule again, The lightning of his dark eye flashed Through a quick shower of spirit-rain!

Moons rose and waned;—the forest band Still muttered prayers and hunted deer, While over Britain's northern land Prince Olla swayed, without compeer, A rule as gentle and as good As 'twas before a reign of blood.

Earl Alstan, hail! In Saxon tongue
From Danish lips the welcome rung:
Hail, holy Father! gentle maid!
Peace—Joy and Peace!—Be not afraid!
"I come, (with fervent haste he cried,)
To right Earl Alstan—claim my bride!
And, Wilfred! thou shalt raise for me
A pile thy mercy well has earned;
It shall not shame the memory
Of the poor abbey that we burned!"
Then mused he with a softened voice
"For if there be a power above
The truest faith—and Olla's choice,—
Is that which acts the most of love!"

What more !—the abbey rose ;—the Earl Possessed his lands and forests green, And Elda,—gentle Christian girl,—Was fair Northumbria's happy Queen!

When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades are still shining in their courses—clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

THE MISSING SHIPS.

"He casteth forth his ice-like morsels—Who is able to abide His frost?"

PLAIN-very plain-I knew I was-I was always told so. From the time I can remember anything I remember hearing my aunt's maid say, "It doesn't matter what Miss Susan wears, nor how I do her hair; she'll never do me no credit, nor no one else, never." I don't know if she intended me to hear it, or cared much whether I did or not; but I remember the mortified feeling it gave me, even in childhood: the feeling I had no one to love me, no one to like to look at me, no one to say a kind word to me. I could remember no one but my aunt; I remembered asking her if I had a father and mother, like James and Nelly, the gardener's children; and she answered, "Your mother was dead, child, when your father brought you to me, and your father is in Australia."

I was so glad to think I had a father still; and often in the long evenings, when I had done my lessons and was sitting at my work, I used to hope and long he would some day come home and claim me. He would love me I was sure; I never doubted that: he would put his hand on my head, and call me his little Susan. I comforted myself with that hope when I was lying awake with the toothache—oh so many dark nights! I was about

ten then.

I remember nothing particular for two years after that. It seems like a great gulf between the time I learnt I had a father and the day when my aunt came into my school-room. She looked more grave and cold than ever, I thought, and she held a black-edged letter in her hand. "Susan must stop her lessons if you please, Miss May, this morning," she said; "I have bad news for her; I have just heard of her father's death in Australia." That was all: she scarcely looked at me, and left the room. Miss May said nothing; she seemed thinking of my French reading, which had been interrupted. She looked on to see how far we were from the end of a chapter, put a mark in and closed the book; and I sat with my one dream of hope all crushed. I should never have any one to love me, never! I did not cry. I only sat there quite stupified. I remember how cold my hands felt, how cold I felt all over, and how hard and dry my tongue was: the feeling of wretchedness is as fresh now as then. At last Miss May said, "How old was your father, Susan?" I did not know. "What part of Australia was he in?" My aunt had never told me. "Strange," she said; "you are old enough to take an interest in everything relating to him, but you are such an odd child." I suppose she thought I felt none; but I could not speak and tell her all I felt. She wrote some letters, and I put away my lesson-books and shut the pianoforte, and looked out of the window, and arranged the books, in the bookcase. I remember now that the third volume of Rollin's Ancient History had a bit torn off the top, and the sixth volume had lost the label where the name was. I put them in order as the volumes came, and then I looked out of the window again, and listened to Miss May's pen as it scratched on the paper. The clock struck eleven. I could not go on in this way till two. Miss May thought it would not be right for me to go out, but she would ask my aunt. Just as she was preparing to leave the room, my aunt entered. The question was asked, and received a negative. I thought if I had something to do that I disliked very much it would be a relief; something that I must give my attention to: and I ventured to say, "Might I do some of my lessons, aunt; only my grammar and sums."

I had just got to prepositions in Murray, and Miss May told me I was to learn the list that is in his grammar: she said it would be useful to me all my life,—I should always know a preposition when I came to it. I know that list by heart now. I never hear the sound of a preposition or think of

grammar without remembering,—

Of Into Above To Within Beneath Below For Without By Over From With Under Beyond Through,

And my sums; I was in Practice, and hated it; but at the moment I thought anything but the lump of lead that seemed on my heart would be a relief. My aunt said, "Susan, I wish you could show a little feeling, even if you actually have none. How could you think of going on as usual to-day

with your ordinary lessons?"

On the Saturday my black frock was finished, and on the Sunday I went to church with my aunt. My aunt was in black too. When I was dressed ready to go to church, I heard Wilson say to the housemaid, "I never saw Miss Susan look worse; did you, Jane?—and to think it's the best bombazine and the best crêpe. Miss Danvers needn't have been so handsome to her for all the good it does."

Another long gap in my memory and then a bright gleam to cheer me. My aunt told me my cousin, Harry Danvers, was coming to stay at the Heath; he had just lost his mother. I could remember Harry, and his tall gentle-looking mother, who had smiled and spoken softly to me, and how slowly she went upstairs with her hand on her side, and how she coughed when she reached her room. And so she was dead—like my father—

and Harry was coming to us.

He came one very wet evening in November: how gloomy it was! the rain falling heavily on the dead leaves. It had rained steadily all day, and almost the last of the leaves had fallen under the incessant dropping, and everything was black and dismal. Harry arrived in a car from Horeham, quite wet. He had taken off his great coat and hat in the hall, but his hands were wet and cold, and the drops clinging to his light hair. My aunt advanced kindly, very kindly for her, and kissed him. "Susan, take him to the school-room and

give him a cup of hot tea, and then let him go to his room and change his wet clothes." Miss May was away for her holidays; Harry followed me upstairs, and I poured out the tea and gave it him. "Have you come from school to-day?" I said, to break the silence.

"I've come from home, but I've no home now, I've passed my examination,—I'm a sailor, and she never knew it. Mother! mother!" he said, and, hiding his face on the table, he sobbed as if his

heart would break.

I never could cry that way, and I looked at him half-wondering, half-frightened. At last I said, "You have had a mother for fourteen years—I

never had one at all to love me."

He looked up, "Worse than me, poor Sue," he said; "but she was so anxious about my examination; if she could but have known I had passed, and passed well too-I was third; she knew the day for it, and would not let them write for me, hoping to go on a little longer; and when they wrote it was too late. I went by the night mail, but it was over. could not tell her, at least I did tell her, but she could not hear me. I would not listen to them; I would not believe them; I went straight upstairs to her room, and knelt down by her bedside. 'Mother, dear mother, I have passed,' I said. I'm third out of forty-six. Do say one word, mother, only once more. Say 'my own boy' just once, mother; for I did my best, indeed I did!' and there was no answer, only a terrible stillness, and then I knew I should never see her smile any more, and never have her hand stroking my hair again, and I could not bear it. 'Mother, mother, speak to me!' I said, and then I fainted, or something; for I was dead beat, what with the examination, and the journey, and everything."

I listened in wonder with the tears in my eyes. Should I ever be able to open my heart to Harry, as he was doing to me with the tears running fast down his cheeks? My aunt's directions came across me, and I told him to drink his tea and come to his room and change his clothes, and then we went downstairs to the drawing-room. He was with us three weeks, and he often talked of his mother; indeed he seldom talked of anything else; they had been so much together he had idolized her quite. He would speak calmly sometimes, and gradually forget, and say, "Mother does this;" and then it seemed all to come back that mother could do it no more, and his grief would break out as violently as on the first evening, and he would throw himself on the lawn under the large chestnut tree, and sob, "Mother! Mother!" as if he could not be comforted. Still it seemed a relief to speak of her, and he would rouse himself and tell me more. "She used to lie on the couch so white and still, and I used to carry up her breakfast for her. Sarah let me do it. She used to say, ' Poor Master Harry, he's the best right to do it, surely I and mother liked it best when I brought it.' And then she liked me to read to her; she liked the Burial Service, with all the rubrics, just as it comes. 'It helps me to realize it, my darling,' she used to say.

'You know, Harry, they will meet ME at the entrance of the churchyard, and, going before ME, they will say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" and when they come to the grave, while I am made ready to be laid in it, the priest will say those beautiful sentences, my darling, for you and for all who may be standing round. I shall have passed then my last hour and all the pains of death; and, Harry, it is in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, and in sure and certain hope I commit you, fatherless, to God's mercy.'

"Then sometimes she would tell me to read her the prayers to be used at sea, because I was to be a sailor, like my father: rubrics and all; and it made it all clear—one saw the sense of it—it was not dull a bit. There is the prayer before we engage the enemy. Won't it be grand work, Sue? Can't you fancy our noble ship all ready for a broadside, bang

on the frog-eating Frenchmen?

The captain hailed the Frenchman—"Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!"
"Bear down, do you see, to our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," said the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Said the saucy Arethusa.

Then there are prayers before and after a storm; I've read them so often with dear mother that I never can forget them. It's a grand thing to be a sailor, 'with the blue above and the blue below.' I can't think how any one stays on the dry land, not I; some of them writing on a high stool at a desk all day. Two fellows that were at school with me are gone as clerks in a merchant's office; I'm sorry for them, quill-driving all day.

Mother liked my being a sailor, because papa was; and though his vessel was lost, she said she would not thwart me; for he always said he should like me to be one. I don't know what I should have done,

if she had not liked it,-dear mother!"

He talked unceasingly in this way when we were alone, mixing his mother and the Prayer Book with verses of sea songs just as the ideas crossed him—sometimes with a tear, sometimes with a smile. With my aunt he was different, and would sit reading James's Naval History all the evening, with his head on his hands, when we were in the drawing-room with her.

At the end of the three weeks he joined his ship, and three years passed before we saw him

again.

I was seventeen, and he nearly eighteen, when he came back. I had grown, but my face had not changed. I was plain, very plain. I felt as old then as many girls at five-and-twenty. It is a weary, weary thing, to feel that no one cares for you.

There was one thing of which I believe my aunt was proud. I sang well: my voice had not been much cultivated, but I had a beautiful one,—I knew I had; and I could sing from my heart, though I never could speak of anything I really felt. Even in that I had some mortification; my aunt told me always to put a piece of music before

me if I had my face turned towards the room. I knew what she meant, I was too plain to be looked at singing, even when beauties would have given something for my voice. I never tired; I could sing by the hour; it seemed given to make up for all my ugliness and awkwardness. I sang, and, singing, forgot almost every care I had.

Well, Harry came. Such a happy, merry sailor, such a tall handsome boy: a pleasant word for every one, and always kind to me. His leave ended so soon! My aunt had a party the last evening. He laughed and talked to every one, and I could see that my aunt admired him, and was proud

of him.

He came up to me. "Susan, you look so grave; is it because I'm going? Do you never look happier than you do now?"

"Never," I said.

"I wish you could have been a sailor; you must have been happy then: but, as that can't be, when I am a post captain, dear little Sue, then you—"

I don't know what he was going to say, but something in his voice made my hand tremble,

and I upset a cup of tea.

"Some people's fingers are all thumbs," my aunt said, as if she did not mind; but I knew

her better, and Harry knew better too.

"I beg your pardon, my dear aunt, for my awkwardness. Will you please to forgive my thumbs, and I promise you a new table-cover, when I am an admiral," he said, laughing.

"It was you, was it? I thought it was Susan,"

my aunt answered.

I could not explain then.

"Hush, Susan; she's never angry with me, and I would rather be scolded from morning till night

than see you look so moped."

I told her next day. She was glad I was truthful, but wished she could see me as neathanded as he was. She could not wish it more than I did; I would have given worlds to be like

And so passed

And so passed away six more years of my life: Harry spending his leave with us whenever his ship returned home. He had obtained his Lieutenancy, and came to us one bright evening in August. After a warm kindly greeting, he said, "I had an adventure near the gate, Aunt Dora; two young ladies riding, one of their horses shied at a boy in the hedge and then reared up. The other young lady screamed, but I got to the horse's head in a moment, and quieted him, and then led him past the boy. Such a pretty girl!—Who can they be?"

"The Miss Wests," I said: "they are the only

riders here."

The Wests were rich people who had lately taken a large house in our neighbourhood. My aunt, always proud as the proudest, resented the splendour of the nouveaux riches and had never called on Mrs. West; but the next day Mr. and Mrs. West came to thank her for her nephew's kind assistance to their youngest daughter.

Both the girls had said so much of the danger, &c. Mrs. West begged the acquaintance might continue. and hoped we would all dine with them the following day. From that time during the three months Harry was on shore, we saw a great deal of the Wests. At first I felt uneasy: Elinor, the youngest, was very pretty, and on the first day, when she blushed and thanked him, I was more anxious than I dared own; but gradually the feeling wore off; he was always so shy with her, and so kind to me, constantly joining me when he saw I was not mixing with other girls; for I never felt at my ease in society, and constantly looked neglected, I believe greatly my own fault. Then he constantly brought me little presents and always was near me when I sang. I forgot Elinor and her pretty face, and saw no danger.

One evening, the Wests had dined with us, and several other friends came in afterwards. Harry came to open the pianoforte for me. "Susan, dear, you are looking so well to-night, with that white bindweed in your hair. Sing your very best; I want to speak to you by-and-bye; I have wished to tell you something, you must know what?" He lingered over the last few words, looking at me with his

great blue eyes.

Unthankful and ungrateful I have been for many mercies. In this I cannot reproach myself for either: all my life long have I been thankful that neither by word nor look did I answer my cousin Harry then. Those few moments were the very happiest of my life. I look back to them and to those songs I sang; yet, I would not have called them back for worlds—I never picked a bit of bindweed any more—and I never, never, sang those songs again. I did sing well that night. I was singing for him; I sang his favourite songs, and thought, poor fool! he was listening to me.

I turned round; he was standing by Elinor. She had pulled a rose to pieces, and was playing with

the leaves.

When I rose, Harry came to me. "Susan, wish me joy—she's mine! I want you to speak to her; you've always been as a sister to me."

Sister

The power of controlling my feelings enabled me to cross the room, to sit down by her, and say something, I know not what. Truly words are given us to conceal our thoughts! She smiled and blushed, and said I knew what a lucky girl she was. At last they went away. I watched him find her cloak and whisper something as he wrapped it round her, then draw her arm through his and take her to the carriage. Then his quick light step sounded so happy as he came back; he went up to my aunt and told her. I felt her look at me, but I was putting out the candles and closing the pianoforte; I was not required to say much. We wished good-night and I followed my aunt up-stairs? to my own room, I was alone at last!

The moon was shining brightly in. I threw myself on my knees by the window where I always said my prayers, and buried my face in agony. I know not how long I was kneeling there: I did not notice the door opening: I heard nothing till I

felt some one standing by me; lifting my head I saw it was my aunt. At the moment I would rather have seen Harry himself, than the sharp cold outline of her face in the moonlight; but when she spoke, her voice trembled.

"Child, child, I was afraid of this; he has

deceived us both."

"No, never!" I said, rising; "he never deceived me: he felt as a brother, and he was as a brother; he never was more."

"My poor child," she answered kindly, "my poor child! Susan, you are feeling now all that

your father made me feel."

I placed a chair for her, and seated myself on the ground near her. "Tell me all," I said, gasping,

"tell me all."

"All is soon told, child. I was engaged to your father; mark me, engaged: engaged for weeks. A fortnight before the day fixed for our marriage, he eloped with my half-sister, your mother. Child, child, I have never spoken of it since: don't get hard and cold as I did. I have been hard and cold to you, Susan. You were so like your mother, name and all. Why were you not like him, and I could have loved you at once? But I will, Susan, I will indeedforgive me all the harshness I have shown youonly forgive me, child, and we may yet be a comfort to each other. You don't speak, Susan; can't you forgive me?" I rested my head on her lap for the first time in my life, and cried as I had never cried She drew me to her and kissed me: then she made me promise to go to bed, and left me. I heard her moving about in her room some time after: then all was quiet. Next morning she was found quite dead! Her maid said that, receiving no answer after knocking several times, she went in. She was in bed just as usual. On her not moving when she drew the curtain, she became alarmed. Wilson told me, afterwards, she had often complained of great and sudden pain in her side, and our medical man knew she had a tendency to heart complaint. He questioned me, as I had been the last to see her that night, and I told him she had been speaking of what had distressed her. The coroner returned a verdict, "Died by the visitation of God." On her table was a note addressed to her lawyer, begging he would come over as soon as he could. I felt certain, when her will was read, her last conversation with me had made her write that note: in the will everything she had was left to Harry. By the note was my father's miniature. Harry gave it to me. I had the money my father left me, about £150 a-year. Harry wished to make it up to £200. I told him I would try to live on my own, if I could not I would apply to him. "Don't be proud, dear old Sue," he said. I had no pride of that sort; it would have been a pleasure to take anything he gave me had I required it.

The Heath was Harry's. Wilson married, and took a pretty small house just outside the village, and it was arranged I should have two rooms in it. Thither I went; Harry and his wife went to

London. It was a comfort that the last words my aunt had spoken to me were kinder than any that had ever before passed between us. I tried to act up to what she had told me; not to get stern and cold. I went about among the poor; I tried to forget myself; tried to remember being lonely and forlorn—for I felt that too—was to fit me for not being "cast out" hereafter; and so a year passed away. I heard sometimes from Harry, and at the end of that time he wrote to tell me of the birth of a little girl. It was only a few lines; Elinor and the baby both doing well.

A few days after I received another letter, begging me to go instantly to them. Elinor was not so well; her own family were abroad, and she had asked for me. I had no time to think; my trunk was soon packed, and I started.

"Mrs. Danvers is very ill," the Doctor said, meeting me on the stairs, "and the baby is a delicate little thing." He opened the door; the nurse was sitting by the fire with the usual bundle of flannels on her knee. "How is it, Nurse?" he whispered.

"I think she's a little more lively just now," the

woman answered.

Harry's voice called her from the next room; she turned to me.

"Perhaps, ma'am, you'd just hold baby a minute?"

The Doctor followed her and I was left alone, with Harry's child in my arms. My aunt's feelings regarding me rushed through my mind, and I was thankful mine were different,—oh, so different! I felt I could love that little helpless thing with my whole heart, for Harry's sake.

He came in and thanked me for coming. He was looking careworn and anxious. "Not better yet," he said. I helped the nurse, who was very weary, all that night; I was quite happy sitting by the fire with baby, while the poor woman got a little sleep when she could be spared from the sick-room: but the next morning the Doctor was alarmed, and said she should be baptized. Harry came and looked at her, "Do as you like, Susan: I can only think of my darling there," looking towards Elinor's room. "Send for a clergyman; I leave it all to you." The clergyman came that afternoon. Baby had been lying quite still, gradually fading away, the nurse said. I gave her name, Elinor. The little thing quivered all over as the clergyman returned her to me: then there was one smile, and the angels carried her away-away-up far into the great blue Heaven, as he finished the last words. I was standing with her still in my arms when Harry a few moments after came hastily in. "She wants baby," he said: "she is crying for her child." The tears came into his eyes, poor fellow, when I shook my head and told him she was gone. He bent down and kissed away the drops that had made her what she now was. "If they can only save my Elinor," he said, "I will not grudge this little innocent; but I dare not tell her she has no baby now!"

I knew how ill she was-how little hope there

was of saving her, but the thought struck me she would be content to feel it by her: and it could do it no harm now. Wrapping the little thing carefully up, I told Harry so. A wild cry reaching us at that moment, he said hurriedly, "Bring her, Susan, bring her," and I followed him into Elinor's room, and gently laid the little empty cage in her arms. She clasped her child close to her burning face, murmuring fondly, "She is fast asleep, I won't wake her, I won't indeed."

Harry was kneeling by her; he waited some minutes, they seemed to me hours. "Let Susan take baby away now, darling," he said at last,

"and you must try and get to sleep."

"Not yet, Harry-my own little girl, not yet. Harry, darling, is Susan, here?" She was looking at me, but the fever was too high for her to recognize me, and she went on: "Tell Susan she must take care of baby; tell her, Harry, darling, she must forgive me, forgive me for having been so very happy such a very little while, and I leave my baby to her to love. I wanted to see Susan; but perhaps she won't come to me-perhaps she cannot quite forgive me yet." My knees shook; I felt breathless. What wild words might she not say? I felt she had read my secret, though Harry did not; for, bending over and kissing her, he said, "Darling, Susan has come. She has been taking care of baby whilst you are ill; she has nothing to forgive my Elinor. Don't vex yourself, darling."

She put out her hand and clasped the sheet in the peculiar way those do who are on the brink of the dark waters, as if yet clinging to earth, and looking into his face, she said distinctly, "Tell Susan there's nothing but love where I am going; nothing-not like this-we shall all love each other there, and it won't vex me her being happy." I could bear it no longer, and I sobbed aloud. She suddenly became aware of my presence. "Susan," she said, and smiled, "Baby is so good-you'll take care of her. I never, never shall do that. She will never miss me, but Harry will-Harry will for a long time." I stooped down and kissed herpoor Harry's young wife. If I could but have died for her, I would, so gladly! Her hand in his, her face resting on his shoulder—she was the one to be envied, not I, standing alone in health and strength. I could have died to save Harry the agony of parting. Kissing her, I whispered, "I must take baby away now." "Don't wake her-such a little, little while to be so, so happy! One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand — Oh, Harry, Harry, think of that! better than our happy days even, darling!" They were the last words I ever heard her say; the fever and delirium increased, and she died at midnight. Mother and child met again; they were not parted long.

Harry sailed a few months after with Sir John Franklin, in May, 1845. He came down previously to the Heath to arrange his affairs and settle about letting the house. It was difficult to recognize the bright joyous Harry in the grave sad man that one evening he spent with me. Yet in this he was

like himself; as he spoke of his mother, so he could speak of Elinor. "Susan, some of her last words were asking you to forgive her; what had my poor darling ever done to vex you? or was she wandering then?"

I was truthful; my aunt had acknowledged that, even when she did not love me.

"She was not wandering, Harry," I said.

"Then what was it?"

"They were her dying words, let them rest with her. Death makes all clear—only Death made her say it, Harry."

"If I had vexed you, I should not have wondered. I used to be thoughtless and say all that came into my head; but she was so gentle. Susan, I need scarcely ask you—you have forgiven her?" "Harry, with my whole soul, as I hope for

Heaven!"

"She never said anything but kind words of you, Susan. I remember one day her telling me you were very lonely, and she wished you could be as happy as she was; and I said, Dear old Sue, she is happy her own way, she always was just as you see her now; and my darling put her arm softly round my neck and said, 'O Harry, you are very blind—women see things that you men never do.'"

He put his arms on the table and hid his face on them as he had done years ago in the school-room at the Heath, and in a broken voice he said, "Susan, you are happier, far happier, loving and caring for no one, than if you had lost your all, like me! The whole world is a blank now!" And I had to bear it and make no sign! only as I wrung my hands tight together, the nails of one went deep into the other wrist. I did not feel it till afterwards. I could feel nothing but the sharp, sharp pain, his blind words sent through me to the very quick, till my heart seemed breaking.

And so Harry sailed in May, 1845. I heard from him once—only once. They were not to return before the end of 1847; but 1847, 1848 came, and then gradually came anxiety, suspense, agony, certainty—and yet certainty that could not

be believed-could not be borne.

I thought of giving up one room; then I thought I might make more by keeping it and opening a small school for the daughters of rich farmers around me, to collect a fund towards the expeditions that were sent to search for the missing ships. That succeeded; I soon had as many children as I could manage; all the parents knew I was working for Mr. Harry, and they all sympathized with me; they had all known and liked him. All I could save from my own income was for him. It was the one object of my life. Tea, coals-everything I could do without; and what was there I could not do without, when I thought of him? It was a pleasure to be hungry, to be cold, to feel I was in some little degree suffering like Harry—that anyhow it was for Harry. Then my voice—why should that not be turned to some account? I had not thought of it, till one day, when I went to Horeham to place some money in the bank for my fund, I heard a concert was to be given, but that one of the singers had been taken ill that morning. It flashed across me,—could I supply her place? I found out the manager, sang, was accepted, and took my place among the performers. I did not care who listened—I did not care what was said: It was for Harry I was singing. After that I sang in public whenever I had the opportunity, and added to my hoard to search for Harry.

Years have gone by—till now suspense seems almost beyond endurance—sometimes I think he cannot have stood out against all they have had to go through. Sometimes I can think almost calmly that he may have reached the haven where he

would be-where there is no more sea.

November 25th, 1859.—M'Clintock has returned—two found in a boat—one under a heap of clothing; the other had no one to cover him. Was Harry one of them? Was he one of those who dropped by the way as they went towards the Great River? or is he still one of those who are yet hoping against hope? Another winter must pass before any further search can be made for them! Another winter! Harry, Harry, surely every one will help now—they know where to look for them; bless M'Clintock for that. The Benedicite was chanted last Sunday in Church. Oh how hard it was to say "Oh ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever!" M. E. G.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

An! I should like to hear something about the Stock Exchange. A strange, awful sort of place, is it not? And what a strange mysterious business seems to be carried on there; and what queer names they give their things !- scrip, coupons, stocks, and such-like. I can understand selling cotton or cloth, or sugar; but these other matters are as puzzling as when I read of money being sometimes dear and sometimes cheap; for in all my experience—and I have changed a good many in my time—a sovereign always yielded twenty shillings, neither more nor less. But how did you dare go into the place? for I have heard strange tales of how these stock-brokers-a kind of freemasons, are they not?-ill-use any person not of their fraternity who ventures inside their den, or whatever they call it? Was it not something like reporting one of those dreadful battles in America? It is to be hoped you were not sadly hurt. dear reader, not in the least: such is the ubiquity of our person that we can gain admission almost anywhere and everywhere; and, so when we go for your benefit to the Stock Exchange, no proud young porter bars our approach, and inside we are treated with the consideration and respect that is due to the "we" of the National Magazine.

But come with us some morning in spirit, and thus you will be safe, to this redoubtable Stock Exchange. It is ten o'clock, and the stock-brokers have not made their appearance, so we can look about the large irregular-shaped and lofty room.

Empty and swept, it does not boast much furniture. There are a few desks here and there, and a few seats round the pillars; so you perceive business is for the most part transacted in a standing position. What comfortable large fires are blazing in different parts of the room! and high up are two large clocks to note the flight of time; and-yes! there is a dial to note the whereabouts of the wind, and at a convenient height we also see a barometer. Well, what have stock-brokers to do with the wind and barometer? A great deal, and with almost everything else. These unfortunate men are expected to be alive to everything in the present, and a good deal of the future; they must understand the state of the home and foreign trade of the country; they must know what is the promise of a coming harvest, and the results of a gathered one. As the time of harvest draws near, if there are doubts about the weather, the windgauge and the barometer are duly enquired of, and a burst of sunshine or a passing cloud will sometimes affect a sensitive market.

Then there are politics at home and abroad. At home they must watch the rivalries and fights amongst Whigs, Tories, and Radicals; calculate the chances of Derby beating Palmerston, or Palmerston Derby, or John Bright upsetting them both.

And abroad, what a wide field of observation! What a variety of combinations and puzzles are there in the politics of France, Italy, Rome, Austria, Hungary! Eastward there is India, China, and Japan to keep an eye upon; and westward, battle and confusion amongst the once United States. We said the stock-broker must be able to read the future as well as understand the present; truly so. If he were a combination of Murphy and Dr. Cumming, more could not be expected of him. He must know, not only what the Emperor of the French is doing, but what he is thinking of .- Whether Austria, Hungary and Sardinia will get up a three-sided duel.—Whether the sick man of Turkey is to become stronger or weaker. -Whether we are to retain our hold upon India, or whether she will yield u wealth or require more loans. And in America here are the chances of the Federalists overcoming the Confederates, or the Confederates beating the Federalists; of the Federalists and Confederates agreeing to separate and be at peace, or of Confederates and Federalists fighting till there is nothing left of each other. Enough to puzzle Euclid! And now, fair reader, do you not thank the goodness and the grace which made you a happy English maiden, and not a stockbroker?

While we have been gossipping in this way, the once-empty house has been gradually filling. Look through those glass-doors into the reading-room, where every seat is occupied, and all are intent upon acquiring the knowledge of everything of importance that has occurred during the last twenty-four hours. Perhaps the leading journal has delivered itself in an oracular manner upon foreign politics, suggesting doubts and fears, and some anxious readers are calculating the effect it will have upon the market. As eleven o'clock

approaches, the reading-room empties, and "the House," as the stock-brokers call it, becomes crowded. A hurried glance reveals the great variety of person and character in the assembled throng. Here and there you perceive an unmistakeable Israelite; and you might perhaps detect a Quaker or two, but these last respectable individuals are not so easily discernible as used to be the case. Some few years ago when a respected Friend made a change in his costume, his brother stock-brokers jocularly remarked that his hat had gone up ten per cent.

Now the clock strikes eleven, and—burr, whirr;—why is that man springing a watchman's rattle,—is it thieves, or fire? Neither, but the official announcement that the market is opened and busi-

ness may commence.

In a certain town, Saint Something, on the Cornish coast, where wrecks are subjects of great interest and profit to the people, a congregation was assembled in a little chapel one stormy day, when information was blown in somehow that a goodly ship was beating itself to pieces on the cruel rocks. The preacher at once perceived a tremor and a movement amongst his audience that indicated a disposition to make a rush to the shore, therefore bringing by a rapid movement his sermon to a premature close, he said-"And now, dear brethren, let us sing the first and third verses of the 76th hymn, and then all start fair." Now, we have no wish to insinuate that the stock-brokers are to be likened to these Cornish men, further, than that in buying and selling all are expected to start fair. What a buzz and hum there is now, though you see for the most part that the business is done between man and man in whispers! And if you could look into or understand the little black books which some of these men carry as they glide about from one place to another, you would find that they have bought or sold £10,000, or it may be £100,000 of stock, in less time than you fair reader would take in choosing a bonnet ribbon. But business is not always done in a quiet manner: when there is any excitement in the market, prices are shouted out, and challenges are given to buy or sell, in the loudest tones.

A great deal of noise is occasioned by the waiters calling out the names of brokers who are wanted by clients or clerks; then a stream of telegrams is flowing in, and the names of those to whom they are addressed are proclaimed by a waiter, whose lungs are evidently in a state of healthy vigour. You see two or three men walking to a side-door at double-quick step,—they are going to despatch telegrams. There are two telegraph offices under the roof of the Stock Exchange, and for the first hour after the market opens the wires are in constant vibration with the details of business sent to every part of the country. Now a waiter rings a large hand-bell, and announces "Second edition of Times;" and, if expectation is directed to any coming event, a rush is made to see the news. Perhaps no second edition ever produced such excitement as that which announced the close of the Crimean war.

As the morning advances the activity of business lessens, and you see men idling about with apparently nothing very particular to do. By and by you perceive a tendency to slip away through one of the side-doors and down a flight of stairs; and if we follow we shall find a large luncheon-room, well frequented, where are provided a great variety of edibles, both plain and dainty;—there is a license "to be drunk on the premises," with a supply also of tea, coffee, and chocolate.

The Stock Exchange is a self-governed body. Its code of rules are administered by a committee of thirty, chosen annually by ballot, each member having a vote. This committee takes cognizance of any complaints of improper conduct between broker and broker, or between broker and client, and having the power to suspend or expel from the Stock Exchange, any member who refuses obedience to the resolutions of the committee, or who has been proved guilty of dishonourable conduct, they possess great power and influence. Perhaps nowhere else is justice administered with such certainty and promptness as on the Stock Exchange; but, fortunately the committee is seldom called upon to exercise the extreme penalties which it

So large a body of men spending day by day many hours together cannot be free from practical joking, more especially when business is not very lively; and men who have rendered themselves obnoxious, or who expose themselves to ridicule by any extravagance of conduct, are subjected to a style of banter by no means pleasant to be endured. Sometimes the victim well deserves all he gets, and it forms a sort of Lynch-law that holds in check minor follies that do not come under the notice of the committee.

has at command.

The principal business of the Stock Exchange consists in buying and selling in the English Funds, otherwise known as the National Debt. This one item of the Stock Exchange amounts to nine hundred millions; and the readiness with which large or small sums from £5 to £100,000 are instantly invested or realized, shows the great facilities for business that exist there.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have been expecting or dreading a description of all sorts of "Foreign Stocks," "Railway Stocks," and all other Stocks that are bought or sold here; but we do not intend it. There are very dry books that profess to do this, and which very few people read. But if you really want to know, and are in the happy position of having money to invest, a broker's office will be a better place than the pages of the National Magazine to gain the information you desire.

Three o'clock has arrived, and again the watchman's rattle is sprung to announce the close of the official day. The Stock Exchange is, however, kept open one hour longer, when the doors are all locked, and opened only for exit and not for admission. Gradually and rapidly the members vanish, till the last man has departed, and we will there-

fore now make our bow.



THE LATE THOMAS DUNCOMBE.

On Wednesday, November 13th, died at Lancing, near Brighton, the well-known and popular M.P. for Finsbury. The public was not altogether unprepared for the event. For years it had been known that "Tom Duncombe," as he was familiarly termed, was in a declining state of health. Born in or about the year 1797, his term of life had been extended to a longer period than at one time was anticipated. The stalwart frame of Sir James Graham bent beneath the stroke of the destroyer when he was sixty-eight. The event took every one by surprise. It seemed to all of us that to such a frame longer life would have been granted; but in the case of Mr. Duncombe it was otherwise, and the announcement of his death was received with more sorrow than surprise. The incidents of Mr.

Duncombe's life may soon be told. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Duncombe, Esq., of Copgrove, Yorkshire, and his mother was a daughter of a Bishop of Peterborough. By birth and breeding Mr. Duncombe was connected with the aristocracy; and at an early age, as is common with his class, he entered the army. He served for some time as an officer in the 4th regiment of Dragoon Guards, in which he rose to the rank of As he entered the army, however, lieutenant. after the termination of the European war, he had no opportunity of seeing actual service. What he might have done as a soldier we do not know;what he was as a politician will not soon be forgotten by his constituents or the country at large. On the 21st of November he was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green. He was unmarried, and leaves no weeping widow to deplore his loss; but in the senate of the land he has left a void not easily filled. Mr. Ritchie, in his "Modern Statesmen," has summed up the political character of Mr. Duncombe in a sketch generally admitted to be truthful. We reprint it for the benefit of our readers. It will complete our necessarily hasty

outline. Mr. Ritchie says :-

"No account of parliamentary orators would be complete or satisfactory that did not include the name of Mr. Duncombe. It is true he belongs to the past rather than to the present; but he was the pet of the people at one time, has done good service in his day, and represents a class of men becoming rare. The gay young aristocrats who went in for popular applause have been a numerous class. When we think of them, the names of Alcibiades, Count Mirabeau, and Charles James Fox, instinctively recur to our minds. They had a love of liberty which they carried out to the fullest extent. They were the wonder and admiration of their contemporaries. How intense was their contempt of money, how ardent was their pursuit of pleasure, and how complete was their devotion to the cause of the people! Men smiled on them, and women too. In this soberer age of ours, we can scarce understand their ways, or do justice to their character. Mr. Duncombe is almost the last of his class. A rising statesman now must work hard to win his laurels. He must lecture at Mechanics' Institutions, he must attend at the sitting of the Social Congress, he must be always at his place in Parliament, and, if he appears on the platform of Exeter Hall, so much the better. It may be that we have gained in honesty, but I am not quite so sure of that. There are whited sepulchres now as there were when the Gospel story was first published to the world.

" Middle-aged and elderly gentlemen will tell you that young Thomas Duncombe, then M.P. for Hertford, was one of the handsomest and gayest men about town some twenty or thirty years ago. Whatever are their politics, they will all confess how dashing was his appearance, how sparkling was his eye, how musical his voice, and how gentlemanly his breeding. I take up a series of parliamentary portraits by a Conservative writer. He says, 'If the shade of Beau Brummell had revisited the earth to nominate his presiding genius in the departments of fashion in the senate, his choice must have fallen on the honourable member, for in person Duncombe is the beau ideal of a gentleman; dresses well, and always in keeping, as far as fashion goes, with its most approved modes; never seen with less than a brilliantlypolished and well-fitting boot, a smart, somewhat d'Orsay hat, beautiful lavender or straw-coloured kid gloves, and a turn-out, by way of equipage, worthy of an aristocrat of the highest order. If a line be pardoned in favour of his personal attractions, we might venture to observe, in conclusion, that if the days of chivalry were returned, and a dashing cavalier selected from some gay trou-

badours to pay homage to the shrine of his ladye love, few knights would stand more prominent in the ranks than the popular M.P. for Finsbury. Mr. James Grant, in his "Random Recollections," gives an equally agreeable character of Mr. He was then a favourite in the Duncombe. House and a favourite out of doors. Of course, much was due to his singularly-attractive personal appearance. Few could be angry with such a well-bred, agreeable man of the world. However extreme might be his opinions, however uncompromising his speeches, however he might tease and irritate in office (for when Mr. Duncombe was an ardent politician there were thousands of Chartists in the country-men who believed in Feargus O'Connor and the Northern Star, of whom Mr. Duncombe was the mouth-piece), somehow or other men did not get angry when the Finsbury M.P. was on his legs. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye, as if he were in fun, and then his manner was so easy, his voice so pleasant, his tact so admirable, that his bitterest enemies could not find it in their hearts to be angry. It was seldom that he made long and laboured speeches; his forte was rather in asking questions, in presenting ultra-Radical petitions, and in making statements relative to aggrieved (more especially Finsbury) individuals; and this he did to perfection. No man in the House had a happier knack of giving a clear, intelligible statement in a manner simple and unaffected, and of occasionally relieving it with a little touch of humour; and when he took up the case of Mazzini, and convicted Sir James Graham of opening letters sent through the Post Office, he achieved a triumph of which almost every man, woman, and child in the British dominions was proud. The old poet tells us of a certain individual,

> 'If to his share some trifling errors fall, Look in his face, and you'll forget them all.'

Duncombe could stand this test better than any man in the House; and yet he was not merely Liberal but an ultra-Radical, when merely to be a Radical was to be low, and ungentlemanly, and little better than one of the wicked. How came Mr. Duncombe connected with such a set? the question is interesting. Sheridan said Lord Holland (Tom Moore is our authority) was an annual parliament and universal suffrage man, but it seemed rather as a waggery that he adopted 'There is nothing like it, he would say; it is the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready,-Don't talk to me of your minor details. I am for annual parliament and universal suffrage; nothing short of that.' Did Duncombe act in this manner? The thought is uncharitable, yet some burning and shining lights of the popular party have been open to the charge. We are told Wilkes was indignant when taken for a Wilkesite. Men often act from mixed motives, and even patriots are imperfect. Mr. Duncombe can, however, do what few men can-point to an independent career of many years. There was a time when the sweets of office would have been acceptable; yet he has remained unshackled by its trammels, nor has he, even to please the very large religious public of Finsbury, in any way identified himself with their proceedings. The gay Tom Duncombe of the fashionable world is now sedate and elderly, keeps good hours, and takes great care of his health. You do not often see him in the House after midnight, and it is seldom that he speaks now after the dinner-hour. The agile frame is now almost a skeleton; age has dimmed those eyes once so full of fire and light; the jet-black hair is gone, and in its place we have a wig; the pleasing, cheery voice sounds now very hollow and reedy; yes, there, behind the Treasury benches—that pale, tall, thin, elderly gentleman in black-is all that remains of that universal favourite, Tom Duncombe. To this complexion we must come at last. is still about him something of the old style. In that hour devoted to notices of motion and questioning of Ministers before the orders of the day are read, Mr. Duncombe often speaks, and almost as effectively as of yore - often, as of old, by his ready wit, provoking laughter; but he is growing old, and let us hope that he may do so for many, many years to come. We, in these latter days, have reason to be thankful to men who, like Duncombe, aided in the great struggle of the past. Religiously, and commercially, and politically free, the last thirty years have been years of wonderful progress, of softening of party hates, of abandonment of prejudice, of rooting out of error, of exploding absurdities and injustices, and for this we have to thank men like Duncombe.

"His career, as I have intimated, has been a long one. His parliamentary existence began in 1824, when he sat for Hertford, which place he continued to represent till 1832, when he was ejected by Lord Ingestre; the honour of which was not long enjoyed, as a petition against Lord Ingestre's return, by the friends of Mr. Duncombe, had the effect of unseating the noble lord. In 1834 the retirement of the Right Hon. Robert Grant caused a vacancy for Finsbury, and, agreeably to the powerful requisition of its electors, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, according to his own words, was translated, as the bishop says, to its see.' By descent, Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe is the descendant of a staunch line of Tory ancestry. His father was a brother of Lord Faversham, and his mother was the daughter of a High Churchman, Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough. His connections are not of the class from which advocates of the Charter have sprung, though, possibly, his birth and breeding may have tended to make him more acceptable to Finsbury constituencies. Dod briefly sums up the gentleman's political creed as follows : - 'A Radical reformer, is in favour of triennial parliaments and the ballot.' Said I not rightly, Mr. Duncombe belongs to the past rather than the present? What elections now are decided with reference to triennial par-

liaments and the ballot? We have got beyond these formulas. The years have brought to us

'A higher height—a deeper deep.'

I question if even a declaration of attachment to a complete and comprehensive measure of parliamentary reform would secure a single vote."

LIFE'S DUTY.

I HAVE done at length with dreaming—henceforth O thou soul of mine,

Thou must take up sword and gauntlet-waging warfare most divine.

O how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept,

Had I done instead of doubted, had I warred instead of wept!

I have wakened to my duty-to a knowledge strong and deep,

That I recked not of aforetime, in my long unglorious sleep!

For to live is something useful, and I knew it not before, And I dreamed not how stupendous was the secret that I bore.

The deep mysterious secret of a life to be wrought out Into warm heroic action weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this subtle sense of being newly stirred in every vein

I can feel a throb electric-pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so great and yet so awful-so bewildering, yet brave,

To be king in every conflict—where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious of a growing power within,

Stronger than the rallying forces of a charged and marshalled sin.

Never in these old romances felt I half the sense of life

That I feel within me stirring—standing in this place of strife.

Oh those old days of dalliance when I wantoned with my fate.

When I trifled with a knowledge that had well nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee; thou hast work to do at last

Let the brave toil of the present o'erarch the crumbled past.

Build thy great acts high and higher—build them on the conquered sod,

Where thy weakness first fell bleeding—and thy first prayer rose to God.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.* ARTICLE II.

In estimating the qualities of a people nothing is more important to be observed than their religion, not only in its standard creeds, but in that acceptation of its influence which the people acknowledge -it underlies their social relationships, it guides their energies, and forms the characteristics of the nation, though its outward pretensions may be unobserved. In a debate in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, in reference to some measure for India, said that what was morally right in England must be morally right in India. But, though some moral rules are of universal application, the conditions under which those rules come into force are so different in different people, that to legislate without special application to the people's views and habits tends to injury, and implies disqualification for the office of legislator.

That man's character is formed by the influence of things around him, is the doctrine of a late notable philosopher, and has been amplified and illustrated by the learned historian of civilization. In discoursing on Laplace and his discoveries, Arago said that the Deity had been content to conceal for thousands of years the secrets of his system, before that he committed to Laplace the office of disclosing his plans. The former of these theories leads to the conclusion that on the altering of his circumstances lies man's means of happiness, and prompts his intellect to the encounter. The latter in its full extension cultivates patient submissiveness and an expectant mood of contemplation. In the former we have the germ of activities in science and art, of equality in social rights, tending rather to the material comfort than to ideal excellence of character or spiritual progress. Hereditary descent as the title to honour and property is the issue of the one code, elective representative institutions of the other. The King of Prussia taking his crown from the altar, with the declaration that the rulers of Prussia receive their crowns from God, and the

Emperor of the French appealing to universal suffrage, are late instances in Europe of the action of these opposite forces. In the explosion of the French revolution we saw their collision. Hereditary kingly power, prerogatives, and titles, which claimed divine right for their basis, fell victims to the too violent assertions of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The Jesuits, who had engrossed the education of the people, were driven before the materialist philosophers; who, in their turn, in defending themselves against the aversion of Europe, were obliged to pass a decree in the Convention that the French nation acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul.

The controversy which Augustine, the Roman missionary to Ethelbert's court, waged with the heterodox monk of Bangor,—whose name rendered in Greek was Pelagos, and thus gave the title to a class of theologians whom the Church of England expressly denounces,—involved these opposite views. The temporal sword as well as the spiritual were wielded by Augustine, and thus the Christian religion was saved from the loss of its transcendental character. Since the days of Dr. Sacheverel these ideas have never been publicly discussed in England.

The equable and progressive condition of this country seems to result from the combination of the two principles in due subordination. The storm progresses to its appointed region with no less certainty because in its aerial vortices there are calms, or the wind shall even blow to the point whence the currents spring. The stationary and undecaying condition of India, in the midst of disasters undissolved, seems due to the recognition of the idea that divine agency governs all, and to its natural sequence, hereditary succession, not alone confined to corporeal hereditaments, but embracing what to the Hindoo mind are equal entities and objects of transmission, mental and spiritual endowments. Thus, in theory at least, anticipating the idea which Coleridge sets forth, of a national clerisy, and presenting to Europe a model in the tribute of homage to other than material or conventional acquirements. The books among the Hindoos equivalent to the Bible of the Christians and the Koran of the Mahomedans, are the Vedas. They are in three divisions, treating of morals, ceremonies, and natural philosophy; and are supposed to have been written about 1400 years B. C. The style of Sanscrit in which they are written is so obsolete that the students of the Hindoo colleges who devote their lives to the task are alone able to understand them. When the great Governor-General Warren Hastings desired to supply to the magistrates under the East India Company's authority a code of laws which would avail for their decisions among the natives, he wrote to the Pundits at the colleges at Benares, to obtain from them a digest of laws for the Gentoos or Hindoos; in their summary which, after three years' diligence, they supplied; they supported their texts both in religion and law, by constant reference to the Institutes of Menu.

This frequency of reference suggested to Sir W. Jones the propriety of attempting its translation,

* Some excision of the manuscript caused a confusion on the part of the printer in the remarks on the Monsoon in the former article. The following words will be more explanatory:—

The rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east causes the land on the earth's surface to be heated in a revolving succession. Places eastward growing warmer as they pass under the sun, within the tropics, cause a stream of colder air from the west, not yet heated, to flow towards the east. But, as the sun rises above the equator, and heats the surface of the plains of Northern Asia, the wind is diverted northward, and the south-west monsoon established. From the north, however, there is a set of wind during the winter southward, to supply the place of the heated air resulting from the action of the sun on the regions below the equator. The conflict of these contending currents, the disturbance, obedient to the sun's path in the ecliptic, of the periodical currents charged with different electrical conditions, creates explosions and tempests, which render the Indian sky the type of the majesty and wrath of the Divine Mind. The trade-winds of the Atlantic and Pacific blowing N.E. and S.E. on the respective sides of the equator, but not approaching it when removed from the influence of adjacent land, obey another law.

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and thus was supplied to England's literature a "code of laws" which had prevailed in the East from the days of Homer. When the late financial officer for India, Mr. Wilson, proposed an increase of taxation in India, he endeavoured to pacify remonstrance and acquire acquiescence by showing precedence for his measures in the Institutes of Menu; and though the brilliant and energetic Governor of Madras, Sir C. Trevelyan, disdainfully instituted a comparison between the social influence of the laws of the Heptarchy in modern days, and the Institutes of Menu, on the present generation of India, yet the practice of the Pundits above-mentioned in some measure mitigates the force of the scorn. The more so, since, when a liberal donation was offered by Warren Hastings, equivalent to such as would have been demanded by the jurists of Europe, the Hindoo lawyers declined accepting more than the value of the rice on which they subsisted during their period of labour, obeying the Institutes of Menu which forbid the traffic in their wisdom for the purposes of private emolument; but whatever may be their political influence in religious authority, they have

lost little by time.

Their author, Menu, according to an analyst of heathen mythology, seems identical with the Minos of Crete. The supposition is maintained by the fact that the symbol of Menu, as set forth in his Institutes, is a bull on four legs, and the Minotaur of Crete may have some relationship. "In the Crita (equivalent to the poet's Golden) Age the genius of truth and right, in the form of a bull, stands firm on his four feet, nor does any advantage accrue to men from iniquity."—(Institutes.) The symbol of the bull, as illustrative of right and truth, depends in the agricultural mind on his being in the first instance the depository of power; and, as in the square of geometry the oriental mind recognizes the symbol of truth, special stress is laid on his standing on four feet. In the Apocalypse the perfectionated design for a city of harmony and truth is that it shall be built four-square; nor may it be deemed irrelevant if we pursue the use of the symbol of the bull to the banks of the Nile among the Egyptians, under the name Apis; to the golden calf among the Israelites in Arabia; and, among our latest discoveries, to the four-footed bulls with human heads which guarded the entrances of the palace of Nineveh; and even in the artistic device whereby the four feet of the bull are in every position visible, we may not err in recognizing the idea of the next verse of the Institutes,-" that in the following ages, by reason of unjust gains, the bull is deprived successively of one foot." The book contains a description of the Divine character and attributes, a view of the progress of creation, rules for the institution of priests and guidance of kings, precepts of morality and maxims of wisdom. They indicate that a current of patriarchal truth has passed through the mind of the writer, but clouded and dishonoured by trivial conceits and frivolous injunctions, both for act and thought, unworthy of the majesty

of those noble passages which lie like polished gems in a bed of shingle. A Hindoo prayer thus addresses Brahma:—"We bow to Him whose Glory is the perpetual theme of every speech; Him first, Him last, the Supreme Lord of the boundless world, who is primeval light, who is without his like, indivisible, infinite, the origin of all existing things, moveable or stationary."

And in one of their commentaries the soul is thus described:—"Some regard the soul as a wonder, others hear of it with astonishment, but no one knoweth it. The weapon divideth it not; the wind dryeth it not away, for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible; it is eternal, universal, permanent; it is invisible, inconceivable and unutterable."

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The deficiency of moral attributes in the character of Brahma has been pointed out by theologians, but the injunctions in Menu to practise benevolence hardly justify the comment.

"The preservation of this universe" is the alleged reason for that peculiar feature of Indian society named caste. That different orders of minds do exist in society is manifest, that man's is a progressive condition is the right expectation of every human being in Christendom; but the superstitious Hindoo regards the arrangements now visible on the earth as the final ordinance of God, and proposes all advance as the result of a future existence. Their highest model of human existence is in the character of the Brahmin, whose education teaches him to subjugate to his control all passions of mind and body, to seek future beatitude in the perfect acquaintance with Scriptural doctrine, and in the practice of its duties, both moral and ceremonial. His birth is described 'as the incarnation of the God of Justice,' for the Brahmin is born to promote justice." "When a Brahmin springs to light he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures, assigned to guard the treasury of duties, religious and civil." The conditions, however, of his honour are the possession of the appropriate qualities, or its symbolic ceremonies.

Unless admitted at the age of twelve by an initiatory right, called the 'second birth,' into the order, he is regarded as an outcast, and loses his privileges. At this ceremony he is taught the ineffable sentence which consecrates him to God; on this he is required to contemplate, and its virtues are life-giving to the soul. Mr. Elphinstone gives us, from a source unfaithful to his vows, the substance of the amulet: — "'God is good.' He is bound with a sacrificial thread of red cotton around his neck and admitted into the privileges of his order. 'By the coercion of his members, by the absence of hate and affection, by giving no pain to sentient creatures, he becomes fit for

immortality."

"Delighted with meditating on the Supreme Lawgiver, sitting fixed in such meditation without needing anything earthly, without one sensual desire, without any companion but his own soul, let him live in this world seeking the bliss of the next."—(Institutes of Menu.) The Brahmin alone may be admitted to the priesthood, but every Brahmin is not a priest. If unable to find sustenance by more exalted means, they may descend to the occupation of soldiers or protectors of society; and it was this permission that enabled the East India Company to find an army of men of superior rank in native society, who, though ready to march through currents of bullets and balls, mutinied at the prospect of the loss of future felicity connected with the biting of the greased

cartridges.

But, though this is a type of ideas that belong to the educated Brahmins, we are not to suppose that such is the standard of thought prevalent through India. By the law of hereditary succession, every village has its priest and temple, and its appropriate lands for religious service. The office of the priest is to teach the children of the village, to offer prayers in public and on private occasions, and also to educate a young Brahmin (if not his son, an adopted son) as far as his own knowledge extends, to the office as his successor. Though Benares is the holy city of learning, and a large number of Brahmins devoted to religion live within it, yet there is no central controlling authority over the priests of Hindoism; each local priest is independent, and recognizes no superior. Gossains, or holy men, who devote themselves to religious self-denial, occasionally in travelling visit villages and temples on their way, and preach to the people, and enjoy a large degree of respect. A visit by a priest to one of the more distinguished temples gives an additional sanctity to his character in the eyes of the natives. We may easily imagine, however, under such a system, how the doctrine may degenerate. The symbols of the divine character, which the more instructed priests may suggest, become degraded into idols before those whose minds are untrained to reflective processes. The legends of the shastres yield a more attractive entertainment to the dramatic taste of the people than the simple propositions of metaphysical truth, and the ritual of the multitude has more reference to the deified heroes, and the romances connected therewith, than the primary elements of the divine character as set forth in their original code. Symbols of Deity are eminently dangerous unless intellectually received; yet where printing and reading are not current possessions, they may be valuable vehicles of impression, and the symbols of the divine character among the Hindoos have often a highly poetical aspect.

Since the operations of nature are illustrations of his qualities, the Hindoo scholar, alleging the incapacity of the mind to embrace more than one idea at a time, has divided the divine nature into three manifestations, and offers his devotion to each as to a separate existence. Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, are the results of the respective processes which nature exhibits. The world resting on a tortoise as the physical belief of the ignorant Hindoo is often the illustration adopted in our own school-books; yet with a key to the symbol

The tortoise carrying his the idea is pleasing. shelter with him is the symbol of safety; and the world resting on a tortoise is to them the symbol of divine guardianship, and this is used as the type of Brahma. A figure of a man resting on the coils of a seven-headed or thousand-headed snake, all darting their fangs at his body, yet without wounding him, is the type of divine preservation, and symbolizes Vishnu: or a figure of a man resting on a lotus leaf floating on the waters, of which the property is, by means of its spiral stem, to rise still to the surface, as the waters rise, is a poetical illustration of the same idea. Siva armed with a club, with human skulls round his neck and loins, standing on a slain victim, is a painful representation of that phase of the Deity which can only rightly be contemplated in conjunction with his other attributes.

The many-handed and many-headed idols all spring from a similar desire to enhance the divine, while they painfully disfigure the human. That sentiment of reverential awe which, because they are human, the natives of India possess, and which the grand mysteries of nature's phenomena passing around deepen and intensify, finds its repose in homage to some object which place or priest may indicate. Even the shapeless stone smeared with paint, so that authority or tradition ennoble it, is adequate to give peace to feelings dissevered from intellectual conceptions, devoid of a moral standard. Even the perversion of human instincts is obediently accepted as worship among a people who

by their wisdom know not God.

The burning of widows with their husbands is built on a text that a woman who dies with her husband enjoys many millions of years of felicity at Brahma's right hand. Near to the north-western provinces, among the Rajpoot states, our laws are not operative; yet one of our officers having discovered a text that perpetual felicity is the lot of a widow who rightly fulfils her duties during the remainder of her widowhood, considerably diminished the practice, by showing that the difference between perpetuity and definite "millions of years," was a clear gain to those widows who declined suttee.

Macaulay, in one of his speeches in the House of Commons on India, narrates an expostulation as being overheard between two Thugs. "How," said one, "are you able to please the goddess unless you give her more victims?" The prosperity of the seasons and the maintenance of health being, in the minds of the Thugs, associated with the frequency of their atrocious murders, committed with a view to please the deity Kali, the fabled wife of Siva, whose delight is, as they believe, in the horrors of human slaughter. Little do the ladies of England think while using the calicoes of Manchester, that they are perpetuating the name of this re-pulsive goddess. The difficulty of very high caste Brahmins finding for their daughters appropriate husbands causes them to murder their infant female children, and so, as they feel, save them the pain of an unmarried life.

Though the leading divisions of caste are the

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Brahmin, the soldier, the trading and agricultural, and the servant-class; yet the minute divisions and separation of society are carried to high numbers and create narrowness of feeling, jealousies and pride, which enfeeble the mind, while, by constantly directing attention to social relationship, the tyranny of opinion within a narrow sphere is rendered absolute, and all catholicity of Indian character is broken up. The land is peopled, yet isolated; and free thought is suppressed by prejudice. Such is the forest, to the borders of which the missionaries of a higher philosophy, a purer code, and a more extended philanthropy, have zealously, but as yet preliminarily, applied the axe. To their self-denying labours we propose the next article.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

SCOTCH COLONIAL FARMERS.

It is said that there is no country without a Scotchman. Certainly, our northern friends are more given to roaming than their neighbours. Australia has benefited by this. The earliest immigrant vessels contained a large proportion of Scotchmen. They came not in such numbers as the Irish in the class of assisted immigrants. Somehow or other, especially in the early days, those of the Sister Isle got rather an unfair advantage of those of Great Britain in the bounty system. The principal capitalists who ventured first out to the new field, and established themselves by their fortunate ventures, were Scotchmen. By far the largest number of those earliest engaged in squatting, with all its hazard and danger, were Scotchmen. In like manner, the leading farmers of the large farms have been Scotchmen.

If the history of successful enterprise in Australia were written, it would record in the main the doings of Scotchmen. The Irish were content to combine for colonies of small farms, and the holding of Government situations. The English edged in as they could, each fighting for himself. The clannish spirit and gregarious habits of the Scotch led them, like the Irish, to group themselves together in settlements.

A glance at the social exponents of Scotch localities in Australia may interest the Scottish reader at home.

As a rule, they are superior in point of excellence in progress. Their roads are better than others; their system of agriculture is better; their farms are larger and better sustained; their success

They are not so lost to civilization as some,—the intellectual is not wholly neglected. The newspaper, which is not wanted in the Irish homestead, is a desideratum in the Scotch one. Their districts even count upon occasional lectures. Some of them

is decidedly greater.

have good circulating libraries; while the presence of books at their location is not an unfrequent one. They maintain a good position of general civilization of habits; unless we exempt some from the more remote Highlands, who are not given, any

more than the Irish Celts, to personal or relative cleanliness. The Scotch farmer will soon surround himself with the comforts of life. He is no hoarder of cash, though an indefatigable seeker of it. He likes to see it expended in a substantial dwelling, strong and convenient outhouses, superior appliances of husbandry, and a few more acres added on to his fields.

The Scotch settlements, to their great honour, are never long without the ministrations of religion. Essentially lovers of order, they rather dispense with the forms of worship if unable to have the services of an orthodox clergyman. They are no niggards in their support of the ministry, and the manse is regarded as necessary as the kirk. Their admiration of the practical and the economical leads them to the erection of plain and unadorned edifices, though the desire of display will induce them in towns to emulate the architectural tastes of their more imaginative neighbours.

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The Scotch settler is in more haste to be rich than to be married. He denies himself the marital joys of youth that he may have a carriage ready for a carriage lady. It is common to wait till forty and more, and then appear in the old land as an Australian nabob, where he soon finds his presence courted in the market of beauty. This is a peculiar feature of national custom. We decline an opinion upon its moral tendency, though fully conscious such extreme prudence would be pleasing to Malthusians.

As men of education, and also men of property, they exert a great influence upon society; a Scottish farming district is one of moral power in the State. Their persevering energy makes them valuable as public men, especially in connexion with local improvements, which may possibly affect their personal convenience and the value of their estates. They form, relatively to the proportion of the British Isles, an excess of numbers in the councils of the colony.

The native caution is well illustrated in the fact that few of them, comparatively, lose their farms by their indulgence, though ruining their health and their peace. The sons, if any, are decidedly more temperate than their fathers; and, perhaps, help to preserve the estate. The colonial youth, generally,

are not given to strong drink.

A large district of unsurpassed beauty and fertility, surrounded by diggings, has been considerably appropriated by Scotch farmers. The country is highland,—some two thousand feet above the sea level. Great success has followed the efforts of these men of the plough. As soon as practicable, they got a minister. This dear friend of ours was one of the right stamp. His religious feelings were earnest, his philanthropy was unbounded, his zeal was worthy of his cause, and by his aid places of worship became well attended. Organizations for mental improvement were established. A strong and influential public feeling was raised, and on the right side, too; and, amidst much darkness in the social circle around, there was light in the farms of the Highlands of Victoria.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

WE are often wounded by the ignorance of everything peculiar to Ireland which is professed by many who would blush to acknowledge ignorance concerning any other part of the world; and though our nationality is in a measure absorbed in our close and happy union with the mother country, yet there are feelings, be they patriotic or provincial, which shrink with intense pain from the cool contempt with which the public press speaks of our people, as so essentially wrong-headed, absurd, and worthless, that the man who possesses common sense, respectability, and good principle, in fact ceases to be Irish; he has lost his national peculiarities, and merged into a higher race. It is as if, because goitre and cretinism are frequent in Switzerland, we should establish these diseases as so characteristic of the Swiss that the individual exempt from them could not be regarded as a type of his country; he is not Swiss because he is not cretin; he is not Irish because he is not a reckless, comical fool; he no longer possesses the idiosyncrasy of his country, he is as one of us. Thus are our Wellington, our Lawrence, our Cairns, absorbed into the mother country, and never heard of as Irishmen; while the representatives of O'Connell and his tail are supposed to be "intensely Irish:" our thousands of industrious well-conducted peasants are overlooked as nothing peculiar, while the assassin, the rebel, the drunkard, and the impostor, who mingle with their crimes some sparks of drollery, or some dark superstition, or some unjust generosity, are laughed at, and wondered at, as "so Irish!" We do not recognize the likeness to our peasantry in the following description:-" They are remarkable for open projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums, and their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bear barbarism on their very front. Five feet two inches on an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively featured, their clothing a wisp of rags—these spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied and comely, stalk abroad into the daylight of civilization, the annual apparition of Irish ugliness and Irish want!"* This description Hugh Miller quotes from an Irishman; it is not caricature or exaggeration; it is simply a falsehood, told for political purposes, yet believed and recorded without a question of its truth. But there are grotesque representations of our country, which are to be attributed to the national love of fun, which has made many of our writers catch at and portray only the comic and the absurd, and which are gravely received as faithful portraits; and sometimes the manners and customs of sixty years ago, perhaps but too faithfully depicted by our novelists, are supposed to belong to the present hour. The tourist, then, arriving with these caricatures as his handbook, is gratified by the representatives of "the Irish jaunting car," who hail his landing, and who form a race in them-

selves; but in his look-out for Castle Rackrent he is rather disappointed, as if he missed the pyramids out of Egypt, when he finds things as he has been accustomed to see them; and he watches, with eyes that sometimes create the vision, for something to meet his ideal of the Irish,—slipshod housemaids, broken locks, tawdry finery, dirty windows, supported by sweeping brushes, as seen by Mr. Thackeray; he is disappointed, too, in his ideal when he finds Merrion Square like other rather dull handsome squares, not like the "Stony batter," which was "the only place his friend could see in Dublin;" and again when he finds that Ulster is a large and flourishing province, and not, as his aristocratic neighbour told him, "the name of a kind of turnip."

The misconception, however, lies deeper than the work of the novelist or caricaturist: we heartily sympathise with the Donegal housemaid, who hearing in a far country one of the recent paragraphs headed, "The State of Donegal," burst into tears, exclaiming, "Why will they confound us with the mountainyeers?" No true representation of Ireland can be given while, in our ultra liberalism, we ignore the Protestant population; the Protestant farmers, labourers, and peasantry; and wilfully overlook the distinction of Romanism and Protestantism in the lower classes. Individuals, of course, from both parties, may assimilate; but between the two classes there are distinctive features which both recognize; so that no picture of Ireland in which both are not acknowledged as distinct, would be accepted as true by either. The fact is, that in every parish in the country there are two races, distinct in character, manners, and habits, meeting often in cordial kindness, severed betimes by a deadly hate, but always distinct; for even the occasional intermarriages merely connect the individual of weaker will with the opposite party, but never produce family union.

In all the remote districts hundreds of Romanists speak only Irish, not understanding a word of English; very many speak both languages fluently; while the reverse is the case of the Protestant population, of whom every individual speaks English, while comparatively a few understand Irish as well: in such districts, too, there are hundreds of Romanists, even of the farming class, and in good circumstances, who cannot read, who do not know the alphabet of either language, while among the adults there are very few, among the children none, of the Protestants who are not reading or learning to read; and even in their appearance the difference is so marked, that an eye accustomed to them will scarcely mistake one for the other. On Sunday, when the broad stream of human life returning from early mass meets the narrow stream pouring into the parish church, the contrast is striking. The former wear a more decided costume; the homespun dress, or the gay flowered cotton, with a tartan plaid, or a picturesque blue cloak; the elder women with white caps, surmounted by gay silk handkerchiefs, the younger invariably with their hair neatly braided and uncovered; while the churchgoing groups are dressed much like English people of the same rank, and sometimes present a specimen

[·] Testimony of the Rocks.

of "shabby genteel," as it is necessary to their ideas of propriety to wear a bonnet at churchand it sometimes is a very queer article. These people we never hear of in books: wherever an Irish peasant appears, it is taken for granted he is a Romanist; and if a scene of joy or sorrow, an Irish wedding, or an Irish funeral, is described, the Romish priest is the ministering angel, and the whole picture is in keeping with this central idea. This is also a misrepresentation; for it is well known to all who live among the people, that, however bigoted in their religion (for the religion of Rome is a separate thing, and not the warp or woof of life) against the reformed Church, it is invariably at the house of the Protestant clergyman, if he be a man of benevolence, that the Romish peasants seek for relief and sympathy in the time of trouble; they have come even to ask for money to pay the priest or the wedding must be postponed; or to redeem from the pawn office "the blessed garment," in which to die was to be their passport to heaven! The two races meet, but

never mingle.

The halls of the great are illuminated with light procured from many sources; gas makes our cities at night almost as bright as noon-day; we have heard of a festive apartment built without windows that the intrusive sunbeams might never put to shame its lamps and torches, and yet it was gay and glittering; but in the cottage of the peasant, if there is not the light of the sun, there is no substitute; there is darkness, darkness that may be felt: and thus it is with the Holy Scripture, which is emphatically the light of the poor man's dwelling; there is no intellectual light, no scientific illumination, no sparkling of genius to conceal its absence by a brief, though dazzling brilliancy, and if the sunshine of God's word is excluded, the darkness is total; that book is the poor man's library, his history, his chronology, his biography, his classic lore. All who know the people of Scotland are aware that on and in that book their subtle intellect has been fed and exercised; and taking it on this, its very lowest ground, there must be a vast disparity between those who have been nurtured in its truths and facts, and those to whom the names of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob are strange sounds; and with whom the miracles of the New Testament stand rank and file with childish legends and modern tales: so that a woman lately related the" Reading made Easy," story of the good-natured boy and the old horse, as a parallel with the healing of blind Bartimeus! "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple;"—the depth of this declaration is found in the sacred privacy of the soul's experience; but its truth is obvious on the surface of society.

While we write the scenes of thirty years' intimate experience among the peasantry in many parts of Ireland pass before the memory; and it is with deep thankfulness we mark that while with increasing knowledge the difference of doctrines is better understood, yet in feeling the two races are brought into a more kindly sympathy of men with

man; indeed the two go together; for in a better understanding of the deep grounds of difference there must arise a more friendly feeling than where the separation is caused by a party-spirit equally ignorant and equally intolerant on both sides; personal animosity must decline in proportion as the opponents come each to acknowledge the sincerity of the other's conviction, and to test the grounds of their own; an intelligent Romanist and an enlightened Protestant differ more widely, but are free from the senseless wrath which shows its zeal for

God in hatred to His creature.

Ireland is very unlike what her talented sons Griffin and Carleton, and her gifted daughter Maria Edgeworth, have represented her at the beginning of this century; within the last quarter of it an improvement has taken place in every class of society equal to that so manifest in the face of the country; in the cultivation of her land and the opening up so many of her resources; yet she is Ireland still; there are intense idiosyncrasies that can never be obliterated; (and which of her children would wish them to be so?) she is not undeveloped England, but diverse; no degree of culture or civilization could produce an entire assimilation; there may be closest union, but it will be that of two opposite natures; not like in like, but like in difference. Order, punctuality, steadiness, cleanliness, will never be the virtues for which she is celebrated, though she may subdue their opposite vices; and, in addition to diversity and peculiarity of character, she has made a sudden and rapid progress, more resembling that of a new colony than an old country, which at present gives her all the marked contrasts and inconsistencies of a transition state. We cannot expect for at least another generation that she will exhibit the calm and even brightness with which a cultured plain smiles in the light of day; but we do see streaks of glowing sunlight, caught from peak to peak of the mountain, and glittering on the crest of the wave, and appearing all the brighter because of the deep intervening shadow; and these contrasts awake an intense interest in those who live but to watch the advancing radiance, and to bring another and another point within its influence; in those who live for and who love our Irish peasantry such as they are in real life, and not such as they are painted either by those who admire or those who despise them at a distance. Many such strong bits of light and shade are presented in every part of the country, but they are of course most striking in the districts farthest removed from intercourse with the rest of the world; where the heath and the sand-reach know no boundary, except that contained in the word "our parish," which, like a wall of fire, casts warmth and light on every object within its circle; where the gale, rushing up from the Atlantic, seems to shake the foundation of the mountains, and the mountain-torrent dashes down to mingle its whirling current with the mighty waves of the ocean; where the voice of many waters is never silent; where every foot of cultivated land is redeemed by labour from the encroachments of the sand, or the waste of the morass; where the inhabitants live so shut in by the mountain barrier and so open to the sea, so ignorant of railroads and so familiar with the ships that pass from continent to continent, that, while in a recent emigration they were quite ready for the voyage to Australia, they trembled at the idea of the road, and shunned the ferry by which they were to reach the seaport.

The old graveyard occasionally presents living pictures as characteristic of the present as are its monuments of the ancient and the recent past. It is one of the spots that bear the memorial of Ireland's best days, ere the doctrine of the Gospel was deformed and darkened; the ancient cross which for ages withstood the storm that at last laid it prostrate, bears the distinguishing mark of the circle which so beautifully expresses the eternal duration of that of which it is the sign. Its legend is that the saint Columbkille was taking it as a sacred offering to the Island of Torragh, when just as he reached this spot he discovered that he had lost "his book;" and he promised, to whoever should recover it for him, to grant "the wish of his heart." The "book" was found on the top of the great mountain the saint had crossed with his burden, uninjured by rain and storm, because a dove had spread her wings over it as a shelter; and now the fortunate finder demanded the fulfilment of the wish of his heart, which was that the cross might be left in the very spot where now it lies; and not only was that wish granted, though at first reluctantly, but under its shadow the saint baptized many of the pagans round about, in the rude font that now lies at its foot. Near this venerable relic is the ruin of the last parish church, built at the time when architects seemed to vie with each other who should best exclude beauty and convenience at once; and around it lie the neglected graves which in Ireland so strangely contrast with the feeling for the dead, so strong in our people, and which yet never seems to produce in them the care for the burial-place which in every other mind is its result: they will weep and howl over the grave, even embrace and kiss the dust, but never think of removing the nettle, or planting the flower, or even laying the chaplet on the sod. That little grave contains already two infant sisters, and it is opened to receive a third; one little coffin is lifted out in preparing for her reception, its knots of white ribbon only soiled by its few months beneath the earth; and the third comes carried by young girls, and bearing its own "sad honours," covered with its small white pall, and tied with white ribbons, like the dress of a bride. There is not here "the Irish cry" of the south, with its mournful wail, like as of those who have no hope; the voice of the pastor as he commits to the dust this sister newborn into the Church, and now among the firstborn in Heaven, is uninterrupted; for the deep music of the ocean is like the accompaniment of Nature's organ to the words that speak of resurrection glory; and the mourners stand round in tender silence; though none can doubt that the broad sturdy form and honest weather-beaten face, bowed

down in quiet weeping, is the father of the little maid who sleepeth. And soon the neighbouring sod was raised for another, an only daughter; and here the minister could speak of "the sure and certain hope" as her own, as well as ours on her behalf; for she was one trained in the ways of godliness; and as the brother who had year after year gone to church and school clasping that little hand in his own, stood in the awe-struck calm of a sudden bereavement, he vowed his young life to Him who had taken its severed half up to His own presence; and well has he kept the vow; while each anniversary of "that day in June" smites the household as though with a fresh sorrow. Another burial was an aged man, he dated his years by the age of the trees planted by his hand, rare ornaments now of our coast, though the remains of buried forests prove that this country once possessed in splendid growth and profusion the wood which would give its rugged features a beauty equal to their severe dignity. He was a respected farmer; he had known neither poverty or riches, but dwelt in decent plenty among his own people; and as his years passed the fourscore, and time was closing in, he leaned on his pastor with a child's simplicity and a father's tenderness, searching the Scriptures of truth for an undying hope; and delighting in the faithful love of his family, and, cheered by the attentions of the young lord of the manor, he came to the end, and was borne to the grave full of years, having enjoyed that even tenor of life which is certainly more rare in Ireland than any amount of event and vicissitude: there was no shock, no rending of the twining tendrils, but the old man left a blank that has not been filled.

England has encircled our shores with specimens of her sons, who, in guarding our coasts, bring us also a valuable addition to our population; for, generally speaking, the coast-guard are examples both of correct moral conduct, and of English thrift and neatness; twenty years ago it was remarked that in the latter respect they would do more good if they were less admirable, for that our people regarded their neat and orderly houses as something unattainable, and therefore not to be imitated: it is not so now; they have not degenerated, but some of our peasantry have risen to their level; so that we do not always blush when we turn from the bright fireside, and white tables and polished tins, and numerous culinary decencies, of our English coast-guard, to enter the cottage of his Irish neighbour. Their example has a good influence; their little children are generally the ornaments of our schools; and as a body they are regarded with friendly esteem by all except those evil-doers to whom they are a terror; so it was not as a stranger that our English coastguard's wife was borne to that burial-place, so wild and strange to eves accustomed to the smiling hamlet and the village spire! but where he met as true a sympathy, and perhaps a warmer one, than in his native Hampshire. He was surrounded by friends of every class, and as the sobbing child in his arms passed her fingers from one to another of the medals

won in noble war, every heart sympathised with the manly spirit now called to a harder conflict; and the grave of that gentle matron was duly wreathed with spring flowers by the hands of her

children and those who loved them.

But here is a tumultuous group, a burial scene which in some of its aspects affords a picture of what Ireland is supposed to be: it is one borne from a far distance to lay her with her kindred, and attended by the "mountaineers" among whom she had dwelt; strange wild figures, with long rough locks, and wild eyes, and garments of grotesque arrangement; men howling, women screaming in the Irish tongue; each one leading a pony as shaggy and uncouth as himself, which they persist in bringing across the graves, and over the recumbent cross, and tether to the tombstones, heedless of any expostulation; then when the corpse was to be laid in the grave the voice of the clergyman was lost in the wild cry that burst forth from those who clung round, embracing the coffin, and kissing the sod; there were sights and sounds that might have filled with terror any spectator who only knows the Donegal of the newspapers; but "it was only their way;" the poor creatures meant no harm; they had no self-control, and would submit to none, and the language in which they were addressed was to them an unknown tongue; yet it was with a sense of relief we saw the gate closed, and our dead left in silence: while these tumultuous mourners took their way with their shaggy ponies and their boats to the place from whence they came. The scene leaves on the memory a mass of moving and noisy humanity; blue woollen and scarlet plaid, and unshaven faces and uncut hair, and rough voices and ceaseless unrest; the waves of the ocean were unheard till they had departed.

There was another burial, to which genius has given a lasting memorial; it was a young pastor, one of those children of the soil, of whom his mother country may be proud; for talent had elevated, and worth had sustained his elevation, and his was the moral dignity which even talent fails to confer; his was the holy purity, the singleness of purpose, which are higher than any intellectual gift, and his the glowing eloquence worthy of the theme of his teaching. While the mourning parishioners bore him across the sea, which separated the place of his death from the place of his burial, the rowers paused on their oars to sing the hymns they had learned from him who had been, as they expressed it, "their father in wisdom, and their child in gentleness;" and the tears that flowed that day, with many a token that it was no passing emotion, bore witness to the close endearment of the bond between an Irish pastor and his

flock.

But there is no contrast between the grave, however rude be its place, and all that is pure and lovely; we must look among the scenes of life for the glowing and sometimes glaring contrasts of this country. The hovels of the Esquimaux may be worse in reality, but certainly description fails to convey any idea of them more utterly uncivilised

than some of those we commonly see. You approach the door across "the stercoraceous heap," which Cowper has made poetical, but no one can make agreeable: the dwelling consists of one room, in which are assembled nine human creatures, six of whom are seated on the ground round a flat basket filled with potatoes; two cows, tied to stakes in the wall; and the never-failing cur dog; to whom before night six sheep are to be added; and the floor is so covered with the corn which they are thrashing that it is difficult to make a way to the bed in the corner, where the sick girl lies, amid the odours and the noise of this congregated mass; and where she is carefully attended by the Irishspeaking mother, who has just applied to an inflamed eye the hartshorn and oil given for a swelled throat; for "sure if it's good for one thing, why not for another?" This girl speaks two languages, —her native tongue, and our English, which she calls Scotch—with an ease and fluency which a young lady might be proud of, were a more polished language substituted for the Irish; and she often laments the darkness in which she has been kept by the system which here fully works out its motto, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," so that she cannot read, and listens to the New Testament as "that lovely book," without an idea what it is; and out of that stifling hovel she comes forth with her fair complexion, and her neatly-braided hair, in her clean and tasteful costume, either to work at field labour, with her bare brown feet, or to bring for sale her beautiful embroidery, worthy of its destination in a London drawing-room, but wrought with singular tools-viz., an old razor, and a sheep's tooth-which she prefers to more ordinary implements of needle-work "because she's used to them and they do well enough." In this scene of, to our perceptions, utter wretchedness, money could do nothing; it is not lucky to keep the cows in a byre, where the wee folk might overlook them, so they must share the family apartment; the corn must be thrashed on the floor with themselves, for why wouldn't it? There is good fuel, plenty of food, of clothing, and of bedding; what can be done? money can do nothing; but money's worth ministered with constant patience, and personal attention, may introduce some decencies and comforts which may in their turn produce wants; for one great evil among our people is their perfect satisfaction with their present state, so long as they are neither cold, hungry, or solitary. Now enter that stone cottage beside the sea; of stone, unconscious of plaister or whitewash, but bare and rugged; and though the cows and sheep have a separate residence, and the dwelling-house belongs to the human family, the interior with its dingy brown walls and narrow casement is almost as uncouth as the outside; yet here we find that pretty inoffensive playfulness, which, as distinguished from humour or wit, is in general the effervescence of mental refinement: and it was in this happy home that the father placed a bible in the cradle of his firstborn, in token that it was to be her best and chosen friend; thus unconsciously linking himself, rude dweller on the rocks as he is, with the great Cuvier, who placed the sacred volume on the bosom of his dead child, as that which was most dear to her in life. Within a few yards of this house is a cliff down which a narrow stream pours to the ocean, dripping here and there in fairy cataracts in its descent down the ledges of the rock; this water is sacred, and at one period of every year penitents come from far and near to drink of it on the sea-shore, and then to creep up the steep path on their knees, each one bringing up a white pebble to add to the heap on the top, in token of their successful act of penance; it is a place where on other days people run up and down, and enjoy pic-nics, and draughts of the bright streamlet. And it is indeed enjoyable: the grand billows of the Atlantic dashing, in unbroken force, against the fantastic rocks, and curling and dancing with sparkling foam into their caves and arches; while between this inlet and the majestic promontory of Horn Head, which calmly advances into the ocean, the waterspout called Mac Swayne's gun, with a sound like thunder, dashes its liquid column to the clouds, descending in glittering spray, which sometimes is whirled on the blast till it drops on the sunny gardens a mile inland; and the island of Torragh rising like a fortress, its perpendicular cliffs and sharp ledges standing in grim defiance of the surging waves; and you gaze on this scene, most glorious when bathed in the deep rich tints of a crimson sunset, from the soft carpet of sea-pinks which covers the upper ledge of the precipice.

That hovel on the hill-side is black with the turfsmoke of thirty winters; for though there are two wide holes in the roof to give it exit, through which the rain comes in, it has covered with a solid black crust every wall and rafter, and the posts of the narrow bed, and even the uprights of the loom, which occupies one corner, while the other belongs to the donkey, whose daily office it is to carry the day's fuel from the bog. The furniture consists of a dresser, scantily adorned with crockery, two chairs, and two low stools, one of which is the only substitute for a table: yet in this miserable hovel when, recently, after the visitation of the sick, that rite was celebrated which gives dignity to the lofty cathedral; that which sanctifieth the altar; good men might share the joy with which assuredly angels beheld the scene; a woman, quietly and hopefully departing this life in His faith and fear; not weary of her toilsome journey, but rather willing to remain to minister to the last to her aged companion; an old man weeping beside the bed, who spoke thus in the midst of his tears:—"Oh, dear, darling, beloved woman! if I was five minutes from her sight she thought it an hour; and nowwhat will it be! me, the poor old lone bird. Forty and one years—forty and one years—and she never spoke the word I wished unsaid, she yoked early till her duty, and she never quit it to the rere of her life." Blessed is the woman, whether princess or peasant, who lives to gain such a farewell! When aid was offered for the funeral expenses it was rejected; for it was the last thing they could

y d e do for her, and her son wished it should be from his own earnings.

There is among the northern peasantry a natural grace and courtesy which accords, though it scarcely blends, with a sturdy independence; and it is remarkable that no degree of friendly cordiality on the part of their superiors leads to an intrusive familiarity; at frequent social gatherings, where pictures and wild flowers, or the Christmas-tree, or athletic sports, and "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," form the entertainment, there has never once occurred a rude or unseemly word or act.

One of the most striking scenes on our sullen northern shore is the gathering of the sea-weed; or, as the people call it, "winning the lyagh;" when a storm, blighting the fruit-trees and scattering the spring blossoms, dashes on the coast valuable manure for the fields, and valuable material for the production of kelp. It was calculated that the value of one such gale, continued in a particular point for several days, was nearly £3000. It was a scene for many painters:—a Stanfield, to catch the glorious hues of sea and sky, as the billows like battlements of emerald, crested with pearl, rolled in "thus far and no farther;" the shallow water, where the tide was withdrawn, on the level sand, giving back the reflection of the noble mountain range that frowned above:—and a Landseer to give the strange forms of animal life, while the beasts of burden hastened down the beach or dragged their loads up the sandhills, from the fine specimen of the English plough-horse, down to the half-starved pony, with its rough coat, shaggy neck, and camel-like mouth; and the stubborn donkeys, who on this occasion show none of the good spirit which, as the people devoutly believe, makes them simultaneously kneel down on Christmas eve:-and a Wilkie to immortalize the panniered men, women and children; and the groups, some standing in the water to snatch the prey from the receding waves, some filling their carts and creels, some struggling with their burdens far up among the sand-hills; the busy multitude scattered over miles of sand, and, in various attitudes of labour, making the most of the time the receding tide has left them; the landlord and the rector with their families appearing here and there through the strange and interesting scene, with a kindly greeting and a kindly smile from every group they approached. That bare-legged youth leading away his horse and its dripping burden, is he who, with a noble thirst for knowledge, travels far when the day's labour is done to learn the rudiments of astronomy; that graceful girl, with her pretty sun-bonnet and her naked feet, helping her father to load his cart, is the same that was yesterday in your drawing-room, pleading with intelligent earnestness for help to send missionaries to India; that young giant, wrestling with the waves for his sixth cart-load, is the same who, in his Sunday-school class, in reply to the question "What is meant by abiding in Christ?" answered, "Just to get fitted into Him and His ways, like as a key fits into a lock." Those who delight in representing the Irishman as nothing but a drinking, fighting, joking animal: and the Irish gentry as being only guarded by police from the well-earned enmity of the people, would have been sadly disappointed here: there were loud greetings, and occasional peals of merry laughter; but not an oath, not an angry word or offensive expression, was heard among the assembled hundreds of a mixed multitude of both races; nothing that could offend the eye or ear of our Sovereign Lady, had she been there, leading her young daughters through one of the wildest scenes in her dominions -and all this in the very district which by its agrarian outrage has made our country a bye-word in civilized England!—such are the contrasts it

It is pleasant to see the leaden clouds of winter give place to the clear brightness of our summer sky, and the sheets of drifting rain and the cruel pelting of the hail-storm exchanged for the sweet freshness of the sea-side breeze. It is pleasant to watch the brown waste moorland putting on its royal robe of purple heather and golden furze; to see the lovely sundew, the delicate bogbean, the bright penguicula, rising out of the dreary pools of the morass, and the barren sand throwing up the slender harebell and the pink centaury, proving that even here is beautiful vitality; while every crevice in the rocks is wreathed with flowers in the rich profusion of their order wild, their fragrant maze; and Hope whispers that thus it shall be in the moral wilderness of our land: for as surely as seedtime does not fail, so surely the time will come when "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped:" and "then the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[Continued from p. 44.]

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

THE little brown cottage looked peaceful enough in the evening light; as the gentlemen hurried up the rocky ascent to its approach. From the casement, partly open, the rays of a lamp streamed upon the weedy path and yet green hedge, on to the road by which they came. It was in that chamber the woman lay, whose minutes were numbered; for whom it needed not to shade the lamp-for whom the Earl's journey had been delayed. Propped with snow-white pillows, half reclining in the smoothed bed: her own shrunk face as white as the linen surrounding her; one attenuated hand beating impatiently at the coverlet; the other hid beneath, clutching tightly at some object it concealed. Her eyes, far sunk in her head, beamed with the light of an intelligence | voice rising shrilly. "Fetch her: let her stand

newly gained. She had not lain long ill; her ailment resembled more a conflict of the spirit with the reluctant flesh to part company; and from the first the victory had been decided. As if in recompense for the eclipse reason had so long suffered, from the moment she took to her bed the old woman's faculties of comprehension and memory strengthened. The interval of sense had not supervened like a flash, but had gradually grown as to one awaking from a deep sleep, who at first finds it difficult to recall who or what he is; the day of the week or occupation to which he is to return; but who, from the instant of regaining the first link, rapidly lays hold on the chain of fact and

Martha sat near the bed; the medical aid at first called in had been discontinued; Nature would answer no longer to the appeals of science; she had it all her own way now, and a long life was about to close amidst surroundings more peaceful and brighter than its earlier course had known.

At the sound of footsteps below, the girl went to open the room door; the two were already ascending. The old woman barely moved, but she bent her keen eyes with eager scrutiny upon those who entered.

"This is Lord Honiton," said the clergyman, tempering his haste and speaking in a measured tone. "I have brought him at your desire, Mrs. Lucas, and will leave you together."

The old woman turned a searching gaze upon

his Lordship, then again towards the door.

" And where's she?-where's the lady?" she asked, in a thin monotonous voice, yet perfectly rational and collected. "I will say nothing without her—it's the lady I want."

"Mrs. Lucas, you named his Lordship, you-" "Yes," she interrupted, in the same even shrill tone. "My Lord to hear-my Lord to forgive; but her to confess—her to bear her share. I'll tell nothing, I'll say nothing, till she's here"-

"What is all this?" questioned Lord Honiton, impatiently. "Mr. Chepstow this wanton trifling

with my time, precious, as you know .-- "

The dying woman caught at his words and repeated-

"Precious! and my time isn't precious? eh, my Lord, eh?"

" Woman!" the Earl began, but the minister motioned him back.

"My Lord, she is dying," he said, deprecatingly; then, with more reverence in his demeanour to the feeble creature, flickering on life's exit, than he had used to the peer-

"Mrs. Lucas," he urged, "his Lordship was on the point of setting out to the sick-bed-perhaps

the death-bed of his son."

"His son,"—she caught with eagerness at the word-"Ah! her son?-but there's two-His son!"

"Good God! what is this raving?—speak at once woman! Chepstow I can bear this no longer."

"Fetch her, then;" cried the old woman, her

there, then I'll speak. I'll keep nothing from ye; no, no! ye shall hear all, and let her curse me if she will."

"Of whom does she speak?—what does she mean?" cried the bewildered nobleman.

"Who? who should I mean, but your Lady?" cried the old woman, whose senses seemed sharpening with the coming change.

"Don't it concern her, as well as you? Isn't

her son ill? Eh? my Lord, eh?"

"What is to be done?" exclaimed his lordship. " Is there meaning in this? For mercy's sake," he added addressing the clergyman, "is she in her senses?—what should be done?"

The old woman had averted her face, but she turned it slowly round and directed her bright clear

gaze upon the Earl.

"I am in my senses, my Lord; don't fear; though you may curse the night I ever spoke-you and my Lady, yonder; but I am dying, and the things one can bear a lifetime, and keep hid, won't let one rest in the grave they say."

"Why will you not speak, and set your mind at ease?" soothingly entreated the good clergyman.

"Not till she comes," was the only answer vouchsafed, as she turned doggedly away, and Martha held to her withered lips a refreshing

The nobleman, whose impatience had given way to perplexed and terrible doubts, addressed his

companion: -

"Have you no clue?" he said: "Is this reality? -this woman, does she possess any knowledge? You must force her to confess—the law—

"My Lord!" returned the other, sadly, "before morning dawns that poor creature will be beyond the power of the law : force! my Lord-she volunteers confession. It must be as she says-"

"But her Ladyship!-to mix my wife up in her

wanderings."

"It seems to me, my Lord," said the minister, "that you have to learn of some foul treachery or base plot against the honour of your house, or some connected with it. This poor woman perhaps fears the effect of her revelation upon the innocent, or desires some confirmation of her words. She evidently will tell us nothing without the presence of yourself and the Viscountess."

"You think, then, her Ladyship should be

fetched?"

"My Lord, I do. My horse is in the stable. If you will entrust me, I will go myself."

His Lordship turned, with prompt decision, from the room, followed by Chepstow.

The eyes of the old woman pursued them, but she

made no sign.

Upon the docile steed of the good clergyman, little used to such random flights, the nobleman betook himself to the bridle-road up which young Arthur had so often ridden with the speed of such diligent students, keen in the pursuit of German scholastics.

Arrived at the Abbey, he found the Viscountess chafing like an entrapped goddess (if such a simile

will pass) at his delay. She had prepared to depart with him, or follow close. Her amazement at the fresh hindrance knew uo bounds.

"What !- return with him ?-where ?"

As she heard whither, something arrested her indignation. The cottage—where she had confronted that daring girl - was it she? Ah! news of Arthur? She jumped at the conclusion-heard no more that was said; but, swift as thought, was ready to accompany her Lord.

They would walk, he said—the short cut. It would save time, and spare the remarks of their

people.

By the steps from her dressing-room they went down to the terrace, out by the chapel walk, across

There were stars in the sky, but no moon; yet

it was not wholly dark.

A strange sensation was gaining upon the Earl when he quitted the bedside of the dying woman. He seemed to have almost lost sight of that other couch to which he had been summoned. He spoke little on the road. His answers were wide of the subject on which she now and again questioned him; but, to say the truth, the mind of the lady was so fixed upon one conclusion, her thoughts were too pre-occupied to find vent in words.

There was little change in the aspect of the cottage since last she set foot within its entrance. The squirrel's stand was gone, the lattice something more bare; the old Newfoundland lay on his mat within, and just rose and uttered one deep bass note as my Lady swept by; his deep red eyes, followed her to the staircase, but he turned round and lay down again, with a dignified indifference to

her movements.

Their feet passed noiselessly over the matted floor. At the stair-foot they were met by the clergyman.

"She grows more feeble," he said, in a whisper; "but her intellect is unshaken, and her senses even keener than ours. She heard you before either I or the maid were aware of your approach."

The lady started—she looked questioningly from one to the other. It was the first intimation she had received that it was a death-bed visit.

But there was no time for queries. The minister led the way in silence. His Lordship motioned for her to follow.

They entered the room.

The old woman's quickened hearing had caught

the silken rustle of the lady's garments.

Half raising herself upon her trembling arm, she leaned forward with eager gaze fixed upon the door. It opened gently, and the gentle tread of the minister came first.

All amazement and curiosity, the Viscountess quickly followed; but paused as she beheld the spectral face so eagerly bending forward, the gaze fixed upon her.

"What is it?" she said in an awed voice-

"what is this?"

Her husband took her hand and gently urged her forward.

"The Viscountess is here," he said; "now

what have you to say?"

The old woman lifted her hand with a movement of impatience, as though to put him aside; then in her eagerness she sat upright, independent of her supporting cushions; and with her hollow eyes gleaming upon the lady, she said—

"Mrs. Smith, have you forgotten me?"

With a brief ejaculation of dismay the Viscountess fell back as if a sudden blow had been struck. Her eyes dilated, her lips apart, she stared at the hagged face fixed in its unflinching gaze upon her own, blanched to as dead a pallor. But she rallied instantly.

"My Lord, what is all this?" she cried. "Am I brought to listen to the ravings of a mad

woman?"

"I am not mad," said the sick woman, in a voice that she with determined purpose strove to render calm. "You are the Lady Countess of Honiton and Loftborough; and this is my Lord the Earl. And yonder's Mr. Chepstow, the good minister that has prayed with me, miserable old sinner that I am; and this is Martha, poor girl—don't cry, Martha—and I am Betsy Lucas. You know me now, my lady, you know. You remember Brettle's Buildings, and that night. Oh! my God, give me strength. Ah!—"

She fell back, her voice died in her throat, her own eagerness had exhausted her. Martha sprang to her side, and held to her lips the reviving draught. The clergyman approached and took

her hand.

"Madness!-madness!" murmured the Vis-

countess. "Why do we stay?"

She turned from the bedside, though her trembling limbs would scarcely support her. But the Earl grasped her arm.

"I will not stay," she exclaimed haughtily: "what have I to do with the drivellings of a

wretched-"

"Hush!" said the voice of the clergyman,

"She revives."

Slowly the poor creature's eyes unclosed, and their first glance rested on the pale features of the Viscountess.

"I am not mad," she said, with returning strength, though in feeble and trembling accents.

The minister soothed her; urged her to be calm, then administered the stimulating medicine.

My Lord," he said in a firm and meaning tone, "I can certify to you that this poor woman is in the full possession of her faculties; I have also the written testimony of a medical man who quitted her but this morning, that such is the case; I know not what she may have to confide to you. That the memory of some terrible error has oppressed her mind, and contributed to the temporary disturbance of her intellect, I felt certain; and I considered it my duty to encourage her in her desire to make a full confession. God alone knows to what that is to tend. I will leave you with her; this is perhaps the last interval of strength which may be permitted her."

He beckoned to Martha to follow him, but the dying woman would not allow her to depart.

"No, no!" she cried, and held the maid fast, addressing to her some few broken words of German; to which the girl instantly responded with assurances of her devotion.

"She does not understand English," said the minister shortly, then he added an admonition to

the sick woman.

"I shall be spared to tell—I shall be spared to

tell."

The clergyman then quitted the room. So they stood by the bedside of the dying woman. Her husband's grasp upon the arm of his wife—not a word passed his lips—not a sign—not a look turned upon her. All his senses seeming merged in the one of listening, while the tale was told of the scene enacted in Brettle's Buildings years ago.

The proud man learned how his hopes had been betrayed, his honour stained, his lofty dignity insulted, the trust of husband and man foully deceived, the purity of his name irretrievably

slurred and sullied.

One by one, facts asserted and confirmed; one by one every possible doubt, or chance of escape, or

disillusion destroyed.

Yet what were his sufferings to the agony of her who stood beside him? The devil entered into her soul; she could have strangled that miserable dying wretch with her own white hands. From her innermost heart she breathed a blasphemous prayer for that accusing breath to stop. Oh for a bolt to strike her dead at her Lord's feet! Oh for strength to rush away out into the night, to cast herself down the cliff into that sea she heard moaning out upon the beach—anything, anything, not to meet his eye when it should turn upon her! But in vain. Breaking the dread silence, that frail voice went on, recording word by word the doings of that sinful night; she heard as in a dream; and despite herself she marked the solemn rush of the distant waves that seemed adding their testimony to that of the dying woman.

"Oh, I never forgot that face, never!—the poor wretch went on. "Though her hair was smoothed back under a cap then, and upon her chin she wore a little black patch of sticking-plaister, and she was all in black. Ay, but I don't want you to take

my word-look here-look here!"

She brought forward the hand which had been hidden away beneath the coverlet, and held before the sight of the unhappy nobleman a handkerchief of delicate cambric, with the family arms embroidered on its centre.

"I didn't rest till I found out whose that was;

and ever since I've kept it."

"Wretched woman, why did you not divulge this horrible tale ere this?" asked Lord Honiton in a broken voice.

"I was true to my word, true to my word," she said; "I tried hard, I tried hard to be true—but the grave wouldn't let me; we must rest in the grave, and I couldn't. I never should have done it, but

she tempted me. I was poor, very poor, and my poor Mary; oh! Mary Mary, if I had but known he'd have lived—my poor Mary."

She shed some tears; the ghastly emotion of so haggard and deathly an object was horrible to behold. But the Earl looked on unmoved. She rallied again; she would leave no chance for her

accomplice in guilt.

"Ye'll find the coffin; let them find the coffin," she said with horrible eagerness, economizing the last remnant of her breath for denunciation. "There's nothing but bricks and rags and a big stone in the little deal coffin, and the date—" she faltered; then added, "the date's scratched with a pin inside the cupboard at Brettle's Buildings, No. 7."

"Is that all?"—the Earl's voice sounded like that of a stranger, his wretched wife started to hear it.
"All. But look there." She stretched her lean

and bony finger towards the lady.

"Look at her; she will not deny it. She knows. Take back your handkerchief, ma'am! I wish to God I could give ye back the gold ye paid me to curse myself, when I sold my poor girl's baby off her breast." She gasped, sank back, and her eyes closed; but she opened them again, and they gleamed upon the livid countenance of the Earl.

"Yes, that's all—all—and Aden Power's the son of my Mary—and poor Jack, the soldier. God forgive me!—Don't leave me, Martha—where's your hand?—Mary, Mary; it's very cold; ah, the guineas, poor lamb, poor babe, don't fret Mary—Mary—" They were the last words she spoke.

The soothing voice of the good clergyman fell upon her deaf ears. She lingered in a convulsive struggle for a brief interval, and so passed away.

Averting his face from his wife, my Lord had quitted the bedside, and the room. Her step was firmer than his, as she followed him. Though he had loosened his grasp upon her arm, the miserable woman seemed dragged, despite herself, by the side of the stricken man: his blanched face, his rigid features; the livid lips that opened and closed again, as if the nerves of speech refused to obey volition; his whole aspect, so altered from his usual proud mien, terrified her.

She would have had him speak, even though it were to condemn her. No threat he could have used, no denunciation his wrath might have uttered, would have filled her soul with more dismay than

this awful silence.

As they reached the lower room her anguish burst forth; the miserable palliatives of her guilt, with which she had sought in secret to cheat her-

self, a hundred times, now found words.

"Who was to blame for it?" she cried—"who drove me almost mad with taunts, and made me desperate with repining? I was happy in my love. Poor fool that I was! I could have awaited Heaven's pleasure patiently; I did not embitter my existence and yours with repining at God's decrees. I loved you, my Lord—loved you! when you took me, to be—what? a mother to your heir!—too soon I found that was all! Your ambition,

Sir,—your pride—your house and name, were all you thought of. I was nothing. And when your hopes were disappointed, God help me! your displeasure fell on me. Do you remember!—do you remember! your wearying regrets, your cold neglect, your unjust repinings?—God forgive you, do you remember, and do you blame me? And when at last your prayers seemed about to be answered, your own anxiety was the ruin of your wishes.

"I tell you now, I cannot bear all—suffering as

I have done, why should I endure all ?"

She was pacing up and down the small room (where those sweet hours had been passed with Schiller and music and the sea's whisperings) like a possessed fury. Demoniacally beautiful she was, with her flashing eyes, her hair all tossed and streaming; her bonnet flung off—her cloak unclasped and thrown back—her pale face, and the burning accents of scorn that seemed to parch the lips they crossed. Lost—conquered—but grand

even in her downfall.

"You would have me come home, that your child should draw its first breath of ancestral air. You could not see how I longed to be near you. The mother was nothing—I was nothing; it was the child—the son. But I hid my wishes—I kept down the grief; I would be only your automaton, I thought. So, Sir! half-way home, at a roadside inn, your son was born ;—the air, contaminated as it was, did not choke him—he was dead! Do you think I grieved for the child? bah! my terror of the father's displeasure left me no room for a mother's grief. You should have your desire, I thought, if I forfeited my soul to gain it you. Why should I tell you more? you know now how it was done. God help me, you don't know the anguish I endured, the risk of life I ran, the daring of the undertaking I entered into. But I would succeed. I said not, 'please God,' as I had prayed before to give me my desire. I said 'I will,' and I did. You had your son, my Lord; you have him now; you cherished and prized him, as you have neglected and severed the other—your own son, your living image."

She ceased; not arrested by a sound that broke from her lord; she had done; but as she crossed the room again a low groan broke upon her ear. The next moment the hapless lord dropped to the ground. Her cry for help brought Mr. Chepstow, and by his aid the unhappy gentleman was raised to a couch, and a messenger at once despatched for the carriage,

which he had himself desired to "wait."

Doctors arrived swiftly upon the scene: the dawn broke upon an anxious consultation at the abbey, while a swift telegram ran along the wires summoning a great London physician to Deansholme.

Great men's vassals are upon occasions dumb, if not deaf: yet the next morning's papers had each its paragraph, more or less worded to the same effect:—

"It is our painful duty to record that the noble lord the Earl of Honiton and Loftborough was stricken with paralysis the night before last, just as he had been summoned to visit his youngest son, who lies dangerously ill at a small village on the banks of the Rhine."

Dear me! why we saw that in the papers. Everybody attributed the Earl's attack to the suddenness

Ah! my dear madam. Is news always truth? and are we all admitted behind the scenes?

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT CONFESSION.

It was evening when the coach stopped at the cross-road where Josephine had signified her wish to be set down; and she and her maid descended from it. The coach drove on; its ultimate goal was a town a league or so distant, at the chief inn of which it put up. The late passengers struck into the other road leading to the village we have already named as that where Arthur Power lay ill.

Gertrude carried the travelling bag, but it was scarcely that trifling burthen which caused her pace to be so much behind that of her mistress. Josephine pressed forward with quick and eager footsteps, which were wholly beyond the powers of her phlegmatic and stout handmaiden. face bore no signs of that feverish haste which marked her movements: she was very pale, and her parched lips were parted, while her eyes strained anxiously along the road for signs of the place she sought, or tidings of some kind, she scarce knew what, by which she might gain some information.

"I did not think it had been so far," she said in German to the girl, who was making a desperate effort, by a jog-trot run, to come up with her mistress.

Gertrude proffered some information as to the distance of the inn from the cross-road; for the place was known to her. "We are just there," she said—"and see, there is the smoke," she added.

Josephine uttered an ejaculation of satisfaction, half-suppressed; then hurriedly she gave a few directions to her servant, still walking at a rapid rate.

"You understand," she said, in conclusion.

Gertrude answered earnestly in the affirmative; she was proud of being to such an extent the confidant of her mistress, and Josephine knew she could trust the girl not to chatter, even of the very little she knew.

While Gertrude disappeared down a side-path in the rear of the building, carrying the slender stock of luggage, Josephine, somewhat abating her pace,

approached the inn.

An English-built carriage was drawn up at the front entrance; an English footman, with an ineffable expression of disdain upon his features, was assisting the clumsy factorum of the place in hastily covering the horses, which were still panting with

the effects of their late speed.

For one moment Josephine paused, her eyes fixed upon the equipage. Was it that of the Earl, or of some member of the family? She had no clue even to conjecture. She hesitated, great as was her anxiety, from intruding. It might even be her-his wife, returned; and she—what had she to do there?

Her gaze wandered to the house; some sign of bustle and commotion made itself apparent; a servant or two passed the open door; one carrying a lamp, the other a mass of white linen and some vessel. The upper windows were all closed, the curtains drawn; but, while she looked, a hand was hastily thrust behind them, the casementwindow flung open, and the heavy drapery thrown back. At the same moment, the servant bearing the lamp entered the room, and its light was thrown upon the figure of an elderly man, whose grey head she next distinguished emerging from what appeared to be the drapery of a bed: then it crossed the chamber.

"It is his room," was the thought that half formed itself into words upon her lips as she approached the door. Ere she reached it, the gentleman stood upon the threshold, calling to his servant. The latter quickly brought from the carriage a small case, and went with it to his master, who stepped briskly out to take it from his hand, giving him meanwhile some directions in a low voice.

The man turned away towards the stables: the gentleman was about to re-enter the house; he had not observed Josephine, till she came close up to him, and in a voice she vainly tried to render cahn,

asked-

"How is he, Sir ? Pray tell me-Is he in danger?"

The gentleman turned briskly.

"Thank God for that sound!" he said, with a touch of real gratitude in his tone.

"Thank God, whoever or whatever you may be: at least you are not a barbarian. Come in."

He had stepped within the entrance, and stood in the dim light of the smoky oil-lamp that hung overhead. He hastily scanned her pale face, her plain dress, which indeed she had studiously made almost humble; the close cap and bonnet which shaded her face and eyes.

"An Englishwoman!" he said, and his eyes actually gleamed with satisfaction. "I shall not ask you how or whence you came; Heaven sent you to help me in my need. This poor young fellow, our countryman-you are aware it seems; in truth there is little hope-what chance indeed among these blundering people; they had halfstifled him when I came in; not a soul that comprehends either the language or the remedies—you will help me!"

It was hardly put as a question, and she had no voice to answer; but she bowed her head, and, pressing her clenched hand to her side, where the hard slow throb seemed threatening to cease each moment, she followed mechanically and with noiseless footsteps up the stairs over which the physician had already made but two strides to the top.

The room was large, but low-ceiled; the windows small and without chimney or open fireplace. The air was stifling, even now the casement stood partially open; and the faint poisonous vapour, inseparable from the chamber of a fever-patient, hung heavily upon it.

At the door, ere she had fully entered, the

doctor turned, and, laying one hand upon her shoulder, put her back.

"I should warn you, ma'am, for I conclude you are not a professional nurse, this may be contagious."

"I know it," she said, faintly, but still pressing on. "I am used to sickness; let me come in."

Eagerly she glanced around the room. It bore signs of having been for days thus tenanted. An array of empty bottles, boxes, &c., were on the great deal wardrobe that filled one corner of the chamber; upon a table hard by were dirty teacups, basins, a knife and plates, which had been suffered to accumulate; some soiled linen, with boots, hastily thrown aside out of the way, were heaped beneath

In a corner, between the fireplace and the window, couched a gaunt black hound, whose red eyes gleamed out from the shadow,—a strange ac-

companiment to the sick-room.

By the bedside stood a mass of fat which might have taken, rather than been moulded to, somewhat of the outward semblance of a woman. Its eyes seemed to have receded, and twinkled feebly in the cavernous recesses of those fleshly walls which threatened speedily to close in upon them. The hage capless head, with its frowzy, frizzled mass of dark hair, was partially covered by a yellow handkerchief, and with every sonorous guttural of that capacious mouth issued an odoriferous volume, resembling the smell of a very stale mousetrap with a sprinkle of bad whisky—this was the nurse.

She began as the doctor approached, to give, in her own unharmonious dialect, some account of her patient; but the physician impatiently signed to her to desist. Josephine spoke to her more gently,

in her native tongue.

"Ah! you understand these barbarians?" said the doctor. "I always imagined myself to be a tolerable German scholar; but their horrible jargon is as unintelligible to me as I appear to be to them. Would you be so good as to desire her to keep out

of the way at least till I want her?"

Josephine signified to the aged Gorgon that for the present her services were dispensed with; then, at the request of the physician, she approached the bed, and thus again she beheld her lover; he whom she had, to the breaking of her own heart, put from her, that he might be happy. He lay with his head low back upon the pillow. His hair had been closely shaved, and blisters thickly applied; his face, blanched to a deadly pallor, save where two scarlet patches burned, was yet scarcely whiter than the lips which moved incessantly in a continuous, restless, meaningless muttering. His eyes, sunk and rayless, were fixed upon the opposite wall. It was difficult to believe that reason could ever revisit those lacklustre orbs, which she had last beheld bright with intelligence and love.

The thin, almost transparent hands, lay upon the coverlid, at which they plucked incessantly, now and again, with a sudden motion the sick man made as if he would have raised them, but they as frequently fell back as if restrained by some imposed force; and as the physician turned back the bedclothes

Josephine saw, with painful amazement, that the arms of the invalid were bound to his sides, a broad and clumsily-contrived bandage confining him to the bed.

She uttered an involuntary exclamation. The doctor understood her surprise, and, as he proceeded to release the patient, he said—

"Of a piece with the rest of their treatment! Yes, yes, we will alter this; we will try something a little different."

The deposed nurse, who understood something of their tone or gestures, here began profusely to exclaim, in vindication of what was doubtless her own work.

"The gentleman had been very violent," she said; "they had been afraid he would do himself a mischief—nay, he might even have killed her; for

her own safety she had adopted it."

"That mountain of flesh in fear of a poor wasted shadow like this!" the physician muttered: then he at once, with the aid of Josephine, set about applying such remedies as were attainable for the relief of the sufferer, and to counteract the effect of such ill-judged applications as, by the ignorance of those hitherto in attendance upon him, had been resorted to.

The obese German stood aloof, regarding them with stolid sullenness, occasionally, by some guttural ejaculation, resembling nothing so much as a grunt, signifying her disapprobation. The servants had quitted the room, and did not again appear. Once the landlady came to the door, which she opened to the extent of some two inches, and, standing without, fearfully inquired if the gentleman wanted anything: to which the doctor, in the purest German of the schools—which it was very questionable if the woman understood—returned an emphatic "No:" adding, that he had got an English nurse, and would not trouble any of them further.

Occupied with professional cares, the physician had not given a second thought to the person whose services he had so readily adopted, and which he found so valuable at the moment of real need.

Once only he glanced up hastily across the bed, when some slight tremor of the hands betrayed an emotion not strictly professional. The poor fever patient had been bled. In making some arrangement for his comfort, the bandage, badly put on, gave way, and the blood gushed forth. to be wondered if even she, brave girl, nerving herself as she was to that terrible scene, turned sick and trembled at that sight? The quick eye of the doctor for one moment was bent upon her; but her face was hidden from him; no word escaped her, as with quick hand she lent her aid, and, with that light and gentle touch, so precious in the sight of a medical attendant, assisted him to bind up the limb, and further seconded all his aims and desires; more, as it seemed, by intuition than at his request. The poor sufferer, soothed and comforted, grew calmer, and his muttering took a lower tone; though his eyes remained fixed and vacant.

fell back as if restrained by some imposed force; The physician, withdrawing a step or too, stood and as the physician turned back the bedclothes looking at his patient with that interest that men

of his profession, who have their work at heart, can alone feel in such a case. Presently, as if by a chain of thought, his eyes were directed to the figure of his able assistant, who was moving noise-lessly about the room, as if the office she had assumed within the hour had been hers of right for months past. She had laid aside the rough cloak and large bonnet, beneath which appeared a dress of the dark stuff commonly worn by the lower class or domestic servants of the country; a close-fitting cap of snowy whiteness covering her

hair, and tying beneath her chin.

Making a bundle of the dirty linen which filled the recess beneath the table, she placed it in the arms of the old woman, who, with open mouth, stared, half inclined to protest, yet mechanically obeyed her, and carried it from the room. Josephine then collected all the dirty crockery and empty bottles, placing them upon a wooden tray she found leaning against the wall, together with all the useless etceteras which had accumulated on the shelves and table of the sick-room, depositing it outside the door, and all without jingle, or creak, or sound of foot or hand; her soft skirts sweeping the floor noiselessly; her tread upon the carpetless boards passing light as a bird's.

The good doctor uttered a mental thanksgiving:

"She must have been sent direct from heaven,"
was his thought.—"Though I did not deserve it,
for the curses I bestowed upon these leaden-footed
dunder-headed clowns. She must have passed her
life in a sick-room. How old is she?—I have only
seen her hands; they have not the look of a nurse's
by any means—too young for that. And she has
actually pressed that old fat frau into the service!
Clearing the room of all that accumulated filth, too,
—she understands—thank God for her, whoever she

be!"

A movement in the bed here interrupted the current of the physician's meditation; the next ten minutes saw him conscious of nothing but his patient. Meanwhile, Josephine continued her self-imposed duty, and, having made a considerable clearance in the surplus contents of the chamber, she approached the corner, where on a ragged mat lay the gaunt black hound, which lifted up its head and stared at her with its bloodshot enquiring eyes.

The doctor, just then resuming his observations of her movements, was about hastily to warn her of interference with the animal, when, to his astonishment, he saw the creature rise slowly, and, submitting to her caressing touch, suffer itself to be coaxed from the room; she carrying the mat and certain debris of a former repast, which the brute

doubtless set store by.

An expression of amazement passed across the face of the medical man. "And that brute growled at me when I only spoke to it," was his comment on the scene. "What is this woman?—a superstitious person, now, might think she was something uncanny. But her services are too valuable to be declined, even on that score; I only hope she may not vanish before we have done with her." Here his whole attention became fixed upon his patient,

whose uneasy muttering, and increased flush of cheek and glistening eye, told where the cruel fever was now making fiercest havoc.

The night fell, the stars one by one shone out in the darkened sky: the dim lamp was placed so that its light fell not on the eyes of the patient,—those eyes, that, alas! seemed filling with a wild un-

quenchable light of their own.

The obese German had disappeared—to and fro the young stranger had moved, dusting, arranging all noiselessly; now and then pausing to gaze upon the sick man, always with face averted from the eyes of the physician; who, indeed, seemed almost to have forgotten her presence in his fixed observation of the fevered and delirious patient.

By an effort such as it is given to few the power to make—which those happily ignorant of its necessity may well deem impossible—the brave girl had sternly repressed every outward sign of the terror, the love, the anguish, which filled her heart, and schooled herself to that calm passionless demeanour of grave gentleness which is, perhaps, less difficult after all to those of the deepest sensibility, than to such whose passions, lying near the surface, are easier to excite, more visible in their demonstration, and less enduring. Besides, the certainty of to-day, terrible though she found it, was far more endurable than the torturing suspense of yesterday. She could not have undergone another twenty-four hours of such uncertainty. Now at least she was near him, she knew the worst; she might do all that could be done by woman's aid; even did he never speak again the voice of reason, nor his eyes turn on her their well-remembered gaze—even was the worst doomed to be—she should be near him, God help her!—she should be near him; yes, it was a painful and bitter satisfaction, but she felt it was that. She blessed the impulse that had caused her to obey that urgent bidding, to hasten to his side, which she would quit no more till he was out of danger, or till his wife assumed her place: to her only would she resign her office.

As one fire extinguishes another, as the greater anguish absorbs the lesser, so fear for the life of him who had been her lover seemed to have swallowed up all dread of misinterpretation, all thought of result, nay, even love itself, or the jealousy which is inseparable from it. Once the peril passed, once his life assured, she could resign him ungrudgingly to the ties that bound him to another, and return to the oblivion of that life to which—oh! incomprehensible human nature—to which even the present sorrow seemed in a measure

to be a relief.

Still busying herself in cares for the invalid, she descended the stairs, penetrated to the kitchens, nay, even to the sanctum of the landlady herself; in quest of such materials for cooling drinks as might be obtained, with the purpose also of sending a message to her maid. It did not escape Josephine, that those of the household whom she accosted, the landlady not excepted, maintained a most respectful distance; keeping, if possible, the barrier of door, window, or screen between her

and themselves; holding an apron or handkerchief furtively to their mouth or nostrils. She quickly understood that infection was dreaded, and that, even at the exorbitant charges which were accumulating in their favour, it was with sore reluctance they had harboured the Englishman in his need.

Yet all their fears could not conquer the inclination, strong in feminine Saxon as in Celt, to gossip. She learned how the English valet had died,—he from whom the poor gentleman had himself caught the infection, in his humane cares for his servant—how the German hired in his place had fled at the first delirious attack of the sick man—how the village doctor had done all he could, and had finally given him over, declaring it was the worst case of all the seventy-two he had on his hands, the patient holding out against an attack that would have killed ninety-nine out of a hundred—how, finally, the English doctor had come—but of course she knew more about that than they did.

Josephine acquiesced by silence, leaving them to the belief that the physician had brought her with him: it was well she should be armed with all the authority available. She forbore, too, to inform them of what her own observation had assured her, and the doctor's opinion confirmed—that the fever had less its rise in the prevailing malady than with a disturbed organization and disquieted brain, on which it had now seized with the fiercest clutch of delirium. She could dispense with any help, save that of Gertrude, and for the patient's sake the

rooms were best kept free of these.

The language was to her almost native, none of its dialects were foreign to her comprehension, and with this she was so much at home, that with her costume, and something in the mould of her features not wholly English, these simple people warmed towards her, barbarians if they were; and were ready to do her bidding to any extent, save that of entering the sick-room. She needed to put but a question, for a volley of information to be tendered in reply.

"Have no other servants been left with the gentleman, save this German valet?" she asked.

"No:" the groom would stay, told my lady so—oh, but my lady was beautiful and haughty, she ordered all before her like a queen! And at the last the groom was bid to follow too; the little gentleman would have him—he cried and stamped, did the little gentleman, and altogether comported himself like "an imp of the devil"— so ran the complimentary phraseology of the relater. And the groom went; almost in tears he was, though, and he swore big oaths at my lady and the little gentleman—behind their backs of course—but he went.

"The dog?"—Oh, the hound? Well that followed the carriage, the night it stopped at the door, and would not be driven away. The groom told them that the master had fed it at the last stopping-place, where the poor brute came up to the door, half-starved. Then it followed the carriage all day. My Lady would have him beat it, and indeed bade him drown or shoot it; but the groom said

(with a shrug and a covert grin this was told) "if he had his choice he would sooner drown—" well, not

he dog.

They missed the animal in the bustle, while my lady was taking her departure, and the next time it was seen was in the gentleman's room; it would not be turned out, so Franz threw an old rug into the corner for it to lie on. Had Madame got it out on to the landing? it would not leave that. Ah! (and there was much head-shaking) that boded ill for the poor Englishman that black hound—where did it come from?—that was the question.

With all she wanted, at least that was attainable in the house, Josephine returned to the room. The moon had risen, and her light penetrated the white drapery, now drawn across the open casement, and flooded the room, even to the eclipse of

the feeble lamplight.

At the bed-head sat the physician, his whole attention fixed upon the patient, whose troubled muttering was rapidly increasing in strength and clearness; the more painful that in its incoherence there was a meaning, though by one only of those who watched the sufferer was its meaning understood.

"Not to me, not to me in my own house, not obedience, not duty, nothing, nothing—no, not master! Wealth,—yes, oh yes, wealth; yes, if your Ladyship will—what mother, mother, will you have it so? Well, well, so be it; yes, yes, for your wish—"

His voice sank in a murmur; presently it broke out violently: "She does not love me!—do you think I don't know what love is? She will learn—who learns? who learns, I say? He shall have lessons, yes, yes, a tutor—Schiller—he shall learn Schiller—the good old man, Strauzleine! Ah, Josephine, Josephine, why did she not come? She might have loved me, she might—she could not—she could not, poor fool, poor fool!"

The high tones died away in a pitying wail; but ere a minute passed he had sprung from the sitting

posture and was wildly gesticulating :-

"Unsay those words, unsay them, Lady Geraldine! Marry you for your money! - Who says it? I will be obeyed; if not for your love, because I am master in my own house. Madam, you may insult me, but I am your husband. Bennet, I say; Bennet, bring the boy to me!" (He made as if he would have sprung from the bed, fiercely beckoning with his hands.) "Bring him to me, Lady Geraldine, I will not be held." He fiercely strove with the physician, whose powerful hands were upon him; it was marvellous to witness the strength which delirium lent to the attenuated frame. In another moment he would have sprung from the bed, when Josephine, whose woman's grasp was as nothing upon his arm, involuntarily uttered a word. The effect was electric.

"Arthur!" the flushed invalid repeated, in a fearful whisper; and subsiding into a calmer mood, "Who said Arthur? Brother, is it you? Aden, you warned me of it; you said she would not make me happy. Disgrace!—not disgrace Aden, surely,

if—if she loved me—the boy, Aden, she teaches even her son to despise me. But it is Josephine, Josephine,"—he moaned the words out feebly,—"she cares nothing for me; she will not come. She left me here alone ill, and it is cold, Aden, very cold. No, she smiles, and is gay with others; dresses even for them; she will not sing my songs, the songs I used to hear as I rode up that path—you remember, Lady Geraldine—why did she leave me alone then, and so cold? Now it changes, it is burning—some water, Aden; no, no, no—wine, brother—wine that makes me forget—you know Aden, you know—yes, yes! She went away—Josephine, José—"

The doctor had released his hold, and stood silently watching, while she laid him back like a child upon the pillow, and passed her soft hands again and again over his dry feverish brow, till the poor sufferer was soothed into silence. The parched lips grew still, the thin hands ceased to gesticulate, finally, the strained eyes grew less fixed, the lids closed mechanically, as if that touch had been irresistible, and they yielded to its

power.

With less wonder than satisfaction, the physician turned his gaze from the face of his patient to that of the nurse; and amazement in its turn possessed

him.

The formal cap had fallen back, a quantity of fair shiny hair escaped to the cheek and shoulders of the woman, upon whose face the moon shone brightly. Her eyes, half closed, were bent upon the sick man; the tears falling thick and fast down cheeks scarcely less pale than the brow over which she still mechanically passed the tips of her soft fingers.

For a minute the doctor looked and marvelled; then he turned away, muttering to himself that he would go now and see what these barbarians could

give him to eat.

On the landing without he encountered a neatlooking damsel, whose dress was the duplicate of hers he had left standing beside his patient.

With a low curtsey she apologised, in purer German than the physician had yet heard within those walls, and begged the gentleman to tell her which was the room where the nurse was with the sick Englishman?

"Are you the young woman that she sent for?"

asked in his turn the doctor.

"I am her maid," answered simple Gretchen; "that is, I am to help her to nurse the gentleman."

The doctor pointed out the room, and gallantly escorted Gretchen past the black hound, of which she had evidently stood in dread.

"Go gently," he said; "the patient is likely to sleep now. But if you are like your mistress," he added to himself, "I need not tell you that."

"Her maid, eh!" he soliloquized as he descended the stairs; "the nurse's maid—ha!—Sisters of Charity perhaps. If I am not mistaken it was something deeper than charity caused those tears. Well, it is no affair of mine. If we save him she will have the largest share in it, and beyond that I

need not trouble myself." He reached the small but uncomfortable room, where supper was laid, and his own English servant awaited his orders.

These were soon given: the carriage had been put up, the physician would remain through the night.

He sat down to his solitary meal; pausing now and then when the slightest sound overhead reached his ear. He appeared still turning over in his mind

the incidents of the evening.

"Ah!" he finally broke out aloud, "Perhaps all that rhodomontade the poor young fellow uttered had more sense to her than I thought. My Lady Geraldine, it had been better for you, perhaps, to have risked contagion; but it is certainly no affair of mine!"

[To be continued.]

DRUNKENNESS IN BELGIUM.

The public-houses of Belgium are by no means on a style of grandeur and elegance equal to those of France. Drinkers of beer would appear to be more vulgar in their tastes than the consumers of the more delicate wine, and the recherché cordials. I heard of no silver counter, as I had seen in Paris. I witnessed no adornment with mirrors, paintings, vases and flowers, with beautiful sylph-like figures at a splendid bureau to preside at the café. In Belgium such places, though not dirty, as in Rome, are not polished, as in Paris. Among a practical Teutonic people, admirers of the Teniers school of art, the estaminets are houses for drinking, and nothing more.

nothing more.

Inducements, however, to attend are not wholly neglected by the owners. But the attractions are of a plain order. The virtues of beer are, of course, duly paraded, and their own beer especially. I was amused in purchasing, at one place in my rambles, a dashing heroic poem, called "The Congress of the Drinkers of Beer at the Castle Brewery." It was solemnly dedicated to the proprietors of the hostel "Castle," one M. Regneau, and praises were warmly sung of the cherished dwelling where the famous Regneau raised his brewery." The daughters of Helicon and the children of Bacchus are therein invoked, and all drinkers of beer are commanded to assemble there without delay. We are told of the immense suffrage of great men who render homage to this genius of the beer-barrel; -whose beer fait fureur, and the sale of which is immense; whose only object in life is "to do good," without fear of rivals.

The poet then assures us that "in speaking of beer, we should know how to drink it,—to drink it as amateurs—to drink it sensibly." He informs us that of two hundred drinkers of beer there are but forty connoisseurs. He says that beer has virtues beyond anything else; that when taken young it does marvels; that it gives appetite to those who have none; that it has a beautiful aroma, &c. He

closes his verse with a shouting chorus of "Glory to the brewer Regneau!"

In addition to the ordinary beer-houses, other shops retail the beverage, but not for consumption on the premises. The notice in the window of a shoemaker or fruiterer runs thus:—"Bier in den uithael;" which may be freely interpreted "Beer in your own pots."

But gin after all is the common drink. The only objection I ever heard against it in Belgium was that it was so soon gone. Your Fleming likes to tarry long at the cup. He likes to sip, and sip again. He can do this with his beer. But the glass of gin is no sooner turned at his lips, than its whole contents disappear; and then, hard fate, another whole penny must be produced for its renewal.

But though the drencher shake his head sadly at the rapid flight of the nimble spirit, he cherishes no hostility of feeling against it, but will patiently and continually resume his labour, and tip and turn again.

Gin, though having its head-quarters at Schiedam, near Rotterdam, has its branch establishments throughout both divisions of the Netherlands. Distilleries are found all over Belgium. The liquor is prepared from rye. I had a very good impression of the demand for this good grain, as in travelling about I observed the large extent of land occupied with its growth. It is the prevailing crop of the country. I saw the field of Waterloo waving with its tall heads. It was just the same forty-six years ago, when the tramp of cavalry, and the wheel of cannon, and the feet of contending warriors, buried it in human gore. Alas! had it not thus fallen in the strife of Waterloo, it had helped to invoke passions as relentless and bloody as raged that day, and had helped in the work of making more widows and orphans than the sword of battle had caused.

In Brussels, the Paris of Belgium, I saw much more of the French than of the rougher Flemish character. The people were more refined and better educated. The national drink was by no means despised, nor was it neglected in any way: but still proximity to France, and the prevalence of more *liberal* ideas, had exalted the Brussels folks even in their liquor usages.

The café was to be found in the ascendancy here. In plenty of houses I saw the cup of coffee, and even the glass of sugar and water; though these were at a great discount. Ladies sat, as in France, sipping one or the other, though the gentlemen preferred their glass of beer, or gin and water. It was something to see that a cup of coffee could be obtained, though it was grievous to pay so much for it.

Few persons can properly estimate, except by personal visit, the difficulties in the way of temperance abroad. It may be tolerably easy for the traveller with plenty of money, who can afford a franc for a cup of tea; as it is hard enough to get one for less, and it is often a very doubtful drink at any price. But how is the poor man to manage,

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whose wages will never allow him to indulge in such expensive luxuries as tea and coffee in his country, even if his tastes had been formed for their use!

To introduce total abstinence into Germany, Belgium, or France, would be more difficult even than in Great Britain, where, happily, tea, coffee, and sugar are regarded as necessaries. The peasants, truly, get alcoholic drink, but as an indulgence; but the townsfolk have it as a beverage, and, excepting water, their only beverage.

History records some strange things, and extols deeds in sovereigns which would be slighted in meaner mortals. But Brussels has immortalized on a splendid monument a wonderful feat performed by Peter the Great. It seems that the Russian visited the city. The ground on which so great a hero trod became sacred. But the citizens were desirous of preserving the remembrance of one act of his life performed in their fair town. The most remarkable was selected, the one dearest to the hearts of the citizens themselves. So the sculptor's art was employed, and we read that on that spot in the park, by a fountain, the Czar of all the Russias sat down and drank a bottle of wine, at 3 P.M., April 16th, 1717. Deed worthy of the chronicler, and deserving the accurate remembrance of posterity, even to the hour! I know not if the anniversary is kept up by each citizen then drinking his bottle of wine.

The Walloons are less drunken than the Flemish proper. Living as they do on the French side of Belgium, and speaking neither Flemish nor French, but a barbarous patois mixture, they are out of the route and fashion of the Boor-drinking. Then, again, they are very frequently employed in the French harvest-fields, from deficiency of hands in the country, and thus contract a more sober habit. They even lose, to some extent, their own Belgian love of beer, the great cause of drunkenness. A saving tendency, also, operates in favour of sobriety among them.

The influence of French country life is, on the whole, advantageous to the German races who are led, like our Irish harvest migration, into the corn-fields of France. Wine and water, but far more often water only, may be recognized as the drink of the French farming population. The light-wine part of France, as in Germany, is the most intemperate portion. The heavy, rich wine districts, as in Italy and Spain, happen, from various circumstances, to be the more sober. Beer countries are more sottish, and are rapidly becoming spirit-consuming ones.

Brussels, as the Paris of Belgium, is thus more sober, less from the disuse of liquors, or even change of strong ones for light ones, than from the adoption of that French sense of propriety which, with the more educated classes, at least, checks the development of gross intemperance. They, in this way, are content with an occasional cup of coffee, or sip at a glass of those delicate but alcoholic liqueurs so peculiar to Northern France, and indulge in a little glass of Cognac instead of

going heavily into beer. I noticed, however, that the Belgian taste for vulgar gin was in abundant exercise. The very low classes had their beer and gin only. A step above had a better sort of beer, the gin, and a drop of brandy. The superior class got wine, less beer, and more brandy and liqueurs.

The Brussels people are generally well educated. Unlike the rest of the Belgians they are a reading, inquisitive, and lively race. Contact with the more energetic classes of Frenchmen, and the town offering an easy asylum to pamphleteers and plotters who rush off from Paris in a hurry sometimes, there is here in the city a large amount of intellec-

tual activity.

Unfortunately this growth of mind is not accompanied by a corresponding increase of moral and religious power. But, if not so outwardly attentive to church observances as the men of Bruges, and even Antwerp, they are not so brutalized by drink. Yet there is a lower moral sense of a cooler, more deliberate, and, therefore, more dangerous nature, which, if not debasing the Brussels' residents to the brutishness of some countries, presents a most formidable barrier to real moral development. There is more chance of the reformation of the superstitious sot of Bruges, than of the better educated but less religiously disposed citizens of the capital, who make use of Michael the archangel for the city weathercock.

The Belgians are accustomed to charge the moral decline of their land to their French neighbours. This is an unjust charge in reference to drink, but fully borne out by facts in reference to other vices.

Amusements, as in Paris, are the prevailing fashion here. They exist, therefore, in strong force in association with strong drink. The suburban estaminets and cafés, in particular, have the auxiliaries of music and dancing to attract customers; some advertise balls and fetes. I paid half-a-franc to enter one of these gardens of pleasure in the Champs Elysées of Ixelles. In town there was another competitor, offering all the sights and sounds, with an allowance of a glass of real Faro beer, all for twenty-five centimes—about twopence-halfpenny of our money. One may purchase there everything, from common beer to the refined spirit of nectar seraphique.

In my visit to Waterloo, I was somewhat struck with signs of public-houses, which met one with quite an English freshness. There are "The Evening Star," "The Rising Sun," "The Rising Star," "The Golden Lion," "The Sportsman," "The Youth," "The Meeting of Friends," "The Green Dog," &c. As artistic specimens, the figures were about the most wretched little daubs imaginable. The Green Dog did look a most deplorable animal,

and The Star was a very dull affair.

The houses themselves were quite in character, and looked simply as drinking dens. A few were of a better order, for the reception of a better class. There was a decent hotel near where lies the Marquis of Anglesey's leg. A large hotel has been put up on the field itself, just under the monument bearing the Belgian Lion. As the English four-

horse stage drove us to the door, one of the passengers sung out, in characteristic English, "Well, I suppose the first thing we have to do is beer."

The guide, having completed his work for the party, and received his fee, came round in the usual begging way for "pourboire"—something to drink. He had been careful to impress upon our minds that La Haye Sainte, the farm-house, which was so useful a post to Wellington, was then an auberge, or roadside public-house, as well as a farm.

The question now comes, how can the evil be remedied? It is as the fabled monster that devoured the men of the country, and laid waste its fairest fields. How I did wish for the presence of such power as dwelt in St. Gery of old, the patron saint of Brussels; who, coming to the rescue of the original inhabitants, then tormented by a huge dragon, caught the beast by the neck with his spiritual stole, dragged him down to the river, and

drowned him in its depths.

The prospect of improvement is not of the brightest. Belgium is now becoming a manufacturing land; the people will be getting higher wages, and, with a diminution of religious feeling and social checks, there will be a larger expenditure in alcoholic liquors. The unfortunate antagonism to political enfranchisement presented by the priests, has greatly alienated the mind of the people from them, and also from their ministrations, with all the moral influence of such associations.

The conservatism of the people is fast breaking down. Some reliance might have been had upon this principle of social feeling in checking the progress of the more dangerous interloper gin, which is fast gaining supremacy over the national beer. The strength of drinking customs is the greatest obstacle to any temperance progression. These exist in great force and multiform variety, sanctioned by the habits of past ages, and the manners

of forefathers.

The ameliorating influence of woman remains. She is everywhere the saving clause of society. Here her power is exerted on the right side. She does not drink, and she discountenances intemperance. Men treat her well; and, if not heeding her counsel, are not disposed to knock her down in their cups—that course is reserved for a more enlightened nation. In Brussels it will be necessary to obtain the auxiliary aid of the Press; in Ghent or Bruges the help of the priests. I rely every where most upon the agency of the nuns, if it can be secured.

Why should not England stir abroad in temperance, as in religious, missionary effort? The reflex advantages would be great to Britain, and the exhibition of such fraternal benevolence to foreigners would bind us in one common brotherhood.

A MEAN man never agrees to anything without deliberately turning it over, so that he may see its dirty side, and, if he can, sweating the coin he pays for it. If an archangel should offer to save his soul for sixpence, he would try to find a sixpence with a hole in it.



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THE LIFE BOAT: FROM A PICTURE BY E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.

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LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

"WHAT a night it is! God help our poor sailors!" From how many a tongue has come this exclamation, or something like it, during the past month. Every day the newspapers have teemed with stories of disaster and wreck. All round the coast there has been sorrow for valuable lives lost, for rich argosies destroyed, for almost countless wealth sucked down into the relentless waves! Commerce claims its victims as well as war and pestilence; for it is an astounding fact that every year not fewer than seven hundred human beings give up their lives in the discharge of their duty on the shores and in the waters that surround our island home. Disasters at sea occur from various causes -vessels coming into collision; vessels driven on shore or upon sand-banks; vessels dismasted and swinging helplessly in the rapid, roaring tide; vessels insufficiently manned or governed; vessels overladen, and unprovided with proper boats or anchors; vessels overtaken in a gale, storm-tossed, rudderless, dismasted, broken-up, disabled, crushed, wrecked!

What a dismal catalogue of ruin has this month of November witnessed! The glorious summer, during which thousands upon thousands of holidaymakers sought the healthy excitement of the seaside, has been succeeded, as usual, by a boisterous autumn and a stormy winter. The sands of Ramsgate and Scarborough, the shingle of Brighton and Hastings, the rocks of Wales and the Isle of Man, that a few weeks since were crowded with gay company, have been strewn, during the past month, with the shattered masses of timber and cordage, the broken hulls and tangled rigging, the masts, and yards and planks of many and many a gallant vessel, from whose decks brave, hardy men, have been washed into the surge to find a grave within sight of home!

How many a household has been saddened, how many a young wife made a widow, how many children become orphans, during this stormy November, who shall tell? Homeward bound, the brave ship has weathered the storms of the great Atlantic, only to be swallowed up in the Goodwin sands, or driven helplessly a wreck upon the shore. As we sit by our pleasant firesides at home, and recall our sunny month by the sea-side, when the waters were calm and still, it is not difficult to realize the picture of those same waters leaping and eddying with destructive violence, foaming into breakers and raging into fury. That very pier-head at Ramsgate, on which we have stood so often and watched the vessels sailing gaily by; or, if the wind be unfavourable, congregating by hundreds in the safe anchorage of the Downs-that very pier-head has been made busy during this November with activity of quite a different character. In the place of fashionably-dressed ladies and idle beaux, there have stood upon that pier little crowds of seafaring men, looking anxiously out upon the sea, noting each passing gust of the cold wintry wind, watching

solemnly for the signal-rockets from the lightships on the sands five miles away, and listening excitedly for the boom of the warning gun that tells them that a vessel is on the Goodwins! In that harbour, out of which we have sailed in such high spirits so many a time in yacht and pleasure-boat, there are now crowds of ships driven in by the stormy weather, some without damage, but most with more or less loss from having braved the raging sea outside: some straggling in, with only just power to reach the haven before the dread life-struggle commenced; others which, having parted with their cables, had run for shore, or were only saved by the help afforded by the very yacht we sailed in, or by the crew of some fishing lugger which has carried out anchors and chains, and arrived at the moment of their greatest peril. The white crests of foam we had watched from the pier-head are now terrible roaring breakers upon the edge of the Goodwin Sands. To the residents, and such of the visitors as remain during the winter, the harbour is now a point of terrible, irresistible, interest. As vessel after vessel comes in, disabled, mastless, stove in, leaky, with bulwarks crushed, and matted cordage, sails split into ribbons, and rudders lost or unmanageable, the harbour fills rapidly, till sometimes more than three hundred have taken refuge in the comparatively still waters, and the town is urged into activity in order to provide the repairs indispensably necessary.

Death has been busy. How often at night have the signal-rocket and gun told of some fresh disaster; and how many times during daylight have telescopes been pointed seaward to watch some brave ship battling with the waves! Then it is that the Life-boat is brought into requisition. Then it is that our hard-worked, willing, noble, boatmen, show to most advantage. Then it is that human nature stands out in bold and startling contrast to the conventionalities of fashion; and just as, when in the Crimea, our dandies made the best soldiers, so, in the face of danger and wreck, our noblemen and gentlemen throw off their affectation with their gloves, and prove themselves men. Surely the death of Lord Charles Beauclerk and his gallant friend at Scarborough—a death met in an attempt to assist a life-boat crew and rescue their fellow-men from destruction—was as noble as was ever accomplished by saint or martyr!

It is scarcely our purpose to record particular instances of wreck and disaster: indeed, the newspapers have been so crowded with accounts of storms during the past month, that it would be difficult to select a single event from which severe loss has not accrued, and in which the greatest prowess and gallantry have not been exhibited by the crews of life-boats and the inhabitants of the coast.

Our engraving exhibits a scene of not unfrequent occurrence, in which life and property have been saved by means of the life-boat. Accounts of noble life-boat services are so much alike that it would require a very eloquent pen indeed to render the story of one disaster more prominent than those of another. Narratives of the greatest personal daring and the most fearful risks abound

in the maritime literature of the year; and each month the National Life-boat Institution brings up the records of shipwrecks on the coast and in the seas of the United Kingdom. Who does not recollect the stirring verses of one of our most popular female writers:—

"The life-boat, the life-boat! when tempests are dark, She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark! When 'midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep, The minute guns boom like a knell o'er the deep!"

Every inhabitant of Great Britain is proud of our country's supremacy on the seas. Peoples of other name and race have built ships, and adventured upon the waves, but to the Anglo-Saxon race alone belongs the mastery of the ocean. alone possess the true love for the sea; they alone are at home upon its bosom; they alone are fearless sailors amid the perils of the deep. Hence they have become the great discoverers and colonists. What other people have so filled the world with evidences of their power? Their ships are out upon every sea; and they have become, in fact, not only the most daring mariners, but the great oversea carriers for the nations. To the activity and valour of her seamen England owes her commerce, her wealth, her glory, and her naval supremacy! But while we contemplate this bright side of the picture, we must not disregard the aspect to which we have already alluded-namely, the tremendous risks encountered by our sailors, and the great

losses by shipwreck annually sustained.

To lessen in some measure the deplorable loss of life and property upon the seas around our coasts, the life-boat has been established, and must be maintained. Every man, woman, and child who loves to listen to stories of daring adventure and wreck-and where is the man, woman or child, who does not love so to listen?—has a direct and personal interest in promoting the establishment of life-boats. The National Life-boat Institution needs nothing but its humane and glorious purpose to recommend it; for it appeals to the sympathy of all hearts for support. The mother whose boy is at sea—the wife whose husband is out upon his dangerous calling—the child whose bread-winner is, in this stormy November, battling with the fierce winds and the raging waves—the merchant whose ventures, in this voyage or that, will either make or mar his fortunes—the great mass of the people, the million, whose very food and means of comfort depend on the safety and strength of our shipsfrom the Queen on her throne to the beggar in his hovel-all, all have a real living interest and concern in the full and proper sustainment of the life-boat. The purely philanthropic efforts of this excellent society have accomplished much, very much. Since its establishment down to the present time it has been instrumental in saving from shipwreck not fewer than twelve thousand lives! It possesses a fleet of about one hundred and twenty life-boats, stationed at various parts of the coast, beside rocket and mortar stations. But in order to accomplish still greater victories over

the power of the winds and the waves, many more life-boats are needed. The society is therefore wisely urgent in its appeals for assistance, by means of donations and subscriptions; and when we come to consider the objects for which such assistance is sought, we, as a maritime and sea-loving people, can scarcely value too highly the means adopted by the Life-boat Institution for the proper carrying its designs into practice. They are:—

"To build, station, and maintain in repair, life-boats of the most perfect description; to furnish them with all necessary appurtenances, including houses to preserve them in, and carriages for their conveyance to the spots where their services are called for; and further, to provide, through the instrumentality of local committees, for their proper management, and the occa-

sional exercise of their crews.

"To confer honorary rewards in the form of medals and votes of thanks, and also to grant pecuniary remuneration to all persons who, at the risk of their own lives, save, or attempt to save, those of others on board vessels wrecked, or in distress, upon any part of the

coasts of the United Kingdom.

All true lovers of their country, and all true admirers of courage and perseverance, must be willing to render the assistance asked. Numerous and frequent have been the testimonies borne to the value and efficiency of the life-boat. So great is that value, and so perfect is that efficiency, that we we may safely say, no other means could be so advantageously adopted for the sustentation of our commercial marine. To make the claims of the Institution thoroughly well-known to the public is an object worthy of all sympathy. The press, everforemost in giving its assistance where it may be rendered most efficient, has never been backward in aiding the Life-boat Institution by means of the publication of its reports and appeals. Writers of all politics and shades of opinion, on this subject meet on common ground—the common ground of humanity. Poets and painters have found in the life-boat a new theme for inspiration. Our sketch is from a painting by that eminent artist, E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., who has for many years taken considerable interest in the success of the important operations of the Life-boat Institution; and within the past few months Mr. Nicholas Mitchell, the well-known author of the "Ruins of Many Lands," has written a beautiful poem on the subject, the profits from the sale of which have been given to this excellent society. From this poem we take leave to make a brief extract, and so close:-

"But now spectators from the shore,
Shout their applause; the heart-raised cheer
Is heard above the ocean's roar;
'The life-boat!' thunders far and near.
That bark of slender fragile form,
Battles triumphant with the storm;
Lives when the ship no more can rid
But founders in her strength and pride;
The dove sent forth, rejoiced to bear
The branch of hope to pale despair;
The rainbow in the cloud of gloom,
Deliverer from the threatening tomb;
Her generous mission is to save—
The Guardian Angel of the wave!"

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF AN ENGLISH TOWN.

A SKETCH OF MIDDLESBRO'-ON-TEES,

THE town of Middlesbro'-on-Tees, is situate in the north-east corner of Yorkshire, a district, which, as well as the adjacent one of South Durham, presents a striking example of rapid growth in wealth and population, consequent on the development of the resources of the country; and there are some interesting circumstances connected with the history of this growth, especially in relation to the great railway system, which may be said to have had its birth and early training in this district; and with regard to the town itself, we believe there is not, in the old hemisphere, another instance of so rapid growth, in importance, wealth, and population, as the town of Middlesbro' presents.

My first recollections date as far back as 1828, when our family removed to Stockton-on-Tees, then a fourth or fifth-rate market town, pleasant and clean and quiet; so quiet, that if you drove down the High Street on a summer afternoon, you felt quite ashamed of the uproar you made, bringing out a large majority of the shopkeepers to their doors to gaze on the audacious disturber of the public quiet. A quiet pleasant town it was, consisting of little more than one long wide main street and its offshoots, and a few houses along the river side, where, before the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a quiet trade went on, principally in the export of provisions—corn, butter, and cheese-from the rich agricultural district of Cleveland; and lead from Weardale and Teesdale. It was too far from the sea to receive any strong impression of a nautical character, unless you strolled down to the "Quay" and encountered the pungent smell of heating tar, and the incessant rattle of hammers, and other inevitable accompaniments of ship-existence, be they few and small, or many and large.

I take my date from 1828:—the Stockton and Darlington Railway had then been opened two years, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was not opened till two years after-September, 1830; and yet the latter is constantly referred to as the first public railway opened in Great Britain. I wish strongly to insist on the priority of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, because, not only was it the pioneer in the march of railway enterprise, but in the survey and working of this line George Stephenson learned his first lessons, and commenced the career that was afterwards to produce such great results for his country. Yes; George Stephenson surveyed the line for the Stockton and Darlington Railway, tramping over the country for many a long hard day, with his frugal lunch of bread and cheese in his pocket; and a friend of mine, who, as a boy, used sometimes to accompany him, has a vivid recollection of the picturesque effect of George's top-boots, as he swarmed" up the trees for his observations. He

was a small man then in the world's estimation, and in his own too; for he possessed all through his life the rare virtue of modesty, and I daresay it was about this time that his increasing engagements made it necessary for him to set up a springcart; but, to avoid hurting the feelings of his less prosperous neighbours, he used to walk a little distance out of the village (after the manner of John Gilpin's wife) before he would get into his modest vehicle. When he was appointed Engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway, at a salary of, I think, £300 per annum, he told one of his friends it seemed such a deal of money he "couldn't find it in his heart to charge any expenses." I doubt not he lived to get over something of this delicacy, though never a man greedy of gain; and now there are some of his successors, the great guns of railway engineering, who pay income tax-if the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets his due-on incomes of from

£10,000 to £20,000 a-year.

The reader must excuse the lingering over this venerable railway: the pace then, was very different from what it is now, and innumerable recollections crowd upon me and have to be shunted in various directions before the regular train of thought can proceed. It certainly was a very primitive sort of railway: it consisted of a single line of rails, with "sidings" at intervals to allow the meeting traffic to pass; a large portion of the rails were of cast iron, three feet long, and the multitude of joints gave a pleasant ambling motion to the coaches, and, when you were inside, produced a most exhilarating tattoo, which resolved itself into all sorts of tunes and particular metres, and enlivened the tedium of the journey considerably—and the journeys used to be very tedious. The coaches were veritable stage-coaches, mounted on railway wheels, and drawn by one horse in loose traces. The whole 12 miles from Stockton to Darlington used frequently to be accomplished in three hours, and those whose business required despatch and punctuality preferred the greater certainty of the turnpike road. This slow progress was due to the single line of rails, as the coach had often to turn aside into a "siding" to allow the queer-looking locomotive, with its train of coal-wagons, to go puffing, snorting, and rattling past. Sometimes coach and locomotive would meet midway between the sidings, like two cabs in Birchin Lane, and a very similar scene would be acted as to who was to go back. I am afraid the engine-driver, having might on his side, did not always give an impartial hearing to the right of the coachman, but would abruptly terminate the conference, by turning on his steam, and shoving poor coachee ignominiously backward till the siding was reached in which he could take refuge-the horse meanwhile getting along as well as he could outside the rails, his traces being long enough to allow for such manœuvres. Taking these various vicissitudes to account, it was not extraordinary if occasionally the "Quaker's Meeting" at Darlington was interrupted an hour after it was "gathered," by the entrance of a troop of "Friends" from Stockton, who had trusted themselves to the perils

of the rail; and when such interruptions occurred I fancy the thoughts of friend Pease, or friend Backhouse,* must have been busied, for a time at least, in devising a remedy for this state of things. This was soon applied, in the shape of a double line of rails, to meet the rapidly increasing traffic. We have mentioned that there were locomotives on the line, "Puffing Billies" the people called them, and very curious affairs they were: an ordinary steam-engine set on the top of a boiler, and the whole set on four wheels, with a water-barrel, also set on four wheels, is a pretty accurate description of the primitive machines that worked the coal-traffic of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, four years or more before the celebrated trial of locomotive engines on the Liverpool and Manchester. The collieries which supplied the line were at a much higher level than the port of Stockton, and consequently the railway was almost one continuous descent, and the wagons used to run down by their own gravity, great part of the way, generally in lots of eight, each lot being in charge of one man, and accompanied by a horse which rode very comfortably behind in a low-wheeled truck of his own, called a "Dandy cart," where he could eat his hay in peace, and enjoy the prospect, and in return for the accommodation, was ready to lend his services to pull the wagons over the level parts of the line, and when he arrived at the port was also ready to drag a similar lot of empty wagons up the line again. The horses entirely appreciated this mode of conveyance, and used to be very anxious to get into their carriages as soon as a lot of wagons were ready to start, and, if they moved off without them, as often happened, used to run after and jump into the little truck with great dexterity, regardless of the warnings against "entering or leaving a train in motion." Things then were managed in a very free and easy way, different from the stern discipline of modern railways. There were no passenger stations on the line; the coaches used to start miscellaneously and loiter about like a London omnibus to see if there was anyone else coming; there were no gates at level crossings; people used to walk on the line when convenient, and on emergencies ride on horseback upon it, and for some years we used to drive a light carriage on railway wheels, for our own conveyance between Stockton and Middlesbro'.

The coal-trade of the Tees rapidly increased, and began to present a respectable comparison with that of the Tyne and Wear; the port of Stockton was soon found to be too distant from the sea and too limited in its capabilities for the growing trade, and the railway company decided to carry their line across the river, and extend it some four miles to Middlesbro', about six miles lower down the river than Stockton measuring by water, and pos-

sessing advantages for shipment.

At the time of which I write there was the name of Middlesbro', and nothing else—an old farm-house, and a much older churchyard, being the only records of human existence within a considerable

distance of the site chosen for the new town. We used to land there sometimes on sailing excursions from Stockton; and in 1830, the last time I remember the locality in a state of nature, the site of the present market-place was occupied by a thriving and populous rabbit-warren. I fancy the situation was selected more for the advantage of the deepwater shore than for any peculiar suitability for the purposes of a town; for the land along the river bank was a low salt-marsh, intersected in all directions by tidal creeks and ditches, the resort of herons, snipes, and immense flocks of plovers; and in winter of every species of wild fowl. Further inland, the marsh gives way to good agricultural country stretching back to the base of the Cleveland hills; and, looking across the river, a very slight elevation extends the vision over a perfectly level salt-marsh to the blue waters of the German Ocean. Very cold comes the east wind over that said marsh; and well it may, for there is nothing the height of your hat between you and the coast of Norway; and when the wind blows at Middlesbro', it does it thoroughly. I think it is Sydney Smith who relates that he once saw a man, in Edinburgh, pinned against the wall for an indefinite space of time by the force of the blast; but I declare by my reputation as a respectable member of society I have seen a man blown clean out of a street into an adjacent field; and a luckless milk donkey* returning soberly with his empty cans, I also saw taken at advantage coming round a corner by the howling wind-capsized and rolled over and over, cans and all, in a most violent and remarkable manner.

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My next acquaintance with the proposed town of Middlesbro' was in the winter of 1831-32. During the interval considerable progress had been made; the site of the town had been marked out, and many plots of land, all freehold, had been sold. I was a schoolboy at home for Christmas, and went on a visit to a relative engaged in the coal-trade, who had removed to Middlesbro', and built himself a house in the new settlement. Some 20 or 30 other houses were built or in progress, and the roads between them were in the most profound depths of mud, so that transit between the buildings was of the most difficult description, and not to be rashly attempted; and I remember my uncle, an old seacaptain, used to communicate with the harbourmaster-who lived in the next house, on the same line of road, but at some distance—by hailing him with his speaking-trumpet from the door of his house, rather than trust himself to the unknown depths of the mud that lay between them.

The shipping of coals had then commenced at the new port, and was carried on by means of a huge line of erections along the shore, called "staithes," to the top of which the coal wagons were lifted by powerful steam-engines, and then lowered to the decks of the vessels by self-acting apparatus called "drops," the empty wagons

^{*} Not a milch-donkey. In the North of England milk is carried about for sale in large tin cans, slung pannier-fashion across the back of an ass.

^{*} The original promoters of the Line.

being again lowered to the ground-level by similar apparatus on the land side. And so the little town grew and prospered; a fine large steamer ran weekly to London with goods and passengers, and the coal-trade of the Tees swelled to important dimensions. Soon after this my family also removed to Middlesbro', and of course we were all much interested in the progress and affairs of the infant town. One of my brothers used to keep a monthly census of the inhabitants in a penny memorandum book (they are now 20,000); and it was not considered at all a breach of good manners, if we met an unfamiliar face, to enquire his business, and, if he intended becoming a settler, such other particulars respecting his character and circumstances as would enable us to judge whether or not he would be a desirable acquisition. The duties of constable, overseer, &c., were also very much of an amateur nature, and two or three of us used to go round to the public-houses at night to drive out the sailors and send them on board their ships. This patriarchal sort of rule did not last very long; the town gradually became more like other towns, acquired church and chapels, schools and mechanics' institute, gas-works, policemen, and a lock-up.

Shipyards, a pottery, and two large iron works those of Bolckow and Vaughan, and Gilkes, Wilson and Co.—rapidly succeeded, and, as the iron trade was soon to exercise an important influence on the fortunes of the town, we will follow their history. Both these works, though of considerable dimensions, were dependent on Scotland for their supply of raw material, pig iron; as at that time the immense iron-stone field of Cleveland was untouched and unknown; and the pleasant hills lying so bright and beautiful within a summer evening's walk of the town, were only known as a pleasant resort for pic-nic parties, and quite unconsciously the proprietors of these works had settled down within a few miles of an inexhaustible supply of iron ore that was then waiting the accidental discovery that

A time of great depression for the iron trade succeeded the wild speculation of 1845, and was severely felt at Middlesbro'; the coal trade, too, was at a very low ebb, and things generally were in a very bad way indeed. The revenues of the railways fell off to an alarming extent, and universal collapse and ruin seemed impending over the whole district.

revealed its treasures.

During this melancholy state of things, one of the partners in the large iron works, was shooting over the hills, and perhaps thinking under present circumstances, that the best thing he could shoot would be himself; when something in the appearance of a stone he picked up induced him to deposit it in the pocket of his shooting-coat, and take it home for examination;—it proved to be iron ore, and measures were at once taken secretly and carefully to examine the hill, which was found to contain immense quantities of iron ore of excellent quality, in many places lying within a few feet of the surface in a strata of from 10 to 15 feet. Arrangements were speedily made with the

proprietors of the land; in many instances annual rentals exceeding the previous value of the land being paid for the privilege of working the ironstone. Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan immediately commenced erecting furnaces for smelting the ore; their example was quickly followed by many others; and a tide of prosperity again set in for Middlesbro'—this time, we may hope, to be continuous. The supply of iron ore is practically inexhaustible, and, as we understand iron of all descriptions can be made cheaper here than in any other part of Great Britain, Middlesbro' bids fair to become the centre of an enormous iron manufacture. Already 60 blast furnaces, producing about 200 tons each weekly, are in operation in the district; large quantities of pig iron are exported to all parts of the world, in addition to the extensive manufacture of wrought and cast-iron of every description carried on upon the spot.

The operation of smelting iron ore is incessant day and night; some regard being generally paid to Sunday by only "tapping" once on that day, and allowing the furnace to remain in a state of semitorpor, which does not require the attendance of the men during the remainder of the day.

The effect of this large number of furnaces after sunset is very fine, especially on a dark and stormy winter night, when the fierce gale sweeps off the lurid flame, with its attendant mass of white vapour and ink-black smoke, in horizontal columns, lighting up earth and sky for many miles round with a strange unearthly glare; whilst the shriek and throb of high-pressure engines, the whirl and clatter of heavy machinery, and the clamour of shouting voices, entirely prevent the prevalent ideas of quiet and darkness usually attached to the night season from being realized in this locality.

Middlesbro' has now attained the dignity of a mayor and corporation, and is probably looking forward to returning a member of parliament at no very distant period. The institutions of the town are numerous and well supported by the public spirit and liberality of the inhabitants. One of their last efforts has been the erection of a noble infirmary, which will be a great boon to the working population, on account of the numerous and severe accidents which the nature of the iron trade renders almost inevitable.

LEARN from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously—as a man who wore a soul in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

Look not mournfully into the past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO WITH HER CRIMINALS?

In spite of the drawbacks, in spite of the grossest official bungling and mismanagement, the penal settlements of Australia have proved a success. The population, as a whole, have benefited by transportation. There came a period of progress when the further continuance of the system would only prove a curse and a cruelty to all parties; but there had been a time when it was serviceable to the convicts and of advantage to Britain. The question then is, may not transportation be resumed under some circumstances in which, while England will be relieved, no injustice will be done to the transported, and no evil be inflicted upon another and a free people? To place them in unhealthy and tropical climes would be wrong; and our devotion to Australia would forbid the suggestion of cotton-growing settlements in North Australia. To establish such parties where they could come in contact with aborigines, and so desolate and destroy them, as they have done the Tasmanians and Australians, would be anything but Christian and humane. To originate a colony where the territorial extent would be insufficient, the resources unsatisfactory, and the future a blank, would be equally inexpedient. But still, without specially indicating localities, we may believe that, judiciously adopted, transportation may yet be of advantage to all parties. With the example of Rome, Sydney, and Hobart Town, we may safely predict commercial and political success, and, perhaps, the extension of general well-being and enjoyment. A cumbrous and expensive machinery, however, will enfeeble the undertaking, and paralyse the energies of those whose good we consult.

Sensible of the difficulties in the way, and too experienced in penal discipline to indulge expectations of perfection, we would still venture upon a few imperfect suggestions. So many ethical, as well as social and political, considerations have to be regarded, that one is constrained to approach the subject with great diffidence, and resist all temptations to dogmatise. Assuming that before long the pressure upon English society will be such that public opinion will pronounce most determinately for transportation, we throw out these simple ideas. As previously mentioned, the place selected must be one combining advantages of climate and commerce; for we have no right to sacrifice the health of the convicts, nor deprive them of the means of future support. It should not, however, be in such proximity to the settlements of Europeans as to produce a restless spirit of dissatisfaction, and a desire to abscond. An organisation of Government might somewhat resemble that of the other penal colonies, excepting the adoption of more liberal views and humane regulations. With a force sufficient for the maintenance of order, and an executive strong enough to enforce respect and obedience, there should be the adoption of the civil rather than the military

element in the adjudication of causes, and the trial by jury. It is most desirable that the officers of administration, even to the overseers of public works, be men of approved moral character, and of married connection. The want of this social advantage was the worst feature of the early days of the New

Holland penal settlements.

Another evil of the Van Diemen's Land experience should be avoided,—the non-equalisation of sexes. It is sad to find that Britain exceeds all other nations in the relative number of female convictions; this arises from the fact that no other women in the world are so given to intemperance as the wives and daughters of our Fatherland. Still there will not be quite an equal proportion of male and female transports. For this reason, and for the general interests of society, as well as humanity to the individuals, it is essential that the wives and children of transports be forwarded to the new colony. If retained at home, they will be a burden upon the State, and furnish increased subjects of crime.

The present times contrast favourably with the past in the arrangements of benevolent and religious societies. Those who desire the good of their fellows are now more banded together than formerly, and spheres of labour are better determined, as well as appropriate agents more readily obtained. It would then be easy to secure men and women as overseers and matrons to this convict emigration who should be every way adequate to their engagement. Noble-hearted, self-denying; and even intelligent persons, can be selected without trouble. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this auxiliary as essential to the ultimate success of the colony. Skilful tradesmen are required for the workshop or field, who should be guides and friends to those placed under their instructions and control. For the conduct of females, an experienced matron, with prudence, energy, tact, and loving-heartedness, is invaluable. Although it may seem like expatriation, yet we assume no obstacles in getting the characters demanded; for, apart from the pressure of a competitive society inducing many to accept of a Government appointment, we are sure that the missionary nature of the employment would be an attraction to the best spirits of the class we want. When more immediately in the service of Government, the prisoners would be in charge to those worthy people; when more independently situated upon the new soil, they would still receive guidance and moral assistance from them, after the fashion of City Missionaries and Sisters of Charity.

More efficiently to carry out this lay agency, which we regard as the most important feature of the system of training, it would be preferable that such persons act irrespectively of clerical authority, and be responsible only to official control. They will exercise the duties of trainers and helpers, while the clergymen, Protestant and Catholic, perform the work of specific dogmatic religious instruction to the people of their particular exponent of faith; for we are aware that all Roman Catholic, and many Protestant, priests, will not sanction laymen communicating doctrinal knowledge, except under their direct control. It is possible, hewever, for matrons and overseers, if right minded, to watch over the struggling wayward moral natures around them, strengthen them in the daily conflict of feeling, and gently lead them homeward in the resistance of temptation, and the

growth of a higher, better life.

As to the settlement itself, it must be established on the self-supporting principle, with the exception of providing persons with public work and shelter for a certain time after arrival. Grants of land, with some aid in respect to seed and tools, will soon organize society, and even furnish employment to new comers. As everywhere, so there, the man of business tact and prudence will soon take a position, and raise himself above all. Thus, capital of the right sort will be formed, and the difficulties of first labour overcome. From our experience of the self-righting of a new community, especially with our own countrypeople, we have no fear of many social trials in the organization of such a colony. Sydney and Hobart Town, with comparatively feeble help from Government for the first quarter of a century, arose to wealth and commercial distinction. The new colony should be under the direct government of the Queen for a certain time. Gradual removals of civil disabilities will follow as the settlement consolidates, and as persons emerge from their condition of bondage by the expiration of the term of sentence or by good behaviour; the political franchise could be taken away by the commission of new offences; expirees should be eligible to positions of trust and honour. While our continental neighbours, with all their intelligence, virtue, and civilisation, show such inaptitude for self-government, it will be found prudent and proper to grant municipal and other public rights to Anglo-Saxons, though but just escaped the felon's punishment. The settlement should be under the transportation system for say twenty years, and then a constitution be granted similar to that in other colonies.

Instead of sending more of that condemned class, and so retaining the settlement in Government tutorage, a progressive system of political enfranchisement should be established, for the gradual development of the principles of true citizenship among them. If, however, the majority of the really freed desire a continuation of transportation, from a belief that it will be advantageous to themselves and to those transported, another term of the system, with necessary social modifications, may be

adopted.

We have a conviction that so satisfactory will such an arrangement be found, as to induce the Home Authorities to organize other and similar institutions, to the deliverance of England, to the benefit of the transported, and to the commercial and political advantage of the British nation.

We shall give a few sketches of what convict life was, in order to show what should be avoided in

future.

The life of a convict in the early times of our penal settlements was not much above the condition

of ordinary slavery; he had no will of his own; he was not his own; he could hold no property. He did the labour assigned to him; he received no more payment than slaves, being provided only with clothes and food; he could not remove from the service of his master; he was subjected to the lash, as a slave, for any supposed or real neglect of work, and for any assumed insubordination to his employer; he was forced to yield to the surveillance of overseers, themselves but convicts, and like slave-overseers, too anxious to please their masters by the display of zeal in task-work and cruelty; he was still under the protection of Government and law, though he felt, like the slave, that such Government and law were more on the side of his master than on his own.

This was the life of a convict in Van Diemen's

At first there was no employment but on the public works at Hobart Town. The prisoners were attached to gangs, and driven forth to their daily toil like any field-gang of negroes. Armed men, soldiers, or constables accompanied each party to prevent escape, enforce labour, and restrain disorder. Miserably and insufficiently clothed, dejected and worn, they pursued their work in a hopeless, mechanical manner; sunken in that demoralization of character which always attends the condition of forced servitude. Some respite of misery and some glimmerings of hope appeared when permitted to toil for private individuals. There was a change of employment, a relief of society, and more freedom of manners when the day's engagements were over. The difficulty of finding employment for the convicts led the Government at one time to attach them to the establishments of settlers. He who received a grant of land was obliged to receive men literally as slaves, in order to relieve the authorities from the burden of their maintenance. As free inhabitants increased by the arrival of immigrants, or the lapse of their period of penal service, capital required more labour, and competitors for the engagement of the prisoners' hands multiplied.

Hence grew the system of assignment. A convict was assigned to a master, without any reference to his own will or inclination, and he was at first simply provided with food and clothes in return for his labour. Afterwards a ration list was proclaimed by Government, as a security that the man should be at least adequately fed. A substitution of wages for clothes next followed. Six, and then ten, pounds a-year were ordered to be paid the men, and four to six pounds to the women.

At first, no term of engagement was fixed. The master kept the convict as long as he had occasion for his services, and then turned him in to Government, as it was called; that is, gave him up to the authorities. The prisoner, however, had no choice but to remain. He could no more change his employer than the American slave select his plantation. Subsequently, as public inconvenience was experienced, the convict was assigned for a certain fixed time, though a renewal of the engagement could be procured from the Government. The generality, in that primitive state of society, were employed in tending sheep and cattle, or cultivating the rude farms of the period. A smaller proportion served as mechanics in towns. From the scarcity of women, male convicts had to perform all the offices of cook, nurse, and housemaid. For a long time the work of the cook and housemaid was in their hands. We have had such in our own service . It was not until after 1842 that any large number of female transports came to the island. Bush life then was not so agreeable as it has since become. Places were not of easy communication, from the frightful character of the roads, and the insecurity of travelling, from the prevalence of marauders. With bushranging as an institution, the homestead was open to attack, and property exposed to removal. This caused a difficulty in getting up supplies from the town, which occasioned discomfort and suffering to the convict assigned not less than to his master. The isolation from society, although relieving him from the presence of some temptations, was a sore trial to the habitué of London life.

But the convict in the bush of Van Diemen's Land had a formidable danger in the aborigines. These, by the cruelty and wickedness of the whites, were aroused to burning hostility. They came stealthily from their forest fastnesses, and dealt blows with waddy and with spear upon their unprepared enemies. The assigned servant, though perhaps guiltless himself of any outrage upon the blacks, was in hourly danger of his life when following the sheep of his master, or holding the plough in the field. His class were undoubtedly the cause of this onslaught of an enraged people, by their treatment of the women and their murder of the men; but he, as an individual, shared the consequences of the brutality of his countrymen, though innocent of any improper design himself. His isolation from civilising agencies causes no advancement in human progress. For him no teacher taught, no preacher pleaded, and no church-bell rang. In many places Sunday ceased to be a day of rest from labour, much less of devotion to religion. He was also exposed to temptations incident to rude life. His manners were coarse, his tongue was foul, his conduct was violent. There was a growth of the lowest passions of humanity with the depression of all elevating sympathies. His associates were men of like low feelings with himself, of like aims and impulses, and equally ready to indulge in the most reckless behaviour. Drink, especially, became his tempter and his curse. With all the obstacles of bad roads, of want of means, of distant markets, somehow or other rum was always to be obtained. Without money, the convict could get it. Enslaved, he yet had freedom there. The loss of a sheep could buy a bottle; connivance at plunder could procure a debauch. Even at that early time shanties were put up in remote places to afford alcoholic pleasure to the bushmen. These haunts of villany and refuges of the scoundrels of society fostered every

bad sentiment of men, and silenced the appeals of conscience.

Thus it was that to convicts, surrounded by evil associations, and denied the presence of any elevating processes, sunk yet lower in the scale of manhood, and realised to its full intensity the curse of that slavery of the intellect, that bondage of the soul, which is more blighting to the happiness of our race than all the plagues which can accompany or follow the loss of mere social freedom. When, with a bad master, the life of the convict was no enviable one, the mere indifference to his moral advancement would not seem a hardship to the exile; but when there was indifference to his personal comfort complainings arose. Long and severe hours of toil, without relaxation of pleasure, or suitable physical support for the endurance of labour, originated disease, and rendered life a burden. But, added to all this, was the consciousness of utter helplessness. The man was aware that the complaining to a magistrate, even could be gain the audience of one, would afford him rather an increase of suffering than an amelioration of his condition. The magistrates were themselves employers, and were neighbours and friends of the masters. It was regarded then just as essential to keep down the convict by severity, even to injustice, as it is now by planters to maintain the subordination of their slaves. The word of a convict was esteemed of little higher value, when directed against his master, than the accusation of a negro in the Court House of a Southern State.

Cases of individual barbarity were common enough in the early Colonial times. Personal chastisement, though against law, was not unknown. Even where the cruelty should have aroused the manly courage of the convict, not only to have made a complaint, but to have secured the reproof of the bench against his oppressor, a revenge of no insignificant kind was sure to follow. A charge of theft could be easily substituted by the suborned witness of a fellow-prisoner, and the personal defence of a mere convict would avail him little in warding off a conviction. It was as easy, also, to prefer a charge of neglecting work, or of being guilty of insubordination, and equally ready would false accusers be found from a herd of rascally slaves. Usually, cases were dismissed in a summary way, of "twenty-five lashes" - "fifty lashes," &c. The poor wretch got his quantity, and was again consigned to the tender mercies of his exulting master. Without defending the convict, or regarding his condition with that maudlin sentimentality for prisoners, so prevalent at this day in Great Britain, we cannot but assert our conviction that many masters treated their servants with gross neglect and systematic cruelty. It was this that drove so many decent men to the bush and obliged them to become bushrangers. It was a knowledge of some cases of this sort of tyranny that aroused the anger of the English House of Commons, that led Archbishop Whately and others to stigmatise the old Van Diemen's Land Assignment system as the vilest of treatment for criminals, and which ultimately led to the abandonment of that system of penal discipline altogether.

It is right, however, to look to the other side of the picture. The old assignment system had its good features. Under it masters found men whose interests became identified with their own. Constant association in the same field of labour often drew opposing classes of society together to their own mutual advantage. The one found a home and a friend, while the other got an attached domestic and a hearty co-worker. We have known repeated instances of assigned servants, after staying their term of bondage, refuse to leave the homestead of their master, and beg of him to be allowed, as free men, to remain on the same footing and wages as during their days of slavery. The domestic institution, so to speak, had an attraction to the poor convict. He who had, perhaps, in his younger years known only hardship, repulsion and crime, now found some one caring for him, dependent on his service, and an object, too, of his own manly regard. The very infirmities of approaching old age was an additional reason with some for not leaving a family whose members would always remember the wants of such a servant. We can speak from experience of the personal attachment of many of these poor creatures, and their devotion to the children. Wayward as children, and sensible of their own feebleness of character, they would fondly cling, sometimes, to a home which would not less shelter them from harm than give them objects upon which to expend their solitary affection.

The assignment system made it worth while to a master to take the same trouble with a man in teaching him a business as if he were an apprentice; and for the same reason, too, because he knew that a bond of several years would give him remunerative return of labour for his instructions. The man, on the other hand, who had, perhaps, been kept in a vicious circle in England from ignorance of a honest trade, now acquired the means of a comfortable and honourable subsistence. Then, when the term of his engagement was up, he was enabled, if sober and wise, to commence an independent course, and raise himself by successful industry to be wealthy and influential in society. It was this hope that encouraged men to struggle with the early difficulties of their convict course, and most gratefully did some afterwards recognise the kindness of their masters. Ex-tailors from London became successful farmers, and pickpockets were converted to honesty by the possession of a herd of cattle. Some masters took a worthy pride in exciting the ambition of their convict servants, and in rendering them assistance upon their start with progressive freedom. Not a few took a further interest in their assigned helps. They gave them good counsel, and set before them a judicious example. A well-ordered household was a real blessing to the convict. Their ill habits were counteracted, and better ones fostered. Preserved from temptation without, and induced to enter upon a course of self-discipline, these erring sons of crime became in some instances well-ordered

The efforts of Christian citizens and happy men. employers, especially when seconded by the kindness of their partners, were repeatedly fruitful in the subsequent religious bearing of their domestics. Instances might be given, were space sufficient, as confirmation of this statement, and in evidence of a higher emancipation than that of a legal one. It was something, at least, for a criminal to be taken from the prison-ship into the bosom of a respectable and moral family, where his personal well-being would be regarded, and future prospects held forth

for his encouragement.

A simple illustration of this system may be cited. We were in want of a male servant on one occasion, and were induced to accept the assignment of a young fellow recently brought from a London gaol. Inquiring into his police character, we ascertained that he had been transported for robbing his master. But, pleased with his frank expression, and touched with his earnest request that we would just try him for a month, we ventured to take the thief. He remained in our service nearly six years, and proved himself as honest a creature as we could wish to have. He had abundant opportunities to get rid of a few things, for nothing was locked up from his hands, and he was indifferently occupied at one time as cook, and then as out-door man. Originally a town apprentice, he became an excellent boiler of potatoes, maker of beds, nurse of babies, driver of horses, raiser of cabbages, and killer of pigs. He once saved us from an attack of burglars, and captured a ruffian at midnight, who was prepared with rope, jemmy, chisel, and knife to lift our moveable stuff, and cut our throat in the event of disturbance. We succeeded in obtaining for the young man one degree of freedom after another, in reward for good conduct; and had the great satisfaction of bidding him farewell, as, with cash saved by his economy, he took his voyage to England to see his dear old mother.

We are here depicting the life of a convict, else we might expatiate upon the life of a free colonist in association with convicts. Material advantages were certainly enjoyed, as grants of land were obtained on easy terms, labour was abundant and cheap, taxes were few and light, and the market for produce was generally favourable. But the moral consequences to the colonist were not always so beneficial. The atmosphere of depravity was neither good for himself nor his family. It is true that he made his own selection of circumstances, and took the country as it was,—a penal settlement. The misfortune was, that at that period the Government had provided no free colony for the industrious emigrant. He might visit the unhealthy localities of the Indies, but no opening for his energies as a farmer appeared beyond the struggling American settlements, or the convict home of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Many who gained wealth thus lost a greater treasure in themselves or their families. But space will not permit us to speak of the free, when our subject is a sketch of the bond.

[To be continued.]

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE PENDUCKEY.

LITTLE PENDUCKEY sat in a corner of the room, crying bitterly. I do not like to see boys cry; it should take a great deal to make a boy cry, even though he be no bigger than this one. And you will think, no doubt, he had good cause.

It was not because the snow was falling fast, to hinder his going out. The snow-man, and the snow-house, which might be seen from the school-room windows, showed they had not been hindered by the snow or frost, indeed, from many a good game. As to the chilblain on his finger, that pained him a good deal to be sure; but Penduckey was not the one to cry for such pain as that.

The fact is it was Christmas time; the boys were all going home for the holidays; and just as poor Penduckey's boxes were packed, and all in readiness to start by the coach, a message came to say that his mamma was taken ill, the house must be kept quiet, and the little boy was to remain at school for the holidays. And this was the cause of Penduckey's crying. Perhaps you or I might do the same if we had the same reason for it.

The boys had all gone, one after another, some by coach, some by rail, some by omnibus; one or two fetched away in the carriage mamma had sent for them. The great school-room was now quite empty; it looked bigger and lonelier than ever, and the great black shadows seemed to fill it up, all but where the fire threw its bright red

glare.

Penduckey crept nearer and nearer to that bright spot, as it grew darker; and when he had cried till his head ached, he sat with his chin leaning on his hands, looking into the glowing mass of red-hot coal. He made out curious things in it. One part looked like a bridge with a fallen tree partly across it, and an old man with a stick going over. In another place there was a ship with sails; and again, between the lower bars, a space like a huge red cavern, with a wild beast, a lion or tiger, just springing out.

For a few minutes he forgot his troubles, in the amusement of tracing these pictures in the fire; and, not thinking that he was alone, he called out —"Dickey Ferguson, come and look at these funny things." Then he turned round, saw nothing but the dark still room, and remembered that it was

the holidays, and he was alone.

The tears broke out afresh, and he sobbed quite loud; but all at once, hearing a footstep in the passage, he dried his eyes in a hurry, and stood up. He would not have been seen crying for any consideration.

The door opened, and the old cook came in with his tea and the lamp. The bright light coming in so suddenly, made the boy turn away his eyes, and old Keziah guessed the truth.

"Don't take on, Master Frank," she said kindly, as she hobbled to close the shutters. "The time will soon pass away, and if we have fine weather,

you will find plenty to do out-of-doors to amuse you. I've brought you some jam, and a nice hot cake, for a treat. Now don't you be vexing yourself, there's a dear."

Old Keziah spoke very kindly, but I am sorry to say little Penduckey made not the least answer. He stood sullenly by the fire, and let the poor old woman hobble to and fro, clearing the window-seat of his books and pictures, when he might have

helped her, and she so lame.

I am sorry for him, but I must tell the truth. He was not an unkind or ill-natured boy; he had a good heart, and would not have hurt even an insect for the world; but he had been petted, and what is called "spoiled," indulged at home, and had become in consequence rather selfish, inclined to think too much of himself, and too little for others. And though he was not weak or delicate, he was perhaps a little too much given to sit over the fire, and afraid to soil his hands, or tumble or tear his clothes; which caused the rest of the boys to laugh at him when he would not join in their rough games; and one, more saucy than the rest, had called him "Little Penduckey;" so the name had stuck to him ever since. His father's name was Penducie, but you know how fond boys are of nick-

He was a clever boy, too, and might have been a great favourite if he had been more inclined to study the pleasure of other people, and not go into a sulky humour about trifles. As it was, he was constantly getting annoyed and vexing himself and others; just as now he was in a pet because old Keziah had suspected him of fretting, which, indeed, he had been doing. He sat down to his tea, and actually pushed from him the nice things the old cook had been so kind to provide. He sat drinking his tea, and half crying as he thought how all his schoolfellows were enjoying the welcome at home, displaying their prizes, and telling all they had done, to papas and mammas and sisters.

"And I had two prizes to take home!" he said to himself. "They will be quite old by the next holidays. It is too bad! Papa might have let me go home; I should have been quiet enough. Oh, what shall I do all the long, long weeks?"

He thought how glad every one of his schoolmates had seemed; how they shouted and jumped and ran; what a scramble there was for the coachtop; what a waving of hands, and what loud cheers

as they drove off.

"I don't believe they felt a bit sorry for me," said little Penduckey, half crying again; "they did not think of the wretched time I should spend in this dull room all alone. Everybody is unkind to me, I think. Papa won't let me come home, and the boys all go off to enjoy themselves, with hardly a good-bye to me! Everybody is unkind!—nobody thinks of me." He stopped short, for just then his eye fell upon the nice hot cake and the jam that the good old servant had taken the trouble to prepare on purpose for him. She must have felt sorry; she had thought of him.

He pulled the cake towards him. It was very

good indeed. One piece tempted him to another. He ate on, and could not help asking himself what had he ever done for old lame Keziah, that she should so think of him. When he had finished his tea, he went and stood by the glass door in the lobby, looking out upon the playground. The moon shone very brightly, and the tall snow-man looked like a fine statue, so white and tall. Little Penduckey remembered the fun they had, all of them, the day before, in building up that great snow-man; and how they had to get a ladder to put the pipe in his mouth, and the hat on his head.

The old hat lay on the ground, near the snowman, and it reminded him how cross he had been because they would not let him be the one to go up the steps and put on the hat; and when the bigger boys very good-naturedly gave way to him, and he did go up the ladder, what a laugh was raised, when they saw that even with tip-toeing and stretching his arms he could not anything like reach the top of the snow-man. He had gone into a passion, and thrown the hat at the boy who laughed. In his haste and rage he overbalanced himself, and the ladder came to the ground, rolling him into the snow, at which the boys all laughed the more. He was not hurt, but he felt vexed at the laugh, and ran away to sulk the rest of the day. They did not seem to miss him; for they went on with their games very well without Penduckey, and some of them had not forgotten it when they bawled out to him from the coach-top, "Good-bye, little Penduckey; do not

He felt the meaning of their words; and, indeed, so lonely and sad he was just now, he believed if he had but one of the boys with him he would never quarrel all the holidays. "If it was but Dickey Ferguson," he said to himself: "what games we could have, and we should get on ever so much better without the rest."

fall out with the snow-man."

Now it was singular that Frank should have thought of Dickey Ferguson above all the rest, seeing that he more often found fault with him than the rest of his schoolfellows. Dickey was very poor indeed. Not many of the boys' fathers were so well off as Mr. Penducie, and Frank had more fine presents and money to spend than any of them; but Dickey had only a widowed mother, who was so poor she could afford to send her son very little pocketmoney; it was all she could do to put the boy to a good school, and poor Dickey had to make the most of all he had—toys, books, and clothes. But he was such a good-tempered fellow; so full of fun; and so honest and truthful, that all the school loved him. He had four invitations to go with different of his schoolmates to their homes this holiday; but he had a little sister, who was ill, and ne wished to be with her, to read and do what he could to amuse her. So, though he did not look forward to much merrymaking, he went home.

"Not one of them asked me to go," sobbed little Penduckey, as he turned into the school-room, where old Keziah was removing the tea-things.

"I hope you liked the cake, Master Frank," said

"It was very good indeed," he answered; "and I am much obliged to you." He handed her a knife and a spoon to save her limping round the table. The old woman thanked him so gratefully that he could not forbear saying, "I am very sorry, Keziah, I did not thank you at first for the cake: it was very kind of you to think of me."

"Eh! dear heart; it was little enough that to do," said the old woman, much pleased though at Frank's words. Then she left the room, and he was alone again. He tried to read, but he kept forgetting his book, and was leaning his head upon his hand, wondering what his schoolmates were now doing. Whether Tom Roper had the fireworks he used to talk about,—if Harry Mitchell could ride the new pony his papa had bought for him,—and if Jack Sewell, who had made such boasts of his skating, found the round pond at his father's farm such a fine piece of ice as he hoped for. Presently, little Penduckey began to nod; and was startled from a dream of his own home, with a Christmas pudding and mince pies, by his head coming down "flop" upon the book he had been trying to read. So he took up the lamp and went off to bed.

Here, again, he felt terribly alone. The long rows of empty bedsteads, with all the bed-clothes folded away, and the bare beds covered up in coarse holland cloths; only his own remained as it always was. He missed the merry chatter that was usually going on at bed-time; the plans for to-morrow, the telling what lessons had been learned, the many little confidences of the boys one to another.

He remembered how most frequently he had ended the day with some foolish quarrel, about a trifle generally: how only two nights ago he had thrown poor Dickey's socks off the brass peg where his own hung, and refused to let them share it. Dickey had only laughed, poor fellow (he slept in the next bed to Frank's); and the very next morning he had helped little Penduckey in his Latin verses. Little Penduckey crept into bed, and cried himself to sleep. You must not laugh at him, you big brave boys; remember, the poor lad was very lonely, and, besides, he was thinking how badly he had behaved when he had his schoolmates with him, and we are most unhappy when we have to blame ourselves. I have told you his mamma made a pet of him; and, having plenty of money to spend, she would have her son made comfortable, so she said, at school. So Frank had fine brass and ivory pegs for his clothes, a smart hat-box for his hat and cap, and such soft towels, such fine combs and brushes, such shelves for his books, and racks for his bats and traps. Few boys had so many convenient and expensive things for their use; and, indeed, they laughed at little Penduckey, and made fun of him for it, though many would have been glad to have the same. He was not generous enough to let any one be benefited by them but himself; and I am sure he was not one bit the happier for them.

Morning rose frosty, clear and bright. Frank

jumped out of bed, and was quickly dressed; then down to the playground. His spirits had risen with the fine joyous morning, and he had resolved on setting to work to build a snow-man all by himself. "I will let them see," he said, "that I

can get on without them very well."

But, alas! it was easier said than done. First of all he had to scrape the snow together, from various parts of the playground; then to heap it up and beat and mould it into shape; then it got too high for him to reach, and yet the man was not half finished, and he had used all the snow which lay near; and by the time he had fetched two or three shovelfuls, his arms ached so that he could not lift them to put the snow into shape with his spade. Then he remembered how capitally they got on when all the boys were here — how the smaller lads fetched the snow and piled it up ready for the tall boys, who shaped and beat it hard, and planned how the limbs and body of the giant should be moulded. There was Charley Land, who was so clever, and to whom all the boys used to go for advice in any difficulty; and stout Bob Reed, who could lift such weights; and good-natured little Herman, who would fetch and carry for anybody; how each helped the other, and how well they got on all together.

Little Penduckey thought of all this, and again he began to feel so lonely and helpless that, sitting down upon a wheelbarrow, he was just ready to cry. All at once he heard his name called from

the house :-

"Master Frank, Master Frank, where are you?

It was old Keziah. For a moment Little Penduckey thought he might be sent for from home. He ran as fast as he could. "Here you are," cried old Keziah; "come and see what has come for you, the carrier has just brought it."

He followed her into the hall. There stood

a large box, with his name upon the lid.

It was too heavy for the old woman to lift: she called the gardener's boy in, and he carried it

up to the school-room.

When Frank opened it, he found a note at the top from his sister. She it was who had sent it, and she hoped as he could not be home with them that Christmas, that he would make himself happy with his presents, and his papa and mamma sent their kindest love, and as soon as ever mamma was better he should be sent for. The box was full of nice and good things. First there was a large cake, a box of candied fruits, and a small plumpudding his sister had made for him with her own There was a drawing-book, with some beautiful coloured pictures of birds, which Frank Then came a was especially fond of drawing. splendidly-bound volume of Sandford and Merton, a box of water-colours and drawing-chalks, with a drum, battledore and shuttlecock, and a tiny pair of skates. Little Penduckey jumped with surprise and joy as he came upon each of these things, and when he saw the skates, having again forgotten he was alone, he shouted to "Dickey Ferguson."

But he soon remembered; then he sat down to try on the skates. They fitted him exactly. He was delighted, and would have hobbled off to try them directly on the pond, which was frozen hard and smooth; when all at once he remembered that he could not yet skate; it was Jack Sewell who had promised to teach him, and he had written in such delight to tell his mamma, that was the reason Amy had sent the skates. As he thought of this, he set down again, and the tears came into his eyes, he could hardly see to undo the straps.

"They are no use to me, now," he said, "and by the time the boys come back the frost will be gone,

I daresay."

He then set to work to draw a bird, and colour it like one in the book; but it was dull work,—nobody to show it to—no one to ask whether this was the right colour. He got tired; then he read a little of Sandford and Merton, and for some time was quite interested in it; but when he came to the building of the house, he jumped up, and was just going to run to tell Tom Roper that here was a description just like the house he had talked of building. Poor Penduckey! he had forgotten again that he was alone.

He began again to feel sad and dull. He put down the book, and set about writing a letter to his sister, to tell her he had got the box safe, and to thank her: he did not forget to say how dull he

was.

The evening came, and, to make matters worse, little Penduckey had a bad headache. Between you and me, I believe he had eaten rather too many of the sweet things. He had them all to himself, for the schoolmaster and his wife were away keeping their holiday; there was no one in the house but old Keziah, and she was only glad the poor boy had something to amuse him, she said; if she had been wise she would have asked him to let her put them away for him.

He felt very dull and sad, and I fear a little

cross.

"I would rather have gone home, than have had all this box full of presents," he said, as he got

ready to go to bed.

He was putting his book and paint-box away into the big box, when in one corner he saw a small parcel he had not before noticed. Taking it up, he saw it was a very pretty purse, with some money in it, and a slip of paper folded neatly inside. On it was written:—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now whether it was that these were the last words he read going to bed, or whether the little boy had indeed in his mind the idea that he had been but selfish to those about him, I do not know. Certain it is that he dreamed about them, and that in his dream all his schoolfellows were come back; he felt so glad, and was so pleased to share with them all his treasures, that when he awoke he felt quite disappointed to find himself all alone.

He lay thinking some time, till the sun shone full into the room; then up he jumped, and dressed, and

away he ran to find the gardener's boy.

The lad was at work in the shed, whistling merrily, though his clothes were very old, and his big hands were blue with the cold.

"A merry Christmas, sir," he said to little Pen-

duckey, touching his cap as he spoke.

A thought came into Frank's head with those words which he could not forget. Away he ran and fetched out a big slice of plum cake. How the boy stared when it was put into his band, and how he thanked the little gentleman!

"But why don't you eat it all?" asked Frank; for the boy was putting away the larger

"I've two little brothers at home," said the lad. "Please sir, I could not enjoy it without they had a taste."

"Ah! but they shall have some, too," cried little Penduckey: "you eat yours up." Then he told the boy what he wanted, and asked him to help him.

"I haven't much to do here," replied the lad;

"if Mrs. Keziah will give me leave."

Just then old Keziah called Master Frank to his breakfast.

"You like duck eggs, I know, Master Frank," said the kind old servant, "and I've got you a beauty for your breakfast."

"Ah! and I've something for you, Keziah," shouted Frank, and in a moment he had cut her

such a slice of pudding!

" May Joe come with me to the town?" he asked, when the old woman had tasted the pudding and declared it was the best she had ever eaten."

"Yes, and welcome, Master Frank," she said. Then she told Joe to mind he did not get the young gentleman into any mischief, or he'd catch

Away they set,-little Penduckey, and the gardener's boy, Joe.

They did not come back till near dinner-time,

and they were loaded!

Then they went to work upstairs, with Keziah's leave; she was only glad to see the little boy so

A set of nice pegs were put up by Dickey Ferguson's bed, and a handsome set of shelves took the place of the old box, where poor Dickey's books had been piled anyhow.

Three fine racks in the playroom held all the small boys' bats and cricket stumps, and there was

a net full of balls hung near it.

Little Penduckey had determined to give his schoolfellows a surprise, and in the very way they would like. Not one of the boys but had something. Tom Roper had so longed for a magic lantern, but could never save money to get it. There it was. Jack Sewell had broken so many leaping-poles, that his father would buy him no more; but Joe, the gardener's boy, was just now busy marking J. S. upon a fine strong one. Harry Mitchell had as much money and as many fine things as Penduckey, and was kind too with them; but he had lost his Testament at church, a very handsome one given him by his mother, and Penduckey had heard him say he did not like to tell

her. Another, quite as handsome, lay on his desk,

with his name written in.

Little Bob and Morris Rowe had long sighed for a drawing-book and colours like Penduckey's. They both drew better than he, but their father was poor, and they knew it would be useless to ask him. What pains little Penduckey took to choose the drawings he thought they would

At last all was done, and the boy had gone, wishing the little gentleman a merry Christmasday. For to-morrow was Christmas-day.

Then Little Penduckey ran to old Keziah, and

called her in a great hurry.

"Please, Keziah," he said, "will you buy me a large piece of beef-very large?" "Bless you, Master Frank," cried the old woman,

"what on earth are you going to do with beef?" "I heard Joe tell another boy this morning that his father had spent all his money in doctors and in burying his little sister, and they would get no Christmas dinner to-morrow. I have got some money, Keziah; mamma won't be angry, do not be afraid of that: please do buy me a large piece."

"Lord love you! Master Frank, surely I will," said the old cook; adding, as she hobbled away, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The beef was sent to the gardener's cottage, with a large lump of Frank's pudding. a dinner as the poor little ones made! I wish Little Penduckey could have heard how often his name was mentioned with gratitude that day. But, though he was alone, and ate his Christmas dinner alone, Frank was not unhappy. He read Sandford and Merton, and laid many plans of what he would do, too, when his schoolfellows returned. He drew and painted, and wrote another letter to his sister; and the day seemed to have passed very quickly when bedtime came. Perhaps it was that his mind was happier; certainly no day afterwards seemed dull or sad, and there was no more crying.

The holidays passed; the boys began to return. The first who came rushed in a group to the

school-room.

"Hallo, where's Penduckey?" "Penduckey, old boy, are you alive? Where are you?"

"He has fallen out with himself and run away,"

said another.

"Hope you have had a merry Christmas!" shouts another.

But presently there was a change in the cry. "I say, look here; I have got a new bat and stumps!"

"Hallo, who's given my rabbits such a fine hutch?"

"Why, here's a Bible with my name in!"

"And a new leaping-pole!"

"Such a splendid ball I have got!"

Joe was there: he was not long in telling the

Then such a shout as was raised for " Jolly Penduckey !"

"Good old Penduckey!"

They found him, seized him, carried him off, on

the shoulders of the biggest boys, round the schoolyard, with three cheers and three times three.

More kept coming in; and they, hearing the generosity of the little boy, without waiting to find their own shares, cheered loudly too.

Then there was a feast of Little Penduckey's good things: the magic lantern was shown, and a regular glorious evening they had. Penduckey's heart leaped for joy, when he saw old Dickey Ferguson take up his place in the bed beside him; and the grateful little chap thanked him for all he had done.

"You are to use all my things, Dickey," said Little Penduckey. "You need not to thank me," he said, in a whisper, as they lay down to sleep, "for it makes me a great deal happier than keeping

them to myself."

Yes, the boy had found out the truth of that wise and good sentence, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Henceforth it is who shall be kindest to Frank Penduckey; and not in contempt or in pity, but in sincere esteem and love, do his schoolmates still call him "Little Penduckey."

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

FAREWELL TO AUTUMN.

An, the autumn, the beautiful autumn is dead With all its glories, dewy and sweet, And instead of the sunset's evening red The gaslights glimmer along the street.

O sunny fields where the daisies grew,
O grand old woodlands, shady and hoar,
I brush no longer your morning dew,
I bask in your mossy depths no more.

No more through the sunny noon I lay, Lazily stretch'd on a couch o' flowers, Where the waving branches above me play Dreaming away the beautiful hours.

No more in the solemn twilight time, I linger awhile by knoll and stream, Weaving wild snatches of vagrant rhyme, Or brooding over some bye-gone dream.

No more o'er the rustic stile I lean,
Watching the sunset's golden show,
While the magic spell of the hour and the scene,
Wakens my heart to a raptur'd glow.

The reaper has gathered his ripened sheaves,
The swallows have fled to a warmer shore,
The branches are stripp'd of their fruits and leaves,
And the beautiful autumn days are o'er.

Ah well! there are pleasures left us yet;
Each season, they say, has its joy and pain;
So stir up the fire, the tea-tray set,
And bring me my old books out again.

O my dear old books, my trusty friends,
Ragged and dog's-ear'd, worn and old,
Though the woodlands fade, and the summer ends,
You never grow gloomy, or harsh, or cold.

You never are peevish, or stern, or shy,
Nor grumble, however the world may go,
And when I am weary of you—why,
I can "shut you up" at once, you know.

Though the sunny hours pass with winged feet, Though fortune be fickle, and hopes be few, Though friendship be hollow, and love a cheat, I never shall find any change in you.

Am I merry? Here is the jovial rhyme,
The rich ripe fun, and the humour rare:
Am I sorrowful? Here are thoughts sublime,
That teach me how noble it is to bear.

There is never a phase of heart or brain,
There is never a yearning passion wrought,
But here I may find some sweet refrain,
Some gem from the jewel-mine of thought,

That thrills in accord with the grateful joy,
That brightens and glows in my happy breast,
Or, with pitying motherly lullaby,
Rocketh my sobbing pain to rest.

There, the lamp is drooping—take it away; Leave me alone with the firelight gloom, While I sit, as the shadows flicker and play, Brooding and lone in the darken'd room.

What strange sweet thoughts in my bosom rise, What weird and fanciful shapes are seen, As I peer with wistful and wondering eyes Into the beautiful might-have-been.

O pensive hour, so solemn and still, O chasten'd mourning that is not pain! Whence cometh this wild ecstatic thrill, That throbs and tingles in every vein?

'Tis a world of compensation they say,
And I often think that this glorious glow
Is the recompense given in God's own way,
For the pleasures and joys I may never know.

Yet e'en in these deep delicious hours, I think sometimes with a yearning sigh, Of the twilight strolls, of the dewy flowers, Of the beautiful summer days gone by.

Well, well, we musn't complain, I suppose;
There are joys to share, there is work to do,
And if summer in glory gleams and glows,
Old Winter has pleasures and comforts too.

Chelmsford.

E. C.

WE celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love, by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

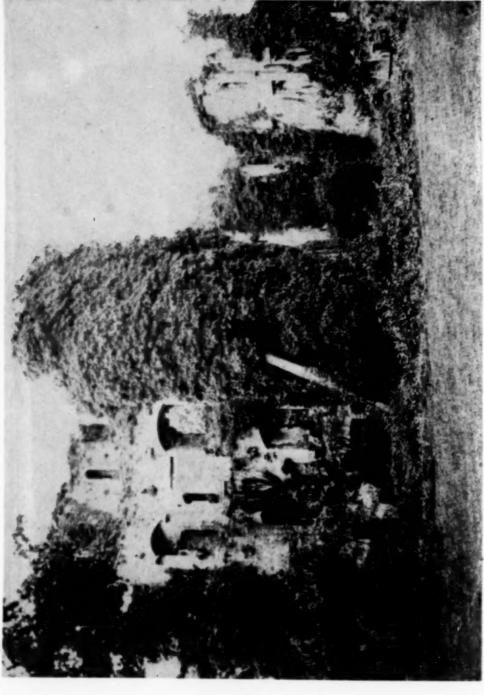
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Frith and Hayward, Reigate

THE KEEP, RAGLAN CASTLE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

RAGLAN CASTLE.

OUR photograph for this month represents the keep, or "Yellow Tower of Gwent," which is probably the oldest portion of the ruins of Raglan Castle, and dates from the time of the first Henry. The other parts of the castle are of no great antiquity; but the title of the finest castle-ruin in England has often been claimed for it, and it was the last baronial fortress in the country that stood out for the Royal cause against the victorious

arms of Fairfax and Cromwell.

Raglan is situated about seven miles from Monmouth. It was, during nearly four centuries, the family seat of the illustrious house of Somerset, -the Earls and Marquises of Worcester. "The history of this princely race, (say Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their delightful sketch of the locality which appeared in the Art Journal) is almost that of England during its most eventful periods, from the war of the Roses to those of the Crown and Parliament: they were foremost among the nobles of the realm in every reign, always gallant gentlemen, often accomplished scholars, and very frequently the patrons of letters, science, and art,-on many occasions holding rank amongst its most eminent professors. The memoirs of this great house are indeed full of incidents akin to romance; furnishing to the throne and the country, brave soldiers, skilful ambassadors, loyal subjects, stout defenders of national rights, and men who considered that to increase popular knowledge, as well as civil liberty, was the first duty of a nobleman. The House is, therefore, illustrious in a higher sense than even that which is derived from rank, wealth, and antiquity. After the Restoration, the then Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the second Marquis,-the author of "A Century of Inventions," a work that went "far beyond its time,"—and the grandson of the gallant soldier whose defence of his castle is amongst the most stirring incidents of the age,—was created, in 1682, Duke of Beaufort. The present owner, the eighth Duke, Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, was born in 1824. He has placed in care of the venerable castle-palace of his ancestors a gentleman of intelligence and taste, and has adopted every possible means for its preservation; at the same time generously throwing it open to the public.

There is little to be said of the building itself during its peaceful days. In the reign of Henry

VIII. it is described by Leland, as "fair and pleasant, with goodlie parkes adjacent," and at a later period, by Camden, as "a fair house, built castel-like." You may picture its jealous portly old warder, with the huge keys dangling at his waist, holding quaint converse through the little barred window of its massive gate, with a traveller of doubtful exterior, "dusty and deliquescent," who claims the hospitality of its lord; or you may fancy its oak-panelled halls resounding with the mirth of a "goodlie companie" of "fair women and brave men." But the chief events with which its name is associated refer to the period of the declining fortunes of the unhappy King Charles. After the defeat at Naseby, that monarch repaired to the princely safeguard of Raglan Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Worcester, where, strange to say, he spent some weeks in sports and ceremonies-in revelling, and audiencegiving. Here, amid these diversions, he somewhat recovered his spirits and his hopes. But very shortly afterwards the Marquis was besieged in his castle by the army of the Parliament. This was in June, 1646. The besiegers were rapidly augmented by troops "released from Oxford," and, headed by Fairfax, they compelled a surrender—but not till the venerable Marquis, who was then in his 84th year, had twice received the commands of the King to abandon further defence. On the 17th of August, 1646, "the officers, soldiers, and gentlemen of the garrison, marched out with horses and arms, colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder and ball, choosing any place they pleased to deliver up their arms to the General of the Parliament." The siege was followed by the sequestration and sale of the estate; and it is alleged that Cromwell possessed himself of a considerable portion of it. The lead was stripped from the roofs, and the whole of this beautiful and sumptuous edifice was left to the plunder of the populace and the destroying hand of time. "It has, therefore, been a ruin during two centuries:but it is (affirm Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall,) beyond all question the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom. Other ruins there are grander and more imposing, but none so graceful in decay: none that so pleasantly yet so forcibly recalls a period when the barons' hall was a continual scene of hospitality, and the baron at the head of his retainers-in all but name, a king."

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA. NO. III.—THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

THE system of religious service adopted, is determined among the majority of mankind by the force of authority or tradition, among the few by reason. The character of thought conveyed in the ministrations is regulated by the standard of education among the people, whatever be the faith in vogue. Few counties of England are more loyal to Church and State than Shropshire; yet among the ready supporters of the Establishment scattered over the luxuriant banks of the Severn, are those who find in texts of Scripture remedies for the maladies of cattle and man. The edicts of Constantine and Theodosius which forbad the exercise of Pagan rites, and transferred the temples of heathen mythology to the cause of Christianity, gave an extension to the boundaries of nominal Christianity more rapid than else could have been reached. The devastating victories of Charlemagne over the idolatrous Saxons, followed by the proffered alternative of death or baptism, gave colour to his Imperial ambition, and admitted the progenitors of the Royal Family of England to the honours and privileges of Christendom. The issue of a battle in the Spanish Peninsula has moulded the Moors of Seville and Granada into the family of European nations.

To win the possession, by a stroke of daring, of those accessories to human delight and comfort which the industry and genius of ages have collected, is one of the strong temptations to military enterprise. Napoleon the Third presents on some festive day to his Empress golden cups of rare device, the spoil of the Summer Palace of the

Chinese Emperor.

When passion for power and possession is countenanced by the specious argument of religious propagandism, the strongest motive seems supplied for invasion and conquest. To unite the East and West in the bonds of commerce, so that by intermarriages and exchange of good offices the inhabitants of those two great continents might be gradually moulded into a similarity of sentiments and become attached to each other with mutual affection (Diod. Sic.)—was the plea under which Alexander the Great followed in the track of Oriental commerce to his invasion of India, the founding of Alexandria, where probably commerce had already a halting place, and his discovery to Europe of the remarkable features of Indian life. But Mahomet, in uniting the sword to the Koran, gave a fierceness to the Mogul conquerors of India which resembled more the ravage of tigers than the worshippers of God. To lead the enthusiasm of a disciplined armyto guide the tempest of passions—the volume of force which the battle arouses, has charms for the ambitious and proud; and in the estimation of society, when the victor is superadded to the soldier, has an additional incentive to exertion. Statues in the market-place-thanks in the legislative assem-

blies—titles and honours, shew the homage of the world to the successful general. But the missionary, though engaged in a higher object, with nobler views of man's advancement, passes away obscurely and without regard, save among those to whom he has committed the celestial treasure.

The laboured panegyric on the Duke of Wellington, pronounced by Disraeli in November, 1852, in the House of Commons, commends the qualities of the highest order of general as the most complete triumph of the human faculties. The plagiarism of the passage from Thiers, though sorely rebuked at the time, did but equalize the thought-creating leader of the Commons with Aristotle, to whom Bacon applies the title of "Felix doctrine prædo." Its vigour may justify an extract. "It has of late years been the fashion to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have made us somewhat less aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which go to the formation of a great general. It is not enough that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, and adroit in managing men; he must also be able to perform the highest duty of a minister of state, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and clerk. And he has to display all this knowledge, and to exercise all these duties, at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. At every moment he has to think of the eve and the morrow, of his flank and of his rear. He has to carry with him ammunition, provisions and hospitals. He has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather, and the moral qualities of man, and all those elements that are perpetually changing he has to combine, sometimes under overpowering cold, sometimes even amid famine, and often amid the roar of artillery. Behind these circumstances, too, there is ever present the image of his country and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to welcome him with laurel or cypress. Yet this image he must dismiss from his mind, for the General must think, and not only think, but he must think with the rapidity of lightning; for on a moment more or less depends the fate of a most beautiful combination, and on a moment more or less depends the question of glory or of shame. Unquestionably, sir, all this might be done in an ordinary manner and by an ordinary man. Every day of our lives we see ordinary men who may be successful ministers of state, successful authors, successful speakers. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to be able to think with vigour, with clearness and with depth, in the recess of the cabinet, is a fine intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour clearness and depth amidst bullets, appears the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of the human faculties. The labours of Hercules have altered the world, but the Nessian tunic vanquishes the conqueror."

The comment of Disraeli seems exaggerated. Hercules may change the world's condition, yet the Nessian tunic shows him that yet there is a world to conquer. But the missionary finds in

the field of natural and moral philosophy the training-ground for those exalted powers which few

mortals are permitted to enjoy.

At the Liverpool Conference on Missions in 1860, it was set forth, as a complaint, that the natives of India, when cultivated for their work by our missionaries, found in secular appointments more attractive engagements; and a remedy was submitted—that their education should be kept down to just that minimum which would suffice for the work. The ambassadorial glory which burnt around the brows of the first missionary to the heathen would find little fuel for continuity in such a prin-

ciple of action.

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The missionary requires for his weapons of offence a profound knowledge of the motives of human action, and a vigorous influence over those latent sparks of principle which link man's destiny with a spiritual existence. To see visions of angelic presences, to dream of future unfoldings of creation's plan, is but a small part of his high ambition. The mastery of material creation by the volition of the mind; the displacement of mountains into the depths of the sea by that expansive faith that assimilates the human to the divine; the victory of the world by the liberation of the soul from the inertia of matter through its correlation with the infinite, is the glorious theme of his life and word. The European idea of progress is the possession of power over the forces of nature for the greater delight of human passions; the Asiatic is the subjugation of the forces which constitute human life, whether belonging to its material or mental organization, to the rule of an imperious will. The Christian philosopher reverently moulds the two into that model existence which is expectant of power over the forces of nature and the legions of spirits because its affections are in accord with the harmony of the supreme plan. The source of his message is the border land of Palestine which links Europe to Asia, and the dawn of a morning which will fill the world with celestial pulses is looked for in the land where the waves of the intellect and imagina-

Few men have approached this ideal character nearer than Saint Francis Xavier.

THE CRUSADER.

ALL was hushed in the abbey walls
Save that the echo rung
'Mid clustering aisles, of the full chant
The holy monks had sung.
Then to Richard Cœur de Lion
Each bent his mailèd knee,
And swore to be faithful and true
As Christian knights should be.

And as each knight pressed eager on To the newly-crowned king, A warrior old, with feeble step, Came from the knightly ring. And each stalwart knight gave way At the Earl of Chester's name, Until before the youthful king The good Sir Ranulph came.

And then he would have knelt him low;
But Richard stayed his knee.

"Nay, nay, my good Sir Ranulph, nay,
Thou shalt not kneel to me.
Thou shalt not kneel to me," he said,
"Thou first knight of the land:
Thou ledd'st me to my first fair fight;
By me, content thee, stand."

"I served thy father, noble king,"
Replied the aged knight;
"I served the noble countess queen
In many a good fair fight.
Two sons fell for the countess queen,
For thy great sire my last—
'Onward!' he cried, and his last breath
"Faintly blew his bugle blast.

"And, noble king, my heart is thine;
Tho' gone is my strength and pride,
In my poor stead this boy I bring,—
May he die as his father died!"
The old man's words were proud and high,
And he turned him half away,
And on the sword the boy girt on
A big drop fell—some say.

He paused as Arthur bent his knee
And duteous homage paid;
Then on the locks of Norman hue
His withered hand he laid.
"Heaven guard thee now in tented field
And in fair fight, my son:
My castle now is desolate,
But Heaven's will be done!

"I'll hear of daring deeds afar,
Of thy gold spurs, my son—
So young and fair for bloody field—
Yet still, His will be done!
Be ever foremost in the fight—
Be near thy king, my son;
Shouldst thou fall as thy father fell—
May still His will be done."

Why ere the old man left the shrine
Had the king's cheek turned pale?
Whence had Sir Ranulph's words the power
To daunt his heart of mail?
The ancient knight's first words, cold drops
To Richard's brow had brought;
Seems from the struggle written there
Conscience wakes bitter thought;

The first words of that grey-haired knight
Hushed memory had stirred;
He who ne'er quailed in battle-field
Quailed at that old man's word.
And memory o'er the bitter past
It's bitter lines had shed.
What now to him was England's throne?
Could he recall the dead?

That night in silence deep and long
Before the cross he knelt;
Yet seemed his guilt too black for prayer,
He bowed his head, and wept.

"How can I hope for heaven?" he cried:

"A voice beside me came—

My father's curse again I heard,

When that old man named his name."

The abbot meekly clasped his hands
And upwards raised his look,
Until again, in accents low,
The monarch's anguish broke:—
"Oh power and fame, and all I'd give,
My crown I'd lay aside,
Could I but know my father's lips
Had blessed me ere he died!"

All open lay his secret soul,

The monarch's pride lay low;
The abbot long and fervent prayed,
And then—naught else we know—
Save on the morrow the Lion Heart
This vow in council made:—

"I will sell London, if need be,
"To raise a third crusade."

And soon the tidings spread full fast
Through all our merrie land—
"King Richard goes to the holy war,
Join him with heart and hand!"
And many round the royal flag
Gathered with ready heart;
For such a king, for such a cause,
Glorying they bore their part.

And many joined the holy cause,
Young, old, the rich, the poor,
With ready hand—but heart they left
On their own English shore.
And some few purer hearts and true
Left their own land in peace—
On holy ground, absolved from sin,
Trusting to find release.

And soon the tidings spread full fast
Through all our merrie land,
And wilder grew fond woman's wail
As grew the warrior band.
Some gathered round the royal flag,
And still with aching heart
They gloried that in such a cause
Beloved ones bore their part.

And louder grew fond woman's wail;
Old, young, the rich, the poor,
Wept for some one who ne'er returned
To his own English shore.
And some few purer hearts and true
From earth's cares sought release
Till taken hence to a happier land,
Where tears and sorrows cease.

And Ladye Clare in her lonely bower,
As chimed the vesper bell,
Oft watched in vain—she never heard
The footfall she knew so well.
And each light word, each proud cold smile,
Often she mourned in vain—
Gone was the young crusader boy
She never saw again.

And each light word still lighter seemed,
Each cold smile colder grew,
As o'er his every word and look,
Bright hues fond mem'ry threw
Dim through tears rose the evening star
So bright on the holy shore,
On many a red cross knight, who, like
Young Arthur, returned no more.

Shift we the scene. The battle's o'er—
List to the thrilling sound
Of praise to Him who the red cross
With victory has crowned.
On the cross of his crimsoned blade
Is fixed young Arthur's eye.
The crusader boy upon that field
Seems left alone to die.

The red blood flows with each quick breath,
Death's cold drop's on his brow;
And yet he smiles—to his own land
His thoughts are wandering now.
Not all alone; for o'er him bends
Fair England's kingly knight.
Such joy there gleams on that young brow
Grim death seems almost bright.

"And is it so?" said England's king,
"My gallant boy—soon's past
Thy wreath of glory here below;
But that above will last.
Well hast thou won thy golden spurs—
Well hast thou stood in fight—
And on thy first, thy last fair field,
Arthur, I dub thee knight."

And tidings reached the aged grandsire
In his home across the main:—
He fell, thy young Crusader boy,
Afar on holy plain.
The hour he sent him to the fight
On Sir Ranulph's memory woke,
And his last blessing on the boy
In altered accents broke.

"I said, 'Heaven guard thee in the field,
And in fair fight, my son;'
I said, 'My home is desolate,
But yet Heaven's will be done.'
I said, 'Be foremost aye in fight,
Be near thy king, my son:'
Thou hast fallen as thy father fell,
So bright—so fair—so young.

"How could I, when thy father's blade
I gave thee, oh, my son,
Say, shouldst thou fall as he had fallen
Great Heaven's will be done!
For now I've heard of thy fair fight,
Of thy gold spurs, my son—
Yet oh! how hard it is to say
'Thy will, oh Heaven, be done!'

"How easy 'twas when all was bright,
And pride was high, my son—
How easy then it was to say
'May Heaven's will be done!'
But now my home is desolate;
Thou art gone hence, my son;
Oh He must teach me to be still
And say, 'Thy will be done.'"

And once more tidings dark and drear
To the old warrior came;
False treachery to the Lion Heart
Stained many a knightly name.
"Oh Heaven," he said, "forgive the wish
That I had yet a son:
Thou hast taught me once, teach me again,
To say 'Thy will be done.'"

M. E. G.

LOVE-MAKING AT TEMPIO.

In the north of the island of Sardinia, on one of the mountains of the beautiful Limbara chain, lies the town of Tempio, the capital of the Gallura

district, with a population of 6000 souls.

Its position among mountains abounding with deer, muffloons, wild boars and "banditti,"—its houses built with rough blocks of red granite, furnished with clumsy wooden balconies, and, above all, its inhabitants—wild, bandit-like, black-bearded, ferocious-looking men; and slender, graceful, black-eyed women, stalking about, Moorish fashion, with a gay-coloured woollen petticoat, turned up over their heads;—all these things give to Tempio an interest and a character peculiarly its own. But, dear reader, you must leave the town awhile, and travel with me a little way into the circumjacent country. We are going to a "stazzu," or farmhouse, situated on a ledge of the mountains.

The country through which we have to pass is luxuriant in the extreme: gardens and olivegrounds, vineyards and orchards, lie on all sides, and as we leave the more cultivated plains, Nature seems to assert her right, and to run riot in her own abundance. The ground is carpeted with lovely wild-flowers; the sides of the rugged mountains are clothed with the wild myrtle, arbutus, thyme, lentiscus, and other aromatic herbs and shrubs. The tall cork trees cast a delicious shade, and beneath their foliage innumerable sheep and goats are bounding and browsing. They are the property of a wealthy neighbouring shepherd, or farmer, (for the terms appear to me to be in this case somewhat synonymous), and they constitute the chief source of his wealth: from their wool he is clothed in the coarse and homely, but good and durable, homespun or Orbacci cloth; and from their milk alone is made the coarse cheese which is not only largely consumed in the island itself, as a condiment, with macaroni and maize flour, but is also exported to Naples for the same purpose.

But now we have gained the toilsome ascent and are arrived at the "stazzu." We pass through a large court-yard, where several small but finely-shaped horses are secured by ropes to rings fastened in the wall at short intervals, and are snorting and curvetting after an approved fashion of their own. They are very well bred horses, and, like many animals of a yet nobler species, they desire to show their superior condition by being insufferably dis-

agreeable to their neighbours.

In this court, moreover, are implements of husbandry, antique enough to tax the ingenuity of Jonathan Oldbuck himself as to their real origin; and in a snug corner are neat rows of cork-pails, there placed in pleasing anticipation of the coming milking-time. There is a tremendous baying and rushing forth of enormous boar-hounds, silenced with difficulty by an equally tremendous "Ai, ha!" and "Zitto," from the farmer—whereat the noble creatures wag their tails and crouch to their several resting-places. And this farmer, with his short kilt of black homespun, wide white cotton drawers and

sleeves—so snowy white too—and loose black sheepskin, sleeveless coat, with the shaggy wool outside, neatly-gaitered legs, long black beard, and knife-garnished belt-certainly he does not look much like a peaceable tiller of land and tender of flocks: he (to my mind at least) much more re-sembles a "Capo banditti." Nevertheless, poor Renzo is peaceable and harmless enough, and we may as well follow him into his cheerful and hospitable "stazzu." The first room is, as usual, the general apartment. The huge smoking smouldering log occupies the centre; in one corner, neatly rolled up, are the sleeping mats, which at night will be unfurled and placed in a circle round the log, to serve as couches for the younger members of the family; the luxury of beds being reserved for married couples or occasional guests.

An opposite corner is occupied by the quiet good little "molentu," that most useful and inoffensive member of every poor Sard family, and best of the donkey race; who heedless of all comers, is patiently making his monotonous rounds and grinding the corn for the family. And this mill again, with its two huge circular stones, this specimen of the earliest of primeval inventions; -its origin would also certainly serve to addle the brain of a Jonathan Oldbuck, for its counterpart, I find from Mr. Chambers's account, may be viewed in the capital of Iceland. However this may be, we only deign to give it a glance en passant, for we are not antiquarians, and would find much food for speculation if we were, in the contemplation of a curious sort of lance, which, with rather antique guns, fishing tackle, and corn sieves, are stowed away in a third corner of this general receptacle of Sard housewifery.

But we pass on to an inner apartment, and here a truly bright scene awaits us. In a circle on the floor are seated a number of young girls, richly dressed in the brilliant festive costume of their district; they are all busily employed in picking and tearing a quantity of wool heaped up in their midst. Beyond these, on benches along the wall, sit a number of young men, the suitors or admirers of the maidens, and, like them, attired in their very best holiday suits. For some time the homely occupation is prosecuted in profound silence, broken only at intervals by a titter or a leer. At length a pretty young damsel, whose riant features and brighter complexion point her out as the acknowledged belle of the party, rises from her place, and, taking in her hand a guitar of simple and most primitive construction, commences a little uncertain, tinkling air. There is at first a good deal of simpering, and some display of rustic coquetry; but by and by, warming with her subject, she pours forth a whole tide of wild but not unpoetic verse, accompanying herself the while with the jingling little cetera. It may seem almost incredible that a girl, who for the whole world could not write her name, or read aught beyond her breviary, should be able thus to arrange her ideas in impromptu verse; but the beautiful half-Italian, half-Spanish dialect, lends itself peculiarly to this, and the vein of innate poetry is easily aroused in the Sard breast.

The song of the pretty Ritta,—for so we will name our young acquaintance,—is a plaintive remonstrance against the cruelty of fate. She appeals to her patron saint, whom also she accuses of having

deserted her cause.

Presently another and yet another slender form arises to warble the soft cadence, until each in her turn has sung and played. And now again the graceful Ritta rises, and blushingly advances towards a fine tall youth, habited as a shepherd, and, bending to him, offers him a small bouquet of flowers, accompanying the act with half a couplet. Felice bows low, kisses the sun-burnt and ringladen little hand, and taking therefrom the proffered nosegay, makes a suitable reply and completes the couplet. It is plain that Felice loves Ritta with all the honest warmth of a true and manly nature -there is a whole volume of tenderness in those deep, dark, earnest eyes—but we pass on. Each maiden as before now takes her turn, until, with more or less tact and ingenuity, each one has performed the graceful little ceremony. And now the young men must take it in turn to vibrate the cords of the tinkling little cetera, while the young girls sing. The songs—some plaintive, some gay -are by no means inharmonious-though occasionally accompanied by a horribly gruff roar from the men, which might very readily be dispensed with; nevertheless, even this has perhaps a wild character of its own.

But a cloud has evidently come over our gay little party, in the person of a dark, forbiddinglooking youth, whose advent seems by no means a thing to be desired, and the "Serbiridos Ignazio," "Addios Ignazio," are mere cold forms of speech, they evidently convey no welcome in them; and Ritta, poor little Ritta,—see the smiles and the roses have alike fled from her cheek! Her simple and warm-hearted companions flock around herthere are no secrets in this loving and hating little community—the grief of one is generally the grief of all. They know that Ritta, though betrothed to Ignazio, loves Felice with all the impetuosity of a faithful and ardent nature; they know this, and loving their sweet companion, they dread the consequences—they foresee a terrible "vendetta." So they rally round her with words of comfort: "In envrigeda mia," says one, "In corragio." And she does take courage and smiles again, though one may see it is a little forced. So again the wool-picking and the singing proceed, until the whole of it is picked and deposited in the huge flask prepared to contain it.

And now comes the rustic banquet—there is no lack of the very whitest and closest bread—no lack of macaroni and cheese, or of lovely fruit—and no lack of confetti, or sweetmeats. These latter are of divers kinds; some are made of the delicious honey of the country, mixed with almonds; others look like funny, rotund, and uncomfortably hard little biscuits; but they appear to be in great requisition. It is quite wonderful to see how many are consumed, and how many are scattered about, having been pelted hither and thither as missions of love.

Moreover, there is no lack of very excellent wine, of more than one description, and of rosoglio, without which no entertainment could be considered com-And lastly, no lack of very genuine merriment; laughter, gay jests, and overstrained compliments abound; but there is no approach to excess, the idea has not reached them. But, alas, for human pleasure in general—and in this case Sard pleasure in particular—with much that is sweet there is a sad dash of the bitter also, as poor Ritta can testify. The darkening glances of Ignazio bear testimony to the wildness of his jealousy, and jealousy in the heart of a Sard has something fiendish in it. The calm life-current which gently warms the heart of the northern lover, bears on analogy with the boiling bubbling stream of headlong passion, which throbs through every heartpulse of those children of a warmer sun. Ignazio is mad-mad with fierce rage and deadly hate. More than once his eye has kindled as it met that of his rival; more than once his hand has hovered over the handle of the long hunting-knife lodged within his girdle. These signs of unmistakable significance have been noted, and many a shrug and whispered comment have travelled round.

See, the sun sets—not gradually, but far more suddenly than in our northern region—and as the golden orb sinks in the horizon, every lip mutters the "Ave Maria Santissima." Even Ignazio,—dark brooding, threatening Ignazio,—lowers his eyelids as the words of the hymn hang on his lips:—yes,

Ave Maria Santissima.

It is a beautiful practice; would the words were

directed to the Saviour!

With all a woman's tact, the dame, who has perceived the dark threatening gestures of Ignazio, hastens to break up the feast and form the "ballotondo" in the spacious court-yard outside. But whom have we here galloping towards the "stazzu" on a fine roan horse and with a snowy sheepskin in lieu of saddle? Who, but a son of Britain. Yes! there he is, that strange half-Sard, half-Englishman, in his curious drab suit, and with his fair wavy hair and beard. Unmistakably Anglo-Saxon is he in face and figure; unmistakably Sard in his ideas and feelings, he loves to see the ballo-tondo, and a festa in this part of the country is scarce complete without him. He loves to attend a wedding, and is "compare" to half the country round. On these occasions he leaves his sea-dwelling, "The Brig," in charge of his elder companion - the other "curiosity from Britain," whom he calls uncle. And here he is—(not at all in a holiday suit by the way)—but his welcome is universal. He is a great favourite with the patriarchs of the party, because he tells them all the news. A great favourite with the young maidens, because he pays them compliments; with the young men, because these compliments are equally distributed; with the children, because his pockets are stuffed with dolci and confetti. So there he is, seated on a tub quaffing Malvagia and Nascao. See what a circle there is around him; - old men stroking their beards, matrons spinning away spindle and distaff in hand; and dear rosy, sun-burnt, black-eyed little ones, rolling and tumbling at his feet. And this throng increases, for the matrons have left their graver occupations; the milking, too, is done, and

they come dropping in to see the festa.

The old women have not the haggard, crone-like look, so noticeable in Italy; they wear a comfortable coloured handkerchief over the grey hair, and it looks well and comely. Meanwhile, on winds the eternal ballo-tondo—with a whizz and a whizz—on and on—round and round—winding and unwinding its serpent-like coils so solemn and so stately—one would say that life itself depended on its steady tramp; and as the setting sun glances on the gay scarlet and gold of the glittering, undulating human mass, the monotony of sound and motion makes one dizzy and dream-like.

And what a glorious starlight night it is! how soft and clear is the atmosphere! how beautiful the fireflies! But see the ballo-tondo is broken up. Our Anglo-Sardo has mounted his roan, and—most gallant of cavaliers—has got a jolly-looking young matron and her plump baby-boy, pillion fashion, behind him. The child is helping himself nicely to confetti from the tails of his coat behind. There is a complete cavalcade astir, Indian file—gently over the rugged mountain path it winds—oh, would that Landseer could see the bright cortege; he would be tempted, dear reader, to give you one of his almost living and breathing sketches, especially if yonder magnificent boar-hound formed one of the

And now here we are in Tempio again; there is a great fluttering in the clumsy wooden balconies of the otherwise most quiet houses, a very swift and very gentle closing of casements, and, moreover, a general rushing of sundry dark capoted figures into the shadows and dark corners of the streets. Ha! ha! so we have set the lovers to flight, and this is the way they make love at Tempio? Exactly so, dear reader; but it is high time they should go to rest, and also, perhaps that I should again say to you for awhile at least, Addios!

LUCKNOW.

"Round us masses ever swarming, eager-eyed and swarth as fiends,

Waiting for the little few, that wait and wistly watch for friends;

Spreading mines of death beneath us, closer, closer still below:

Drop.by drop, our cup of ruin filling, to its overflow!

O, our darlings, and their children; -shall our spirits, torn away,

See, with agony's last spasms, devils rushing on their prey?

Shall they weep for mercy, frenzied, clasping those that, as they kneel,

Cleave the sweet fair brow upturning, with the ruddy dripping steel ?

"We are men, and we are Britons; and our fathers, long ago,

Taught us how to die in battle, patiently before the foe;

But the gentle girls that love us ;-fiercely will our spirits strive

Not to quit our striving bodies, leaving them on earth alive!

"It were something, it were something, might we even, standing by.

With a last clasp, clasp each other, even as we clasped, to die:

Might our spirits, linked together, float unsevered to the sky!

"They would speak of us in England; sorrow for the brave that died

Fighting for their home and country, with their darlings by their side;

And a glory, and a lustre, on our corses would abide.

"This were something; but the horror, when they image us, above,

Torn from earth, and nought availing for the treasures of our love;

Seeing them hacked down and butchered, by the godless devil-drove!—

"Will they never come, our comrades ?-O, one burst-bayonet sweep!-

And the eyes might find their tears, that have long forgot to weep:—

Will they never come, our comrades ?—O, one mighty cannon roar!—

And their patient haggard faces might be lit with joy once more!"

Thus they pondered; men o'erwearied with the long, scarce hoping strife;

Men whose listening hope was pining with a very death in life;

And the eager foe beneath them crept with tiger crouch around,—
When its back already writheth, for the fury of its

bound-

Lo! a distant "BOOM," unfolding, muffled, shakes upon the ear;—

And they start, and Hope's great anguish tears the troubled heart like Fear;—

And another;—and another:—'Tis their comrades dear afar;—

And they loose their old pent anguish in a hurricane "Hurrah!"

Saved !—and she, the pearl of beauty, woodd so long ere she would yield,

Is not with a stab to totter backwards on the slippery field;

Saved !—and she, the sweet and gentle, with her children by her side,

Is not now to writhe, death-mangled, where her gallant husband died!

Saved!—the tense bow strung so tightly, springs so sudden slack again,

That the winding tears are trickling through the thin strained hands of men!

Saved !—and by the fires of England loving hearts shall flutter fast

At the tale of that long waiting, and that cannon roar, at last!

I. R. V.

CHRISTMAS COMPLEXITIES.

WE all know who has asked, "What's in a name?" If I had happened to live at the same period, and had been favoured with the acquaintance of that gentleman, (How odd it would sound, by the way, "I am going to call on Mr. Shakspeare;" or "It's washing-day at the Shakspeares;" or "The leg of mutton and steak for Mr. Shakspeare,")-if I had, I say, had the acquaintance of the great man, I could have answered that question of his, and assured him that there might be a great deal "in a name." Mine, now, happens to be Smith. Smith I suppose is as good a name as any other. I don't believe there are more Smiths made bankrupt, or hung, or transported, on an average, than any others; and yet half the annoyances of my life have arisen from the simple fact that I am forced to plead guilty to this precise combination of five letters of the alphabet.

"A rose by any other name" may "smell as sweet." I don't believe it would; but certain it is that had my name been — say Shakspeare for instance—I should have escaped the annoyances which have fallen to my lot, and for which my name

and nothing else has been responsible.

They began with my school days; I shall never forget when our master in the upper school used to issue his orders to the ushers down the gutta percha tube—That "Smith was to have a round dozen." There were some half-dozen Smiths, not including those who spelt it "Smythe;" and the usher, to save trouble, generally laid hands on the first Smith he came to—I sat nearest to him: the flogging would be half over before the mistake was rectified.

One Christmas Day-most of my mishaps do occur at Christmas, which indeed set me talking of them just now-I had gone home full of anticipations of the jolly life I was to lead the next six weeks. I had two affectionate sisters, a doating mamma, with several female cousins and aunts, who united in the work of spoiling me. A vision combined of plum-pudding, mince-pies, snap-dragon, sliding, riding, and magic lanthorns, was floating before me, on the journey home. Arrived at the paternal mansion; instead of the usual rush of openarmed embraces, the smiling faces, and sparkling eyes, that were wont to greet me, I was met with silent sorrowful countenances; my sisters' slow movements and tearful eyes; my mother's whispered blessing, the constrained manners of all—even the servants—towards me, told me but too plainly that I was in disgrace.

Yet, for what? Conscience acquitted me of offence, save in the matter of cracking a staircase window, for which I had voluntarily tendered my pocket money; and so been under the necessity of "ticking" for three-pennyworth of toffy at Mother Candytuft's, till the return from the vacation. I was dismayed at the coldness of my reception, and the discomfiture painted upon my visage no doubt confirmed the idea of my misdemeanours.

The dinner passed almost in silence; my father appeared to check any attempt at conversation on the part of my sisters with me; even old Fan, the spaniel, when she would have fawned upon me was put aside by his stern hand. As soon as the meal was over, my father rose and desired me to follow him to the study. I saw my sisters turn their gentle eyes with a deprecating look upon him, and I fancied my mother murmured, "Don't be too severe, John." I wondered and quaked in my shoes.

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My father closed the door, seated himself, and then began at once upon poor me, standing like a culprit before him. I had been idle, disobedient, neglectful of duties; worse than all, (for my father was a man of strict probity,) I had lied. I was a disgrace to him, he said, wholly unworthy of all the care bestowed upon me, and false to the good promise of past years. I, amazed, terrified, began to stammer out a denial. My father silenced me at once; bidding me not make my faults worse; adding, that he would never have credited it, had not the report come from the hand of my worthy schoolmaster himself. As he spoke, he held up a letter which lay beside him.

I was dumb. Such of you as have been schoolboys will understand the impossibility of appeal against such an accuser; and feeling, like poor Topsy, some vague suspicion of my own unworthiness, I began to bellow for pardon, rather than in

self-justification.

My sentence was stern enough; at the time I thought it equivalent to one of death. I was to pursue my studies the greater part of the day, in the study, under my father's supervision; when released to read some serious book, or take a prescribed walk with him or my mother. No play, no visiting, no sliding, no pony; and, alas! what appetite had I for feasting? I submitted; it was vain to rebel. More kind and indulgent none could be than my father, when deserved; none more stern, when he deemed punishment due. I saw my sisters and mother suffered as much as I did. Little Agnes crept to the study the following morning, while I was busy construing some Latin verses.

"Oh! dear Johnny," she whispered, "why did you be so naughty?"

I began to exclaim; she shook her head.

"Papa says it's worse to say you didn't. I am so sorry, Johnny; we were to have such nice games!"

She was called away, and I left to my solitude. There was a door from the study to a morning room, where my mother received her visitors, and this being one morning a-jar, I heard a lady, a near neighbour, who had called, speaking of the excellent account they had received from the schoolmaster of her son.

"He used to be often very bad," she said, "and his papa was much hurt and vexed; but this time the Doctor gives such a good report, it is quite delightful."

I heard my dear mother's sigh, as she closed the door of communication. I knew she was thinking

of the different report they had had from my schoolmaster. I laid my face down on the book, and cried till my head ached; my construing not being much assisted by the operation. I did accompany my sisters to one or two juvenile parties in the neighbourhood, but somehow the consciousness of my disgrace seemed to weigh down my spirits, and unfit me for the least enjoyment. I believe I was positively glad when the day came for returning to school; that Black Monday generally so dreaded by schoolboys.

My father accompanied me. There was nothing uncommon in that; but I could see that the reserved demeanour he felt it imperative on him to maintain towards me was painful. We arrived the first, and were ushered into the Doctor's sanctum, where he was not slow to join us, with that bland smile and affable tone with which parents and guardians were invariably received.

He shook hands with my father, then with me. "And how has our little friend enjoyed the vacation?" he asked. "Mamma was, I trust, delighted by the evidence of progress, physical as well as mental, eh?—Your son will be a treasure, Sir, a treasure to his family."

My father stared and frowned.

"I deeply regret, Doctor," he sternly began, "that you should have had to render so sad an account of my son's behaviour; that your excellent precepts and untiring supervision should have been thrown away."

It was the turn of the Doctor to stare, as he with uplifted hand interrupted my father's wrathful

speech.

"My dear Sir, here is some mistake. Our young friend, to my knowledge, has deserved no such reprimand; his conduct has been most satisfactory."

. "Sir!—Doctor!—" retorted my father—" what then am I to understand by this letter, received the very morning of the day on which my son re-

turned home?"

The Doctor took the proferred document, glanced at it in amazement; then turning to a compartment of the desk beside him, he drew thence the copy of a letter, which he placed in my father's hands: ssying.

"That, Sir, was the letter intended for your perusal. This was destined for Mr. Joseph Smith,

I believe a near neighbour of yours."

In a minute all was made plain. The letters had miscarried, owing to a slight confusion in the numbers, which was the sole distinction; the superscription in both cases being "J. Smith, Esq., Inkermann Crescent." For our far-seeing Dominie took the precaution of posting the letters containing his half-yearly reports of the young hopefuls; to whose hands had they been consigned—perhaps experience had taught him—the delivery might be doubtful. Thus Joseph Smith, jun., had been regaling in the reputation of the spotless character earned by me; while I, luckless wight! received the full weight of the opprobrium attachable to his misdeeds. It was his praises I had

heard sung while doing penance in the study over Latin verses in the vacation, which to him had been all sunshine.

My impression is that I bore up less manfully under this discovery of my innocence than I had done under the penance inflicted. My father was himself little less grieved, though his pleasure at the truth was intense: while the good Doctor, as he patted my head, exclaimed—

"What could our little friend have thought of me?" Adding some Latin sentence which was lost on me, in the delight at my father's announcement that I should return with him for a day or two.

"We owe him some amends, eh, Doctor!" he said. I believe the first impression at home, when they beheld me, was that I had been expelled, as too black a sheep to be admitted; but great was their joy when the truth was told. I only wish all my subsequent mischances had met with as speedy and complete an atonement as was afforded in that week of the New Year, which I passed in the fullest enjoyment with my loving sisters and friends. But it was far from being so.

I completed the remainder of my schoolboy days with due honours, passed to a higher grade of educational experiences, and was at length safely landed high and dry in the haven of a large city firm, whose principal was well known to my father. Like the latter, my employer was a strict man, firm in the discharge of every duty, unforgiving to the omission of one iota, by those who served him; yet kindly solicitous to advance and show favour to such as did well. I had been barely a twelvemonth in his employ when Christmas arrived, which I was invited to spend at his house. My family was at this time abroad, for the benefit of a sister whose health was somewhat delicate.

There might have been reasons, beyond those of mere Christmas festivity, which caused me to look forward with especial eagerness to this visit. I shall not enlarge upon these, further than to say that the head of our firm was a widower with several daughters, young and pretty, one of whom moreover—but this is nothing to the purpose.

Now it so happened that my personal expenses had been rather heavier than usual the past quarter: a few articles of furniture had been added to my lodging, a picture or two, perhaps a slight improvement in my wardrobe, since I had visited at the Ascots' (my principal's) country house in Berkshire. However, the week before Christmas found me deficient to an extent I had not anticipated; and I wrote off a hasty note to my father's steward at Comleigh to send me a small sum, anticipating in part my accustomed allowance, which my dear methodical father never failed to pay me to the day I have appointed.

I placed my letter with some others which I intended posting as I left the counting-house for home. As my foot touched the steps at St. Martin's-le-Grand, I came upon an old acquaint-ance whom I had not seen for some months. With a mutually hearty greeting we stopped, and a brisk conversation of some minutes ensued; I involun-

tarily glancing my eye at the clock, it wanted nearly ten of posting time. Finally we agreed to what we might as well have done at first, namely to adjourn to a coffee-house. I ran to post my letters, and as I slid them in discovered to my dismay that I had left my own to the steward on my desk.

Apologizing to my friend, I rushed back to the office, but did not immediately find my letter; it had slipped in among some other papers. Of course, the post was lost; the addition of another stamp might still give me a chance. I sent it off; then, with an uneasy mind, went to pass the evening with

my companion.

Christmas Day fell this year upon a Monday. I was to go down into Berkshire on the afternoon of Saturday, and the holiday was to continue to the Wednesday following. It was a Tuesday when I posted my letter, and, though sufficient time intervened for the transmission of the required sum, I was in some doubt about the regularity of the post in the remote locality of Cowleigh, and, to say the truth, I was very anxious about the receipt of that same money. My dress was all-sufficient, so far as the chief points; but all know how many little etceteras become requisite on an occasion of this description: gloves, handkerchiefs, neck-tie, nay, my dancing pumps I found needed renewal, and, horror! on turning out the contents of my purse, I found I had not even sufficient to pay my train.

It was with a feverish suspense I awaited the arrival of the post, which, by the remotest possibility, could bring me the expected remittance. No tidings: my letter must then have failed to catch the post after all. Saturday morning came; and, as I sat at my untasted breakfast, the welcome letter was laid before me,—" John Smith, Esq.," as large as life. I broke the seal, and within, folded in a half-sheet of blank note-paper, lay a post-office

order for the sum I had named.

I was surprised at not receiving a cheque; but, too glad to be relieved from my suspense, thought of nothing more than to get my document converted into cash. There was no business done by our house that day; and as soon as my breakfast was over I betook myself to the money-order office. Here the usual questions were at once asked:-

"Who sends this money?"

I answered promptly enough, "Charles Henry Blount," the name of my father's man of business. Here was an ominous pause in the rattling of the gold and silver. Then I heard a whispered conference behind the screen.

"No Blount here!" said the clerk, coming forward: "some mistake here; our advice says, John

Smith.' "

"Well, that is my name, plain enough, isn't it ?"

I replied, for I felt nettled at the delay.

"Oh, plain enough," was the reply, "only in the wrong place. John Smith sends this money." Here I was aware of two or three pairs of eyes peering at me from various compartments of the office, with a suspicious glance. I exclaimed indignantly, "But I tell you the money is sent me, John Smith, by Charles Henry Blunt of Cowleigh,

my father's steward. It is all right enough. Give

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me the money, I'm in a hurry."

There was another pause, while the officials made a fresh search, or held council. "Very sorry," said the clerk, again coming forward, and still retaining possession of my order: "but we cannot pay this: there is some mistake. This money is sent by John Smith to John Albert Marmaduke Smith."

I uttered an exclamation, neither pious nor filial. My mother's vanity, poor soul, thinking to give an odour of exclusiveness to the too general patronymic, had bestowed on me at the font those aristocratic prefixes, which the good sense of my father had caused to be entirely dropped, and indeed forgotten, till the old steward, in his too methodical precision, had caused them to be inserted in the order.

"That is my name," I shouted; "but I am never

known by it.'

There was a visible grin upon every face now boldly put forward. The clerk who held the order spoke to a lad who stood just without the compartment; the boy disappeared Then the clerk, turning to me; said-"There is some error; I cannot pay this, neither can I let it go."

I burst into an indignant exclamation, and angrily turned to leave the office, intent upon in some way asserting my identity; when I found myself face to face with policeman Q 3000—who, in the gentlest

manner impeded my further progress.

To make a short story of a painful affair, I was consigned to the station-house, on the charge of having in my possession a post-office order under suspicious circumstances. I was assured that the authorities at Cowleigh would be written to immediately, and the affair investigated, at the earliest possibility.

And this on the eve of a universal holiday! Good people, judge ye what were my chances of justice. I obtained permission to send to various acquaintances who could speak to my identity as plain John Smith, or even the hated J. A. M. S. Alas! the tide of Christmas had dispersed them up

and down—they were not to be found.

I ate my Christmas dinner in a police station, though not actually in a cell; the kindness of the superintendent allowing me the indulgence of a room with a plain deal table and chair—but whether beef and pudding, skillygalee, or mock turtle, formed my repast, I would not take on me to say; so heavily the weight of my misadventure rested upon my spirits and obscured my senses.

It needed but the experience of that Christmas sojourn in a police station, to convince me that all the associations of Christmas are not of jollity or good-fellowship. The howlings, and hootings, the imprecations and outcries, of the drunken reprobates whose dissipated orgies had brought them to this durance vile, distracted me through the night, and still haunts me when I hear the praises chanted

of a " Merry Christmas."

Tuesday morning set me free. The explanation had been given, full and satisfactory. On arriving at my lodgings, I found awaiting me a letter from Blount, which should have been the accompaniment of the post-office order, and whose delay had been the real cause of all my suffering.

"The order is made payable to 'John Albert Marmaduke Smith,' and, singularly enough, my head clerk who draws it is named John Smith."

So ended all the chances of blind-man's buff and mistletoe, of hunt the slipper, country dance or waltz; all foiled by a desperate and never-to-be-

forgotten game of cross purposes.

It would occupy the attention of my indulgent readers too long, did I relate the numerous mischances which have befallen me more especially as it seems in this season of the year.-How, on one occasion, I found myself the centre of an amazed and indignant group, upon whom I had intruded in the full blaze of a "genteel" dinner party, on the strength of an invitation misdelivered by a stupid servant, and intended for another Mr. Smith, certainly on no more intimate terms with the family than I, only that his expectations were great, and his connexions professional; how it was not till I was made aware of my mistake by the congealed iciness of the ladies that I discovered it; how in my turn I was deprived, cut out, of a handsome legacy, by another John Smith, a seventh cousin, who was sent for on the occasion to a repentant old maiden aunt, and who succeeded in making himself only too agreeable in my place. Many many such instances could I enlarge upon, which might well cause me to exclaim, "Oh Smith! wherefore art thou Smith?" (especially John Smith), but to increase the perplexities of life, and more especially the complexities of my Christmas.

J. A. M. S.

THE 30TH OF NOVEMBER.

Well! and what of that? asks one of our readers.
What tale hangs thereon?—of mystery or horror;
— of "Gunpowder treason and plot;"— of wild

adventure, or hair-breadth escape.

None: and yet it has a history of its own, not altogether without excitement or interest. It furnishes one more illustration of the trite old saying, that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives." Every period and every walk of life has its own peculiar calendar; and days which to outsiders mean nothing in particular, are to it "Canonical days," looked forward to with anxiety, and back upon as days not to be forgotten. Such in childhood's happy spring-time are "Breaking-up Day," "Christmas Eve," "Pancake Day," "Guy Fawkes Day," and not least important—"My Birthday."

In youth there is the Day of Apprenticeship, and Expiration of Indenture, the Coming of Age, and Wedding Day; — while in mature manhood crises thicken, and these "Canonical days" succeed each other more rapidly. The same rule obtains

in the various professions and avocations of life. Days which in one business are jog-trot and unromantic, in another are days of intense anxiety; or frantic excitement; of bustle and worry and high pressure, and "running to and fro in the earth."

Such to the engineering profession is the 30th of November,—the day on which, by the Standing Orders of the Houses of Parliament, all plans, sections, and books of reference for projected lines of railway, are required to be deposited in the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons; with the Board of Trade; with the clerk of the Peace for each county, and Parish Clerk of each Parish through which the intended railways will pass.

What is involved in compliance with these requirements must be experienced in order to be

fully appreciated.

Imagine, reader, the surveys of a line 100 miles in length commenced early in October. It may be that, by reason of a late harvest, the crops are not earlier off the ground, and surveying operations

therefore impracticable.

Trial sections must first be taken, and the various available routes carefully examined, both with reference to economy in construction and accommodation of the traffic of the district. The line being fixed, the surveys are proceeded with. Bad weather, it may be, comes on, and to make progress the surveyor must needs be amphibious. Here he meets a hostile landowner, who orders him off the ground—there encounters a crusty tenant, who suggests the mild alternative of

"hooking it quick" or Lynch law.

Through all this delay the inexorable 30th steals rapidly on, and like nightmare sits upon the soul of the surveyor. Field-work by day and drawing by night fill up the measure of his time. The last week arrives and finds his survey scarcely complete. Perhaps, too, as was the case in more than one instance this year, he discovers at the last moment, that an assistant on whom he has relied for a portion of the work has been occupying his time in alternately getting drunk and growing sober, and has scarcely put the first stroke to his portion of the plan. He engages more hands; sends copies of his own survey up to be lithographed, and proceeds with the levels for his section. Eating and sleeping are luxuries now not for a moment to be entertained; but work and worry, worry and work, is the order of the day. The levels done and checked, he takes the mail-train to London, snatches an uneasy nap as he is whirled along in the darkness; dreams of "cross sections" and "datum points," "reduced levels" and "horizontal scales;" and wakes to find the Guard shouting "Tickets, please, Sir!" within a few minutes' run of the great city. Arrived at the terminus, he flies to the lithographer's, and finds, to his dismay, that the copies of his survey despatched four or five days back have but just arrived, and only by the luckiest chance possible have arrived at all. The messenger sent up with them has so far forgotten himself and the urgency

of his mission, as to lie down beside his charge in a London gutter, and with it be relieved from so interesting a situation by a peripatetic legal func-

tionary "on circuit."

The lithographing proceeds rapidly, but "Domesday" comes on yet more swiftly. The night of the 29th arrives, and still our surveyor is not ready. He has known no sleep for four or five nights. Correcting proofs has been the staple of his monotonous employment, and still further correction is needed. Perverse fences will refuse to show up, and vagabond figures insist upon getting into the wrong field, despite all his efforts. He sends telegraphic messages into the country, ordering horses to be in waiting upon the first train in the morning, to convey himself and depositors along the line of route-and relays to be stationed at various distances (in one case last year as many as forty horses) so as to maintain the speed. The sheets, about daybreak, are tolerably correct, and are struck off just in time to enable him to catch the early North train. Still they have to be bound. In desperation our victim seizes the covers, collars the binder, and propels him forcibly into a cab. As they drive furiously along to the station the sheets are being sorted and made up into books. Arrived there, the Guard is "tipped," and an empty compartment secured. All the way down are County deposits and Parish deposits being elaborated from the miscellaneous heap of loose sheets, Ordnance maps, Parliamentary notices, &c., which strew the carriage floor, and sewn up by the binder.

But to all things there is an end, and so to this. With an air of infinite relief the martyr of the 30th rolls up the plans and prepares for his road expedition. But alas for the peace of that day! On looking over the last of the roll for additional assurance of their accuracy, he discovers that in their haste the lithographers have put the wrong scale

on the plans.

Here, then, is a mess! Nothing remains but to telegraph back from the next station for corrected

slips to be forwarded without delay.

Arrived at the terminus of civilised locomotion, he leaves the train, and eyes on the platform many fellow-travellers bent on the same errand—clutching their bundles of plans with a nervous grasp, as though expecting every moment to be knocked down and robbed of them. The expected chaise and pair is in waiting, and off he goes. Our friend soon discovers that, whatever may be the qualifications of the quadrupeds yoked to his triumphal car, that of speed has certainly no place amongst them, and speculates upon the probability of their conversion from tortoises in the last general transmigration. Ascertains from Jehu that "the 'osses is only jist come in from —;' that the "off 'oss is bad in the wind,' so that he cannot go up hill, and the "near 'un shaky in the knees,' and must "go steady" down.

The first parish clerk is at length reached, who receives the plans and his fee with all the dignity attaching to his office.

On inquiring for the next it is found that he lives about two miles away from the road, "jist anungst that 'ere farm-house with the straw thatch over yon." The triple alternative of Sir Robert Peel is not here available. Only one course is open, and that is—to trudge. It is done; and the day begins to wear away before the next parish is reached, while there is the County deposit looming in the distance, which must be in before eight o'clock. In answer to the inquiry as to the whereabouts of the parish clerk, we are told that "there beant none. The folks all goes to chapel, and the parson only goes to church of a Sunday, and smokes a pipe to keep hisself in."

But to cut a long story short—the County town is reached long after the proper hour for deposit, but still just before twelve o'clock, and therefore

within the limits of the 30th.

Various parish clerks have been propitiated by the sign of the silver cross; the effect of which upon the time of their clocks has been peculiar,—exceeding in wonder the miracle of Joshua. Whereas before the arrival of the depositor the time stood at ten o'clock, and they were just taking their "night-cap" before retiring to rest,—they now discover that the plans were deposited before eight o'clock, and sign a receipt to that effect.

But the Clerk of the Peace is not so accommodating. The messenger knocks wildly at the housedoor at three minutes to twelve, and, after waiting minutes which appear to him longer than any "Educational Minute" ever published, hears the town-clock strike the "witching hour" just as "the Woman in White" appears like an apparition at the window of the top-floor front, and in faint somnific accents inquires, "Who's there?"

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We leave apparition to wake "Master,"—
"Master" to swear at depositor,—and both to
settle with the Examiner on Standing Orders, while
we run back (in imagination of course) to see how

things have gone in London.

The plans have been further revised—the corrected scales attached, and the sheets bound up, just in time to charter a cab and rush off to the Private Bill Office and Board of Trade. The centripetal force of all the cabs in London seems

directed upon these points.

Eight o'clock arrives and the door is shut. The depositors in a fit of desperation fling their plans though the window. The clerk in charge appears at the door to remonstrate and is immediately put hors de combat by a second volley of this improved canister shot. Nothing daunted, he rises—bolts the door—raises the window-shutters, and the game is up. Scenes such as the last are rare now, and have never been witnessed in perfection since the famous year of the Railway mania, and golden age of spoctators—1845.

And so ends this eventful day, and with it our story. We go to bed—and are thankful that

November 30th only comes once a-year.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO WITH HER CRIMINALS?

THE PROBATION GANG.

The excitement created about twenty years ago against the Assignment System, its abuses and tyranny, caused the establishment of the Probation

System.

As immediate transfer from a British gaol to a settler's homestead was supposed so prejudicial to the moral interests of the convict, and thought to offer at the same time a premium to crime by the exhibition of colonial comforts and temporal advantages, it was resolved to keep him still under Government surveillance and employment, subjecting him at once to strict discipline and wholesome moral supervision. The terrors of the law were to be continued in due force, but the chaplain and schoolmaster were to form new and important elements of the institution. The men were not to be so petted as in some model penitentiaries, but they were to be kept from all improper outward influences, and brought within an atmosphere of education and piety. Not until they had passed a certain time beneath this roof of paternity, so as to be fortified against temptation, were they to be permitted to mingle freely with the world outside of their walls; at the same time there was to be the exchange of out-door labour for cell em-

ployment.

This system was organised on a scale of imperial grandeur. The English people had called for it and they would pay for it. It was another and an admirable opening for officialdom. A large staff was held to be essential to its conduct; it was to be abundantly supplied with material; its advocates and friends could never complain of the niggardly behaviour of the British nation. The heart of the people was suddenly touched; they had for fifty years been utterly indifferent to the fate of the poor exile. Now, violently and spasmodically, they had become affected with his debasement, and resolved upon his improvement. They had suffered his nakedness unabashed for half a century, and now would have him clothed with scarlet and fine linen. They had cared nothing about whether he had a soul or no, and had been wholly reckless about the circumstances into which they had flung him, as carrion upon a dunghill, and now, with importunate cries, was demanding for him an array of religious forces, such as they never dreamed of displaying for the good of the honest poor around them. But as it was all well meant, we pass by, without further comment, to note the progress of this scheme.

The governor of the colony was to be still the president of this island gaol system. But he was aided or thwarted by the appointment of another officer, called the "Comptroller-General of Convicts." An elaborate series of rules and regulations had been prepared. A vast change in the administration was contemplated in Van Diemen's

Land. Of course the views and feelings of the colonists were not to be thought of: these were to be sacrificed, if necessary, for the good of the favoured parties henceforth to be introduced into the country. In one respect there was to be a grand development of the material interests of merchants and growers. It was intended to export a large mass of prisoners, and then keep them for years in the service of Government. These would require to be fed and clothed; and dealers, farmers, and graziers indulged extravagant ideas about dollars returning in exchange for jackets, mutton, and flour.

We arrived in Hobart town soon after the establishment of this perfection of prison discipline, the product of the planning of the wisest politicians and economists of Britain, and we had the misery of witnessing its development for some eight years after. Intended for the good of the convict, to show him the despotism of the colonial family, to shield him from its supposed immoral taint, and to raise him by the constant presence of an authorised religious teacher, it signally failed in its design, as subsequent experience testified, and as colonists, really anxious for the good of the prisoner, were

constrained to declare.

Let us sketch a Probation Station. Removed at a distance from settlers, a piece of forest was selected and cleared. A close fence, or rough wall, was raised around it. The forlorn hope of the party then built the officers' quarters, and the sleeping, dining, and working wards of the men. There were, also, the hospital, the lock-up, and the church and school-room. Usually these were constructed of rough timber, or of rough stone, if that material was easy of access. The whole was well whitewashed, and kept in a state of man-of-war cleanliness. The surgeon of the station was responsible for the wholesome condition of the premises, as much as for the health of the party. Then some land was prepared for cultivation, to afford something nice for the superintendent's table, as well as common vegetables for others. Roads were formed in the neighbourhood, in communication with other stations and the main line of traffic.

According to the situation of the station, so was the character of the work. Certain engagements were common to all, including the domestic and the culinary. Those located on a fertile soil were farming establishments, and raised produce. Others quarried stone, hewed timber, split rails, and sawed planks. A large proportion of the parties were set on the highways, constructing bridges, levelling hills, filling valleys, and macadamising the formed roads. Overseers were appointed to the different gangs, and were expected to keep a record of the quantity and kind of work each day performed, and the behaviour and industry of the individuals under his charge. The superintendent had to maintain heavy correspondence with head-quarters, and keep most voluminous and minute records of the station. In this work he was assisted by some free clerks to share the responsibility, and several convict clerks to do the work. The medical officer and the storekeeper paid attention to the physical wants of the establishment. The schoolmaster held day and evening classes for instruction, being assisted in his turn by educated prisoners. There were also to be found on each station a superabundance of these, — ex-lawyers, surgeons, engineers, ministers, bankers, merchants, army officers, clerks, and gentlemen. Though these were too often among the vilest of their company, yet they served the ends of Government in the school-room.

The chaplain, or rather the religious instructor, as he was called, was an important person on the station. He was responsible for the morals of the whole, and was supposed to act as a sort of natural protector to the poor outcasts, saving them from the petty tyranny of their officers, and exposing instances of unfairness or oppression. He conducted morning and evening service, after the manner of the Church of England, and on Sunday gave sermons as well as read prayers. He was to visit the sick in the hospital, and the refractory in the cell. The man who sought honestly to do his duty was often placed in antagonism to the authorities, locally as well as at head quarters. He could not fail observing the defects of the system, and, when courageous enough to denounce them, was tired with unpleasant official correspondence. Not a few, unable to discharge their duties conscientiously, and unwilling to seem a party to the connivance at improper practices, preferred freedom in resignation of their offices. Although in the colonies no religion is now merely tolerated, but all forms of worship are sanctioned by the State, and even equally entitled to its support, there was a bearing towards the Episcopalian system some twenty years ago which is not apparent now. Hence it was that the service of the Church of England was required in the probation prisons. But this was not to the exclusion of ministers of another faith. The Roman Catholic priest, as well as the ministers of Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Independents, and Baptists, were free to enter the gates of the station, collect the professors of their own creeds, and conduct worship after their own form. There were, also, localities where the prevalence of Roman Catholics compelled the Government to sustain paid religious instructors of that denomination, in addition to the usual stipends to the regular clergy of the Church. In fact, certain reverend gentlemen, Protestant and Catholic, received a large portion of their living for giving occasional services at the stations; it was the case even with Wesleyans, as a body, and with a Congregationalist as an

The magistrate of the district was obliged to visit the station at certain fixed times. There were offences which could be puinshed to a certain degree by the superintendent alone. Others were required to be adjudicated before the visiting magistrate. The gravest were, after the first hearing, transferred to the judge in the nearest assize town. Above all, the Comptroller-General had, or assumed to have, the power of punishment superadded to, or independent of, these other sources of pains and

penalties; and cases occurred in which the dismissal of a case by a judge was followed by some sort of condemnation by the officers of the department.

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There was no question as to the immediate advantages to many settlers. They were able to undertake engagements with this cheap labour that they would not otherwise have done. The mechanical tradesman found no difficulty about hands, and the farmer had no harvest complaints of that nature. Then the sale of produce to feed and clothe the prisoner population considerably enriched proprietors of farms, sheep stations, and stores. But it was soon found that, grand as was the imperial expenditure, the colony was really suffering from this influx of convict immigration. A vast amount of helpless misery was soon apparent. The character of labour was pronounced very inferior to that of the old assignment times, as the energies of men were thought to have been cramped or destroyed at the sham of work on probation stations. The very growth of immorality enfeebled the strength of the community, sapped the course of its well-being, exhausted the legitimate resources of the colony, and exposed to the thoughtful a future condition of the island alarmingly disastrous. It was seen that these men, so trained, were unsuitable as colonists, and were merely competitors for the lowest class of labour, only to be early thrown as paupers and incurables upon public charity. Then an outery was raised that the moral existence of the community was threatened; that the inundation of vice was swamping the virtue of the country; that the examples of villany were crushing the best aspirations of the good; and that a moral virus was carrying death into our households on every side. Fathers were concerned for their sons and daughters, and mothers clasped their little ones with a mute terror, as if in the presence of a destructive agency. Ministers of religion uttered a cry of despair. Earnest prayers to God for deliverance, and to Government for mercy, were raised by the unhappy colonists. The disregard to our petitions begot a revolutionary spirit, and a feeling of deadly hostility to Britain. We would rebel, did we dare. We had less fear of the soldiery than of the mass of ruffians who would then be loosed upon society. When, at length, the memorial of mothers to the Queen was unheeded, our last hope seemed quenched, and nothing remained for the parents of families but to quit the island of beauty, and seek a home elsewhere. It was under such a feeling that the writer left Tasmania for another colony. All this was attributed, and justly so, to the abhorred Probation System.

Now for proofs of this assertion. The system was founded upon a false conception of human nature. It has been generally supposed that the congregating of men of the same class in large masses, as in manufactories and armies, is prejudicial to their moral welfare. If such is true of general society, how much more so when the bond is one of crime? when the only connecting link is that of uniform depravity? The old gaol system

of England, where prisoners of various ages and various degrees of criminality were herded together, was judged to be only a school of vice, where the more proficient in iniquity soon hardened the rest. A probation station was little more than a huge gaol-yard.

It is inexpedient in so slight a memoir of the past to enter into particulars, nor is it desirable now to relate things which had better be buried in oblivion. It is sufficient to say that not only were common vices fostered and developed by the system, but new and un-English crimes added to the calendar. No silent system was established. Freedom of speech at work and the hours of rest gave facility to the bad to propagate mischief. But all other offences were lost in the immensity of that associated with the lost cities of the plain. This assumed a magnitude and an intensity which the world had never known, even in the darkness of the worst heathenism, and originated a selfpollution of soul, a blasting of the common energies and feelings of humanity, which told most bitterly on the convict and upon community at large.

Men who went into a probation party with honest intentions to reform were soon convinced that they were in a most uncongenial sphere. They who would not indulge in vile language and unseemly conversation were the subjects of a relentless persecution by their fellows. The heaviest burden of work was thrown unfairly upon them. Ingenious traps were laid for their infraction of the laws of the station, so that some humiliating punishment might be their portion. Should any, unhappily provoked by this cowardly conduct, seek to denounce it to the authorities, he would be a marked man in a worse sense, in becoming the object of personal chastisement at the hands of these brutal men, and murder has in several cases terminated the strife. Too many, alas, who had hoped to retrieve their character, relapsed into crime through perfect abandonment of hope. Fathers and mothers of households feared the approach of these probation pests. The horrid tales that circulated through the social circle, about the enormity of vice in those congregations of criminals, weighed as a nightmare upon the peace of the inhabitants. The system of reformation, so called. was regarded throughout the island as a monstrous and manifest delusion. It was soon seen to be impolitic. The expenditure grew to nearly four hundred thousand pounds a-year. If the Home Government, inflicting the curse, paid the charge in the first instance, the colony had afterwards to experience the burden, in an increase of charges from the vast growth of cases in the criminal courts. The labour of the men was proved to be nearly profitless. The "Government stroke" of work was proverbial. Enormous sums of money were laid out for the reclamation of land, which produced comparatively nothing in return. The sale of wood, stone, wheat, &c., from which so much was anticipated by the friends of the scheme, proved to be a miserable affair. Upon the removal or abandonment of stations, the Government property was submitted to public competition, and realised

absurdly poor returns for the extraordinary outlay of labour and capital. Splendid roads were made, it is true; but the traffic requiring such substantial and agreeable constructions was singularly out of proportion. The gentry got a pleasant drive, and the daily coach an easy route. The governors, without a doubt, strove honestly to make the best of the system; and Sir William Denison, in particular, as an engineer, and one really desirous for the progression of the colony, applied those resources of labour to the best schemes that came before him. But it was felt that with all that could be done nothing could compensate for the moral cancer that was spreading through the island. The system was condemned as unfair for the British public, who had to pay, as unjust to the men whose reform was contemplated, and as ruinous to the social and national interests of the colony in which the experiment was made. A depression hung upon society like a thunder-cloud. We were like people after the first slight monitions of an earthquake, in fearful expectancy of a catastrophe. The convicts themselves, in the competition of labour, and the debasing associates around them, had no prospect of a comfortable maintenance.

Thus it was that, however well meant, failure in the worst sense followed the introduction of the Tasmanian Probation Gang.

THE MACQUARIE HARBOUR HELL.

By a name of such terrible significancy was the first place of extra punishment known among the convicts of Van Diemen's Land. As in the early period of the penal settlement on the island, so in that of the prison station of New South Wales, it was deemed necessary to establish a place of secondary punishment, as it was called, to which those might be sent who were convicted of colonial offences. Intended as the gaol of the worst of characters, few comforts mitigated its horrors; officers of stern, uncompromising nature, were put in charge, the labour was made severe in kind and degree, and the discipline was rigorous to tyranny and cruelty. The coal-mines of Newcastle, on Port Hunter, formed the hell of the convicts of Sydney, and Macquarie Harbour was dreaded by the prisoners of Hobart-town.

It appeared to the authorities undesirable to permit the violent and turbulent among that class to remain near the settled districts; for they were not only a plague to the more orderly, but it did not seem fitting to keep them amidst the greater attractions of town life. But by depriving them of the comforts of a higher civilisation, removing them from old and congenial associations, and subjecting them to the hardships of unremitting and painful labour, in an inclement climate, in a wild and an isolated region, and under a discipline as enduring as relentless, it was thought that the stubborn breasts of hardened sinners might be subdued, or their iron spirit of insubordination be cowed and destroyed.

The western coast of the island seemed to promise the physical advantages required. It was

uninhabited, and almost uninhabitable. Vast morasses, deep forests, and craggy mountains cut off that side from the region of settlement. An extensive inlet from the tumultuous Southern Ocean, called Macquarie Harbour, from the Governor of New South Wales, was selected as the site for the new penal colony in the penal colony, the place of re-transportation in the land of transportation. It was easy to enter, but extremely difficult for exit, from the violence and constancy of the westerly gales which set into that harbour. Everything was gloomy about it. The forests were dark and dense, the mountains were wild and sterile, the climate was excessively humid, there falling nearly five times the annual amount of rain there that is known in Hobart Town. The cold was proportionably greater, from its wet and shelterless position.

So repulsive was the aspect of nature, so irksome the taskwork, so hopeless the daily life, that we wonder not at the despair of some, and the awful brutalising recklessness of others. The effect of the whole was so unfortunate upon the officers, that they were rendered much more terrible in their discipline from their very moodiness of spirit. All their appliances were of the most forbidding character. Some of the cells were so situated that the unhappy inmate was drenched by the splashing of waves over the rock, and in fear of some higher billow rushing down to engulf him. The bloody triangles were in daily requisition, and shricks and curses commingled with the echoing blows. Need it be wondered that men so treated, so worked, so punished, lost the hearts of men, and raved in their impiety as fiends? Murders of the coarsest and most revolting kind were of frequent occurrence. The quarrels and contests among the ruffians gave a terrible intensity to the suffering of the place.

For some time no clerical supervision existed. There was no voice of humanity for the crushed spirit, no word of sympathy for the desolate, no utterance of warning for the fallen, no loving pleading for the impenitent. They lived uncared for, and they died unmourned. In the midst of all the horrors of Macquarie Harbour, virtue seemed unknown or unpractised by the free as by the bond. When the first minister went to this Western hell, he was so oppressed by the spectacle of suffering, and so shocked at the licentious lives of the officials, that he returned by the same vessel which brought him, declaring it impossible to dwell in such society, and useless to attempt the correction of evils when sustained by the example of the authorities.

Some of the convicts sank beneath the burden of the harbour, and found in death a solace and a friend. Others fought with their destiny. The bolder spirits attempted insurrection, and fell beneath the bullets of the soldiery, or were reserved for the attentions of the hangman. Not a few attempted escape, though conscious from report that little chance could be entertained of saving life by the exchange of the bush for the station. Lost in the entangling scrub, many miserably perished. Exhausted in unavailing attempts to

thread the marshes, or climb, in their feebleness, the rugged and lofty ranges, some sank down in despair to die. The sterility of the country gave them neither fruits nor roots for subsistence, and the very rangoon shunned a locality where the grass was so rank and scarce that no resource was left parties of bolters, under these circumstances, but to yield to starvation, or murder and devour their comrades. Several well authenticated cases of such cannibalism occurred; and the recital of these tales chilled the hearts of the convicts in the dreaded settlement.

A few, a very few, succeeded, after marvellous trials, in finding their way across to the settlers' country, and commencing there a bushranging career. A formidable gang was in existence about thirty-five years ago, headed by a Macquarie Harbour Bolter, and consisting at one time of five-andtwenty mounted desperadoes. But the vigilance and tact of Colonel Arthur rid the country of this

ruffianly band.

After twelve years' infamous notoriety, this hell of the colony was declared no longer a dungeon for convicts. Instead of any reformation arising from the severity of its discipline, men were hardened in crime, and rendered desperate by suffering. Port Arthur, though celebrated for its terrors of penal discipline, was as different as Pentonville from St. Elmo of Naples, in comparison with its predecessor, the western harbour. With the growth of humanising agencies in the treatment of criminals, Englishmen will blush at the brutal system in vogue at the ancient gaol station of the gaol island of Van Diemen's Land.

THERE are apartments in the soul which have a glorious out-look; from whose windows you can see across the river of death, and into the shining city beyond; but how often are these neglected for the lower ones, which have earthward-looking windows! There is the apartment of Veneration. Its ceilings are frescoed with angels, and all exquisite carvings adorn its walls; but spiders have covered the angel ceiling, and dust has settled on the delicate mouldings. The man does not abide there. The door of Conscience is rusted so it cannot be opened. Hope has but one downward-looking window, and Faith and Worship are cold and cheerless. All these are shut up in most soul-houses. In lower apartments you shall hear, in some riot and wassail,—for the passions never keep Lent, but are always holding Carnival,—and in others sighs and lamentations of wounded hopes, and in others the groanings of disappointed ambition, and in others bickerings and strifes, while in others there are sleep and stupidity.

Ah! most men live in these wretched apartments, and never mount to those airy ones where they can hold commerce with God and angels. Now Christ comes to light up the house from foundation to rooftree with the glory of God. He knocks at the door, and, when it is opened to him, he enters, and gives to every room order, and beauty, and the voice of song, and a wondrous fragrance from his robes, which have borrowed smell of every flower that grows in the celestial gardens. Who will open the door 1-H. W. Beecher.

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MY UNCLE'S STORY.

TWENTIETH of August, and in Dublin! Yes, I have got into the midst of the Social Science Congress. I am an "associate." I have listened to-day to Lord Talbot's address on "Public Health," and to a debate on "Education;" and attended at the formation of the "Ladies' Sanitary Association." By the way, I wish it all success: I know but too well how much it is wanted, and what a noble work it seeks to perform. And now they are all gone off to a conversazione at the Museum of Irish Industry; and here I am, for the first time I can remember, an inhabitant of a city on the 20th of August.

What recollections of a happy boyhood, aye, and opening manhood, "the 20th of August" awakens! Long looked forward to-long and carefully prepared for-and anticipation and preparation both left far behind by the joyous reality. For many years I have regularly made an expedition to the north-west coast of Ireland. There my uncle, Mr. Barton, resided in his wild and beautiful glebe,—the mountains to the south, the broad Atlantic to the north,—and there I used to visit him, to fish for salmon and trout in the lakes and rivers, and to shoot his grouse. Oh, what happy days they were! The glorious scenery; the wild sport; the bracing invigorating air; the warm-hearted, rough, but courteous and kindly mountaineers, who thought no courtesy or kindness sufficient for "the Rector's nephew." How well they loved him! Though a stranger to them by birth and education, still he was their sympathizing friend. He had learnt their feelings, and they felt that he was heart and soul their own.

And now all is over. I was hastily summoned to him in last May, and, after a short illness, he passed peacefully away, bewailed and missed by all those kind people who loved him so truly. Farewell, then, to those happy scenes; but long will his memory live who gave them half their zest.

After the excitement of this day's work, I shall try to calm my feelings by transcribing a letter which I found in his desk, and which throws a light on some earlier passages in my uncle's history.

How well I remember the quiet grave, catching the last long beams of the westering sun.

I comply with your desire, my dear nephew, to know the history of my life, although I cannot let you have it until you find it in my papers after I am gone: I could not be at ease in your society if I felt you had this key to my inner self, to unlock the past at your pleasure; I should always fear allusions to what is buried deep in my heart; but my principal reason is—that there is an image which I could not bear to associate in your mind with your rusty old uncle until death has thrown over me the softening veil which will make it less incongruous. You have always known me as an old parish clergyman, and I never was a young one. My early days, from the time I lost my mother,

were devoted to study; and the line of research which suited both my abilities and my taste (which never was youthful), required a close investigation and pursuit of truth, for its own sake, with a quick and sharp detection of falsehood, which had the effect of satisfying my moral perceptions without nourishing or enlarging them. When I detected a fallacy or misrepresentation, or brought to light some fact that was hidden under exaggeration, no doubt there was so much gained on the side of truth; but truth was none the more lovely for the victory. Mine was a dry, hard, accurate life, yet a happy one. The esteem in which I was held within and beyond the walls of my College was satisfactory evidence that my labours were useful; and I found among literary men as much interchange of thought

and of good-will as I desired.

I had taken holy orders as a matter of course, at a certain stage in my university career; and was quite content to bear the title of Reverend, and to officiate occasionally; preaching faithfully and honestly whenever I was required to preach; without ever considering the vows I had taken to feed the flock of Christ, and to fulfil to them the duties of a pastor. I had no flock to feed, no disciples to educate; and the ordination office was to me a dead letter. Suddenly the excitement, then at its height, about "Church principles," aroused me; I read the vows of ordination with new eyes, as a reality; and a reality into which I had voluntarily entered, and wilfully neglected, not even attempting to fulfil what I had undertaken. I saw that having thus pledged myself it was no longer a matter of choice; and I determined to seek some work among my fellow-creatures, and no longer to live between the covers of a book; but there was great awkwardness and difficulty in the task. I was accustomed to teach and to influence minds through the press, and my name was known as an author, not only in my own peculiar line of dry research, but also by those poems which had unhappily seen the light, and which I could not now recall. How could I face living men and women with these things fastened to my name, so that anybody might read my thoughts and feelings and aspirations and compare them with myself? Perhaps it was vanity; but, whatever was its source, the mortification and shyness were very great; so great that I refused several appointments, and at last caught at one the most unattractive to every man in my College.

"Will any one go the West Coast of Ireland? here is a letter from a friend of mine, who is obliged to go abroad for his wife's health, and wants some one to fill his place for a few months."

Here I thought I could begin, and get away as soon as I had conquered the first difficulty. Probably there would be no work, as it was a parish stretching along the wild shore of the Atlantic, between the mountains and the ocean; but I could get accustomed to the position of a parish clergyman, and to the sound of my own voice, and then —as I often repeated to myself—and then leave it. So my services were offered and accepted, and I was requested to make no delay, as the Rector,

Mr. Mansell, must be gone before a certain Sunday, and there was not a clergyman within twelve miles who could officiate for him. It was in this brief interval I learned what would have made me draw back, had it not been too late: I was to share the rectory with the mother and sister of the absentee, and they would make me acquainted with

"Impossible!" I said: "I shall go to the village

"My dear sir, do you know that coast? There is no village; and no inn within twenty-two miles."

"Then I shall lodge in a farm-house."

"Be it so," answered my friend, smiling; "but I advise you not to decide until you see what an Irish farm-house is like."

"And as to shewing me the parish—where are

the churchwardens?"

"I suppose there are none."

"Then the squire of the parish could surely

point out the boundaries, and so on?"

"The squire, or rather the lord of the soil, has a house ten miles from the church; but he lives in London, or at one of his English residences."

It was too late to retract. I need not describe my journey, and yet you who so often travel the same ground can have no idea what it was five-andtwenty years ago. What is now an ill-natured caricature of poor Ireland was then literally true; broken cars, imperfect harness, kicking horses, tipsy drivers, and all the rest of it: and right glad I was when the unmistakeable voice of the Atlantic told me I was near my destination. Now, I shall go minutely over the first few days; you could not otherwise understand it. And remember, George, that every hour is so engraven on my mind, that I can call up any scene at pleasure; so that often when I sit silent in your presence, I am seeing forms, and hearing voices, yes, and enjoying conversations, that exist only in my memory. It was in this drawing-room, where I now write. I was courteously and hospitably welcomed by an old lady, who spoke of her absent son, and of the benefit I had conferred on them in taking his place. Her manner possessed not only the natural dignity that belongs to character, but also the polish which is acquired by society; and I felt at once that in this wild and remote region I was in the presence of one who belonged to the circles of nobility. She called my attention to the glorious aspect of the setting sun, which was sending a pillar of fire down into the ocean, and casting its last beams, with a power beyond the noontide, into the

The door opened, and a light and girlish figure entered as it were into those beams, which seemed to circle and close around her, radiant and calm. She was not aware of my arrival, and started at the sight of a stranger; but, graciously acknowledging my presence, she passed hastily forward, and knelt beside her mother. The sounds were almost inaudible; but it was evident she was relating some tale of pressing want; and, having received direc-

All the detail of that little figure was stamped on my perception by a sort of mental photography: the modest bonnet, the white dress, (she always wore white,) the black mantle, so gracefully falling around her; then the unconsciousness of self which the whole movement expressed, and the varying looks of pity, of explanation, of pleading, of urgency, that passed over her features in that short moment; the unconscious action, the hands clasped, then raised, then pointing-all as if expressing some urgent necessity of her own. After a short interval she returned, dressed for the evening, and with graceful courtesy welcomed me, apologizing for not doing so before, as "there was some one waiting, in great distress." I had a letter of introduction to the formidable sister, and I hesitated in presenting it, saying, "Perhaps this lady is not here." It could scarcely be that this young girl was the person to show me the parish, and there was an unusual disparity between the ages of mother and daughter; so that I was surprised, and perhaps relieved, when she said, "Yes; it is for me," and entered into animated conversation about the writer and the subject of the letter. My anxiety lest I should be domesticated with these ladies was set at rest; for the elder informed me that separate apartments were prepared for me, and I need only visit them when it was my pleasure to do so.

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Strange to tell, that was the first evening I ever conducted family worship. It began with a hymn, in which the voices of the ladies and servants united; and then we separated, after I had received a gracious invitation to pass the next day

with them.

My first walk along these noble cliffs was with her. I had never seen the ocean in its open and unbroken grandeur, and, as she said afterwards, she felt as if she were going to present me to the Sovereign. I was conscious that she felt my unuttered delight, and guided me from point to point as one who could appreciate; but I was struck then, and always, by her silence in the presence of the beautiful and the grand. She loved nature with a reverence so deep and heartfelt, that she could no more have spoken light words of praise and admiration, than she could have been garrulous about her mother's excellence. A glance, a scarcely perceptible movement of hand or eye, directed my attention to the grandest points of view,-to the combination of rock and ocean—to the fine outline of the headlands—to the effect of light and shadow; yet she allowed me to see and to admire for myself; never distracting me from one object by exclaiming at the beauty of another. I have seen her cheek grow pale and flush again before the majesty of the waves; I have seen her gaze upon the sun setting, or the moon as it was reflected in the water, with eyes that spoke a homage beyond the sun or moon; I have seen those sweet eyes fill with tears of pleasure over a new-blown flower; but I have seldom heard her speak of her love of beauty, or expatiate on the scenery in which she tions, she left the room with a key and a basket. | delighted; never, except in moments of most confidential intercourse, when her mind unfolded its secret treasures.

We walked by the cliffs to the Coastguard station, where she said my English accent would be like home music; and then we visited a school, in which each child seemed to possess some peculiar interest of character or circumstance. Many a smile and many a glance of quick intelligence passed between her and the children, while they tried to answer the English gentleman's questions. I had thought of a school only as an instrument of which the pupils were part of the machinery, and observed, with some surprise, "Each of these children seems an especial favourite."

"Well," she replied, "each is a favourite for some reason; no one could help loving them, they are so nice."

My idea of nice was strangely in contrast with this assembly of bare feet and laughing faces; but I understood her application of the word, when, on the way homeward, a troop of these little ones stood before us, flushed and panting after a race across the fields to collect the nosegays of wild-flowers which they now presented to her. She sat down on a rock to admire and arrange them, and while I was examining with my pocket microscope one she presented to me,* I saw and heard the happy group.

"Oh, Miss Ellie," said a girl, with a deprecating glance at her feet covered with mud, "I had to go far in the bog for this bog-bean; won't you wear it in your hair?"

"I shall put it in water, Maggie," she replied; "it is too beautiful for dress."

"Not too beautiful for you, Miss Ellie darling!" said the girl, with a look of intense admiration.

"And I had a great race after this red milkwort," said another; "won't you keep them separate, that you may think of us till to-morrow, Miss Ellie?"

"I shall take as many as I can carry," she answered; "and with the rest I crown my best of little girls, that watches her poor Granny's sheep." And quickly twining the flowers into a wreath, she placed it on the head of a little one who looked the poorest and most ragged of the party, and who ran off laughing, followed by the whole group, over sandbanks and rocks.

"Do you teach them botany, Miss Mansell?" I enquired in my dry way.

"Oh no!" she replied, blushing: "but I want them to enjoy all the lovely things God has spread around them."

And now we came to a hovel, sunk below the level of the path; into which, after begging me to pardon her absence for a few minutes, she dived, and was received with a yell of welcome. I heard the loud voices within, and her own gentle tones, all speaking a language unknown to me; and she soon emerged, having deposited the contents of a basket which she had carried all the way; and

followed by yells in the same unknown tongue, which the gesticulation with which they were uttered showed to be blessings.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," she said; but they have typhus fever in that house."

"And have you no fear of infection?"

"None," she replied; "but if I had there is no choice; for they are unfortunately very bad people, and none of their neighbours care for them. The husband has just returned from prison."

"For what crime?" I asked.

"For burning our hay, and killing our sheep," she replied, with some hesitation and a blush, as if she had done it herself.

"And would they injure you now?" I enquired.

"Perhaps not; I hope not; but they are very wretched and totally ignorant," she replied.

"You speak their language—Gaelic?" I observed.

"Irish," she replied, correcting me with a look of something like indignation. "My native language."

"Is it not not very difficult to learn?" I asked.

"Not very much more difficult then German," she replied; "but I found it necessary to give up learning German, to give my whole attention to it."

"Was not that a sacrifice?"

"I confess it was," she replied; "but there are hundreds here who speak no other language; and while we are ignorant of theirs we must be aliens, and can never be their friends and comforters; so I had no choice."

Wherever Duty spoke, she always felt "she had no choice;" and her conception of the extent or demands of Duty never was limited by her own convenience or her own taste. If a sacrifice was to be made, she did not deny that it was a sacrifice, though she bore it cheerfully; but in general the master-passion of her heart, a pure benevolence, made her own choice and preference coincide with any effort to which she was called. Until she knew me well enough to cease to fear me, she fancied I was too learned and too abstracted to be conscious of what was passing around me; so that while I looked at a book, or hid behind a sheet of the Times, all went on as if I were not in the room: as she afterwards said, "I had the happy art of letting myself be forgotten:" and thus I could observe their pleasant household ways, and hear their discursive talk, and see her innocent playfulness with her mother, unchecked by the presence of a strangerand sometimes, when I was shut up in the study, her merry laugh or a joyous snatch of song would reach me from the garden beneath, like a breath of summer air rustling the leaves of an old book.

A few days after my arrival, I had thus shut myself up for the morning to complete a manuscript on which I was engaged; but my attention was irresistibly attracted by a boat, which sailed early towards the Island. There was no church there at that time, and the lighthouse being the only visible building, I had thought of it only as a picturesque mass of rock, rising abruptly out of the waves which dashed and raved around it. After some hours the boat re-appeared, and, having watched its progress through those tremendous billows, I went to see

^{*} In the writer's pocket-book was found a Penguicula, carefully pressed, and inscribed "My first walk in Ireland."

its arrival at the landing-place, where I was surprised to find Mrs. Mansell, waiting, she said, to meet her daughter. I exclaimed "Is it possible she is in that boat?—what a dreadful risk!"

There was some hauteur in her tone as she replied, "There is no danger on so calm a day as this. Miss Mansell is not imprudent; the old boatman is skilful and experienced. My maid (formerly her own nurse) accompanies her in all her expeditions: but," she added earnestly, "if there was some risk and if there was some hardship, I would not forbid it: in the cause of charity I would see my daughter encounter difficulty, just as I saw her father go to battle. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ we have not only to fight the enemy within our own hearts; we must contend against the misery and darkness which sin has produced around us. In this instance, however, there is no risk."

As she sprang from the boat to the beach she was welcomed in her mother's embrace as if after a month's separation; and as they walked towards the house Mrs. Mansell questioned her so as to let

me learn the object of the excursion.

"Were the young women at the lighthouse

pleased with the last books?"

"Quite interested, and they asked for another; and they have begun to teach those poor children; and they quite gladly undertook to make the clothes for that poor baby; and the seeds in their garden are coming up nicely, so that it will be a pleasure to them all the autumn."

" And the Coastguard?"

"They promise to bring the child next Sunday for baptism, and will all come to church to hear the English gentlemen (with a shy smile towards me). And, mamma, I have promised that you and nurse will be sponsors for the baby, as they have no friends."

"Were your strawberries acceptable to the sick

girl ?"

"Well, as she had never seen any before, I had to encourage her, like Robinson Crusoe, by eating one; and at first, like Friday, she 'began to spatter;' but finally enjoyed them, though the "tea and white loaf" were more welcome. And mamma, the lighthouse girls went with me, and promise to visit her often."

" Was your rope approved of?"

Here the bright face clouded, and, in a subdued

voice, she told-

"Oh mamma, darling! Only yesterday a poor boy was nearly killed by the cord giving way while he was gathering sea-bird's eggs down the cliff; but he clung to the rock; and you can imagine how glad they were to get that fine strong rope."

" And how was the Irish reader received?"

"They would not have listened to him if he had gone alone; but I left him sitting on the rocks, reading the story of peace (the last chapter of St. Matthew) to four fishermen; who became so interested that they asked him to remain the night and finish it."

"You will think us very wild Irish people, Mr. Barton," said her mother, when she had left us,

"when I tell you that this island expedition takes place every week in fine weather. It is in my son's parish, and he visits it regularly."

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"It does seem a severe life for a young girl," I

said,

"Severe? Yes," she repeated thoughtfully; "severe, but not harsh: never was a young creature

more perfectly happy."

It was indeed true. She seemed ever to exult in a joyous sense of existence; an overflowing of vitality and happiness that communicated itself to all around her. Every eye brightened as it met hers; and all kindly and pleasant feelings seemed to flow forth to greet her; and her life was a thanksgiving to Him who had given her all things

richly to enjoy. I was disposed to regard this mission to the island as a great event, something to be either proud or humble about; and was prepared to receive her as a heroine or a devotee. But when she rejoined us, in her pretty evening costume, there was nothing to remind us that she had not spent the morning among her flowers, except that her colour was heightened by the sea-breeze, and her eyes were dancing with that peculiar gladness they seemed to catch from the waves in sunshine; and no allusion was made to the island, except that she was rejoicing over some shells and seaweed she had gathered there. She would have been incredulous had she seen it recorded that her whole strength was devoted to acts of charity; yet it was the fact; not as a rule, but because she yielded herself to every claim of the needy, and they did claim all she could give. It was not that as a matter of stern duty she dedicated hours of each day to the poor as a class; but that the individuals around her had some want—to be clothed, to be fed, to be visited-from which she never thought of turning away her face. Political economy would have frowned on her want of system. I am only telling what was, not what might have been. Her life of ceaseless benevolence was the outflowing of a spirit of grateful love; each separate act was spontaneous; she lived for and in others so entirely, and was so truly actuated by the desire to follow Him who went about doing good, that it became a difficult question how far she was exercising self-denial; and, in studying her life, I learned that where there is a real abnegation of self as the object, there is little room for that sort of petty conflict between inclination and duty which is often exalted into a virtue, and spoken of as the highest attainment. She had naturally a noble thirst for knowledge, and her mind had just reached the point where the passive receptiveness of childhood changes to the active inquiry of maturity; life, death, and eternity, were before her as great realities; she was full of questionings (though never of doubts and scruples, for her faith was clear, and her conscience healthful); and contact with a man who had read, and thought, and seen, was just what she wanted to meet the cravings of her intellect. I was able to teach her much; to direct her exertions for self-cultivation; and all the while that I was learning from her lessons which have formed my life since, she was looking up to me with the enthusiastic reverence with which the philosophers of Greece were regarded by their disciples. That volume of poems had long been her favourite companion, though, with exquisite tact, she concealed this from me until our confidence had gone beyond my natural

reserve and awkwardness.

Truly beautiful it was to see her, just when catching the solution of a problem; just when grasping a thought which had been vaguely moving in her mind; just when reading a passage of poetry that made her eye kindle and her lip quiver; suddenly break off; and with child-like simplicity attend to some trifle for her dear mother's work; or start up at the frequent call, "Miss Ellie, one wants you." I have seen her performing the most menial offices for the sick and helpless; dressing wounds at which her cheek grew pale; and in five minutes returning with unchecked interest to the most refined conversation on literature. The first time I saw her thus engaged, she mistook my look for disapprobation, and answered it with a deep blush; saying in a low tone, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Yet there was nothing abrupt in these transitions: the playfulness of a merry child; the deep feeling of a thoughtful woman; the practical energy of a philanthropist; the earnestness of a being thoroughly imbued with the perception and the love of truth, blended into each other, so that there was "nothing sudden, nothing single;" her idiosyncrasy was one, though composed of endless variety; and she was none the less firmly rooted and grounded in fixed principle, because she was flexible to every touch of human sympathy, and versatile in the perception and reflection of every light and shadow. I believe that had I never seen her after the first evening there would have been an indelible impression on my existence; she entered my heart almost as she entered the room. It was not an excited sense of admiration; it was simply that she, such as she was, became a part of my inner life, which never could be by weal or woe detached from it: I used to please myself with the thought that it was like a child coming into a dull and silent house; the windows are thrown open, chambers are searched that had been locked and forgotten, the old walls echo to sounds of gladness; voice and light have come. I loved her at once, though I loved her increasingly. Very soon I began to regard whatever she had touched or used as sacred, almost as I do now. If I saw a careless hand approach a book or flower of hers, I felt-somewhat as I did the other day, when I so hastily and rudely removed your whip and gloves from that little table, which was once her work-table;—I had a mysterious consciousness of her presence; an indescribable consciousness, too, of her unspoken thoughts. I never deceived myself by calling it mere friendship; I knew that I loved as man or woman can love but once. The first love of early youth is fervent and attractive, but the power and majesty

of the passion is only known where it enters into the soul of a strong man. I did thus love her, yet without one selfish feeling; to see her, to hear her, to share her interests as I did—in fact to know that she existed—was so much to me that I never was tempted to look beyond the present. I knew perfectly that such love as I felt for her she never could feel for me; that no mingling visions of a mutual future must ever be cherished. And at that time there was no pain in the thought, so entirely had self disappeared while I lived in here but the awakening same.

her: but the awakening came.

You know the effect, even now, of the cry of "Puseyism." At that time it was regarded as some mysterious evil; and those who uttered and those who echoed the accusation only meant something dreadful, with little definite meaning. The observance of a festival (All Saints) which I was not aware was generally neglected in Ireland, was the occasion of raising this cry against me: and then my dress, my manner, my doctrine (apparently least important of the three), were brought up in confirmation of the charge. I received a formal request from the Bishop that I would at once resign the temporary care of the parish, as even the discussion of the accusations against me would excite painful disturbance in the diocese. The very principles which his lordship condemned obliged me to yield instant obedience. Indeed, as I held the appointment only by his permission, I doubt whether I could have resisted: but while my resignation was passing through the postoffice, there came an official order, given at the request of the neighbouring clergy (who a few years after discovered that the doctrines they condemned were in their Bibles, and the practices in their Prayer-books,) that I should not again officiate in the church. The congregation were actually assembled there for a week-day service, and I had to dismiss them.

The keen and indignant sense of wrong, which belongs to her country, was very strong in her nature, and it rose at this indignity to her friend. For the first time, she waited for me in the church, and for the first time volunteered to take my arm; while her whole figure assumed an air of pride and dignity, at which I could not but smile, as she thus walked through the little assembly, making conspicuous the honour and veneration in which she

held me.

Once again we met in that aisle, but not face to face — once again she passed in my presence through that churchyard, but I saw her not!

Then came the separation; after six months of a communion as perfect, a love on the one side and a friendship on the other as pure and as true, as ever blessed the human heart. The evening previous to my departure her dear mother was confined to her room by cold, and we were for an hour alone. She brought me, as a parting gift, a little volume of sketches, which you will find with this.—The coastguard station we first visited; the church; the island; the half-built school-house which I had begun as a gift to the parish; a view

of the cliffs from the water, and of the mountains from her flower-garden. In the first page there is a wreath of violets surrounding the words "Thoughts of good together done." She pointed to the two verses alluded to in the Christian Year, with which I had made her acquainted, and repeated in a low voice:—

"Oh joys that, sweetest in decay,
Fall not like withered leaves away;
But with the silent breath
Of violets, drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done
Are wafted high in death."

She raised her eyes to my face, and read there what I intended to conceal. In a startled tone she said—

"You are very sorry, are you?"

I answered—and the words sounded hard and distant, and beat upon my ear as if spoken by another,—"I did not know the human heart was capable of such anguish."

She looked at me with her truthful and inquiring

eyes, and I replied-

" You, Ellie!"

"Me!" she exclaimed with an expression of unfeigned astonishment and terror. And then I spoke; I told her all that was in my heart; and I only asked her to remember our happy intercourse when I had returned to my solitary home.

After a long pause, she repeated the word "Solitary—must it always be solitary? Surely you will find a companionship more worthy of you than

mine !"

I besought her not to say that; and told her the plain fact that I had never thought of marriage, because I had never thought of love; and I could never think of it again.

"And I have doomed you to a solitary home, perhaps a desolate age," she said slowly and

thoughtfully.

My journey commenced early, and in the dim twilight of a November morning she was in the breakfast room: the blight of an intense mental conflict was on her face; her fingers were interlaced with nervous intensity; she seemed to shiver in the chilly air, and there was an expression of submissive endurance as if she had suffered for years.

She began at once in a calm low tone: "My dearest, kindest friend, I have wronged you grievously; I did not intend it; but I must have tried to attract you, to appear superior to what I am, or you could never, never—oh! do not interrupt me; let me say it all—I have never felt what love is; I have only an ideal to sacrifice; an ideal that might never be realized; and I will make the sacrifice if you will accept it."

It is said by those who have recovered from drowning that in the moment when they hung between life and death their whole past seemed to stand before them as a present fact—and so it was with me when she had spoken those words; in that moment a future with her, a future placed within my grasp, unrolled to my vision; thoughts and

hopes that had never lived before sprung up in vigour; I saw a home in which she presided: I saw her my own-but true love crushed the selfish imagination. The conflict was fearful, but it was brief; a conflict that curdled years into a minute, a conflict in which the good and the evil within strained every power for the mastery; but true love prevailed pure and triumphant; and her mother's heart could not have folded round her more tenderly than mine to shield her from such a sacrifice. Poor child! her gratitude when I refused to accept it found vent in floods of tears, and she kissed my hand as though it had broken the chain that bound the victim to the stake. When her composure was restored, I told her what I would accept in return for all the love I bore her—it was that she would never believe it possible I could change, and also that she would never be startled into withdrawing the confidence of friendship by the fear that I might ever seek more.

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She looked at me again, with that earnest, honest look. "But if on trial you find yourself desolate; if I have indeed blighted your life; you will allow me to make all the compensation I can:" and again there was that shudder of quivering pain; that expression of self-immolation; and again she repeated, "I am quite sincere; I have never seen any one; it was only an ideal of what might be."

At length I persuaded her that I could never find happiness in any sacrifice of hers; and thus

we parted.

If she had trifled with my happiness, if she had shown coldness or indifference, if my conscience had accused her of any fault, I should have been desolate; but my esteem was only deepened; I could gaze on and admire and honour her unfolding excellence, and my love remained my own, unsullied in its purity, strengthened in its power.

"There is a comfort in the strength of love; It makes a thing endurable which else Would overset the brain or break the heart;"

and in this comfort my life has abounded. I have never, never except for one short interval, felt solitary since I knew her; I have felt her life so influencing mine; I can so refer to her taste and judgment: I know so well how she would act in every circumstance, and view every subject, that I cannot be alone. I speak in the present tense, for there was that which could not die; the forms and modes of life may alter, but the character they express changes not. Into my external life, too, into my relation with my fellow-creatures, she had brought vitality; other objects were never darkened by contrast with her brilliancy; her light was diffusive, and gave an interest to everything it touched. Hitherto I had regarded mankind in the mass, and all my ideas for their good were fixed on extensive plans, on the machinery of benevolence: she taught me to individualize, she brought into my existence the feminine element in which persons are regarded rather than things or ideas; and in my parishioners (for I immediately entered on the duties of a parish near my College, where I was warmly welcomed on my return from my Irish exile)
I found the interest which arises from personal

sympathy.

Any one to hear her speak would imagine she had lived among the most interesting people and places in the world; you would long to be acquainted with any one she mentioned; no person or thing remained common-place under her touch. I thought this a charm peculiar to herself, but in absence I found it was just the power of truth and love which dwelt in her. There is a beauty and an interest and an idiosyncrasy in every creature of God, and we are blind to it, because we have so little love; she had taught me to love, not herself alone, but all with whom His Providence connected me. You were a baby-boy then, my dear George, and I wondered how in my absence you had become so lovely and attractive. The change, your mother said, was not in you, but in my own perceptions; my heart and eyes were opened. The effect was felt in my ministry; the children became so attached to me as to receive my instruction with delight; all were drawn to their minister; -no; I never again was solitary; it is a blessed thing to be beloved, but better still it is to love; as your favourite poet has since expressed it:-

"God gives us love. Something to love He lends us; but when love is grown To ripeness, that on which it throve Falls off, and love is left alone."

But though love was in one sense left alone, in another and a higher it can never be alone. I say all this to you, my dear George, lest you should reproach her, as she reproached herself, for my solitary life.

At first her letters,—for she became a regular correspondent,—were grave and constrained, like those of a child who had done wrong; but gradually, as I wrote of common subjects and daily interests, she became herself. And those letters present a better picture than I could draw of the ever-varying yet ever consistent character of her nature; but I cannot let you read them. My dear George, they are the contents of the sandal-wood box which I have directed to be placed in my coffin.

This went on for years; the development and strengthening of intellect, and the growth in deep and earnest piety, were unconsciously displayed, so that no link in her life was lost to me. At length a name was mentioned: I observed a stronger expression of her affection and esteem to myself; a stronger assurance that she never could forget all she owed to me. Then came the wish that I could know Mr. Lyndsey and that he could know me; he could appreciate me; he would be worthy of my friendship. I knew what was coming, and felt no pain when a long letter from dear Mrs. Mansell, and a short one from herself, announced her approaching marriage. I knew him by character; he had been a distinguished member of my university. My brother was quartered in the cathedral town in Ireland where he was curate, and frequently mentioned the zeal and genius and eloquence of the young Oxonian.

I do believe he was worthy of her; I do believe

that under his moulding hand she attained her highest perfection, both of excellence and happiness. They walked as heirs together of the grace of life, having one aim and one hope; -it seemed the fulfilled ideal of marriage. I traced it in many ways; at first she seemed afraid to give utterance to her happiness, but truth prevailed. I asked her to write to me freely and fully as she used to do, and then it flowed out in every word and expression. She gloried in his worth and genius; she admired and looked up to him with a love and reverence so profound that it absorbed all thought of what she was to him; she thought herself so honoured in being his wife, so raised above herself, that her identity seemed almost lost. His views, his words, his thoughts, his deeds filled every letter; not by intention, for she sometimes told me something of herself in a postscript, but because he seemed to fill all space in her world; yet underlying all was the dear home-consciousness, the soft, tender confidence, that she was precious to him as he was to her. I had come so much to live in their happiness, and to feel their bright life the sunshine of mine (for the conflict had been long past, and every selfish wound long healed), that her loss could scarcely have been a greater shock to me than the announcement of his death, with the addition so frequent in the Irish papers, "by typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duties. Columns were filled, in the local newspapers, with lamentation, and with testimonies to his value, with many respectful allusions to the young widow. She was childless too. I did not dare to write to her, and remained in suspense until, by her own desire, her brother informed me of all particulars. The illness had been brief, and from the first hopeless. She was cast down, but not in despair; despair dwells not with faith. And now there was a new phase in her existence. It did seem so strange, so wofully strange, that she was a mourner; that she, who was the comforter of all, who was such a reservoir of joy that when she shook her wings bright gleams fell all around; that she, with the merry eyes and gleesome laugh-Ellie, her own self, was now the afflicted one.

I heard of her continually, and from her occasionally. That was the darkest period of my life. Not having known him, I was cut off from her. I deeply regretted the morbid feeling which had from time to time caused me to delay accepting his cordial invitations. Had I been his friend, I might have shared and soothed her sorrow; now I could only feel for her, not with her, and the very servants who valued their master seemed nearer to her than I was. And I was lonely in heart; but gradually, as she arose from the cold stupor of a blow so crushing, there appeared in her letters an elevation of the whole being, a purity, a sanctity, a sublime humility, and I found myself again a learner; while she-precious child!-in the simplicity of her heart, expressed to me all the depth of her bereavement, and all the depth and height of her consolation.

Another grief quickly followed, in the death of my dear, kind friend, her mother. And she was alone.

Her brother and his wife urged her to make this glebe again her home, but she decided on remaining in the place where he whom she loved had laid down his life for his brethren; and she said, "I shall not be desolate if I can feel his life prolonged in mine, by carrying on his work among the afflicted."

At length I determined to see her once again, and, as I had a friend near the town, I went to his house, and asked her to appoint an hour to receive me. It was nine years since we had met. All that morning a scene rose before my eyes, of which I had seldom thought in the interval. It was her romantic garden among the rocks, after a summer gale from the west, which had torn and beaten to the ground many of her favourite plants; and I seemed once more to see her figure as she bound them up with looks of tender pity, as if the flowers could feel. I was prepared for a change, but not so great a contrast. For the vast ocean and the lofty mountains there was the narrow street, with no view but the cathedral tower; for the white dress and gay blue ribbons fluttering in the breeze there was the deep mourning garb; for the ringlets that used to glitter in the sun, and toss in the wind, and shade her laughing eyes, there was that awful widow's cap. I gazed a moment in silence; she smiled, and I saw Ellie once more. All the soul of goodness and truth which made the loveliness of that bright girl spoke through the holy smile of the widowed woman. Oh, Ellie! Ellie! if I had loved you well in your mirth, how did my very soul melt in tenderness before your sorrow! How gladly would I have laid down my life, yes, or my reason, how gladly would I have let her forget me for ever, if I could thus have restored her husband! I think she read it all in my face, for she answered my

"Yes, I wish you had known him, for then my dear, dear friend, you would not think my lot so sad: you would understand that I enjoy a companionship in the thought of him; that I am happier in having belonged to him, than in all else this life could have given; and there is hope;

hope full of immortality."

This first interview was very painful. I felt as if I were looking at her image in a mirror, not at her real self; or as if she were encased in crystal -unapproachable. There is something awful in a great and sublime sorrow that seems to place the mourner in another sphere. I left her that day feeling cold and far off, and with a most painful sense of inferiority; but her exquisite tact perceived the cause of my pain; and at our next meeting she allowed her tears to flow freely, and permitted me to see the lowly desolation to which Divine support was vouchsafed. She spoke of her own life as ended; the world closed to her as an individual: and yet when she spoke of others, I found her ly e to their joys and hopes, as well as to their sorrows: instead of being absorbed in self, her sympathy flowed fresh and free as ever, but its channel was deepened. Speaking of her former sympathy with affliction, she said,

"I did feel for all I perceived, but it was a shallow

pity; I did not know that the human heart was capable of such anguish."

The words thrilled on my ear, and I started. She was too truthful to affect unconsciousness;

and blushed as she said gently ;-

"For years those words rung on my ear as the refrain of a very sorrowful song, and they came unconsciously to my lips. For years I reproached myself, and thought how much happier you had been if you had never known me; and I used to wish you could forget or dislike me; because I knew nothing about it then; but when I learned that it is better to love than even to be beloved, (words I did not understand, when you used them,) I learned to believe you; and now I know how much better is bereavement, by death or otherwise, than the calm of dormant or stunted affections; the peace of having nothing to lose."

"Nothing true ever is lost," I replied; "it only

takes another form of existence."

"I know that now," she said; "and, as we have touched on the subject, I must tell you that Henry honoured and blessed you for your generous rejection of a sacrifice which was due to you."

A sacrifice, indeed, it would have been; and now I rejoiced that I had not selfishly grasped the unopened bud: it would not have withered in my bosom; but it would never have developed into the perfect flower of love, which crowned even her

widowhood with glory.

This visit cemented our friendship in many ways. Her whole character, intellect and feelings, was now fully formed; our converse was no longer as teacher and disciple, but as equal friends; and I carried back to my English rectory many precious thoughts, many suggestions for others, many high aspirations for myself, of which she was the author,

so that solitude never seemed lonely.

I saw her twice afterwards, at considerable intervals, and found her each year a more lovely specimen of a Christian lady; wielding an influence over every class of mind; entering into every form of human life—its hopes, its fears, its perplexities, its wants; just as the ocean sends its waters into each crevice of the rocks, each opening in the sand-hills, unchanged by what it touches; she seemed to be the chosen depository of every form of confidence; from that of the intellectual sceptic, for whom her quick intuition severed truth from error, down to the inhabitants of the county gaol, whose hardened brows often bowed and blushed before the purity of her kindness.

I had returned from my last visit in 1846, and was deeply engaged in parochial and literary work, when that fearful blight fell on the fields of Ireland, almost immediately followed by famine and pestilence. She at once returned to her brother's parish, (this parish, dear George,) where, as in other portions of the coast lying between the mountains and the ocean, the calamity had fallen with peculiar severity. At first we had no idea what it would be; yet each account deepened into more profound wretchedness. Her letters to me never entered into detail; she said,

"It is a relief to have your help, without giving those harrowing descriptions which reduplicate our miserable work when we want a moment's rest; but which are necessary to excite the interest of strangers." But I afterwards saw her letters to others, and then I felt how dull, how dead I had been not to perceive that personal help was as much needed as the money and supplies which I busied myself in sending. To say the truth, I lived in hope of an invitation, and felt it so great a privilege to work with them that I dared not propose it. Very early in the spring, with an acknowledgment of a sum of money she wrote these words:-" Can you come and help us? My brother is worn out; you have been my best friend, and to you I turn in this extremity." The letter had been delayed; five days had elapsed when it reached me; but, thank God, not a moment was lost after. I heard the roar of the Atlantic, and, mingled with its awful voice, there arose occasionally a wail like human sorrow. I came in sight of the church; a clergyman, in his surplice, was leaning against the pillar of the gate, his head bowed on his hands; there was a turn in the road, and the cry, feeble, and of unutterable sadness, rose again; the sexton stopped me, and besought me to "help the master; it will kill him;" not another word; but I knew it all. The man spoke to him; and with a look that even at that moment struck my heart, he said, "God bless you!" and put on me the surplice, and placed the book in my hands; and there I stood to welcome her to her last earthly dwelling. Blessed be God for that service for the burial of our dead! How could my soul cleave to the dust, how could it look down into the grave, while I pronounced the Saviour's words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and knew that they were true !--while I gave thanks that she was now in joy and felicity; and knew that so it was. There was only one moment when human anguish had the mastery; when the coffin was lowered, and that sound fell on it; and just then a sunbeam, struggling through the clouds, glittered on the name, as if her parting smile; then I continued the service unbroken by one sob; and when it was ended a woman, with a cry like a wounded animal, rushed forward, and kneeling over the open grave covered the coffin-lid with ivy and primroses, uttering all the while the low, low wail, "Miss-Ellie! Miss Ellie!" It was the same who years before, on that first day, brought her the flowers, and said, "Not too beautiful for you." The utter desolation of all gave me strength; I was there as her friend to comfort others; even then, as the cry arose, I was struck by the feebleness of the wail. Large men seemed unable to place the sods; I did it; I helped to cover her; I arranged all; and then I looked for her brother. He had sunk on a tombstone, and relieved from the task to which he had nerved himself, he was weeping like a helpless child; his wife trying to soothe him. But, as the people began to disperse, he suddenly rose, saying, "These people are starving;" and with rapid steps led the way to the place where food was distributed: it

was their hour; and a dense mass of human creatures surrounded the door, in every stage of wretchedness, from the eager famine which clutched the food and devoured it, to the apathetic state in which it was necessary to rouse and to feed them. Rags, dirt, effluvia, disease-all seemed concentrated round this building; and there I stood, where she had stood six days before, measuring, seeing that none were overlooked, guarding the weakest, and putting food into lips that could scarcely open; while her brother, without a coat, and his shirtsleeves turned up, stood over the steaming cauldrons, working to his utmost power of manual labour, till all were supplied. Then to each was given a portion for the evening meal, and then the crowd dispersed. The prayers and blessings of many mingled with the curses and grumblings of a few; while many a voice, too weak to speak before, took up the cry, "Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie!-our darling lady."

The first words he spoke were of the present scene: "Those who helped us at first have sunk one by one; none left. I thank God you are come!" It was not till we reached this house that I heard more. A few broken sentences told me that the day after she wrote to me she was engaged as usual in the soup-kitchen; and then, as she did always, she rode up the mountain with a basket of food, lest any had been unable to come. She found an infant at the breast of a dead mother; she took it and warmed it in her bosom, and while she was trying to feed it the baby died; she had to leave them there, and there was none to bury them. That evening, while writing as usual details of their wants and expenditure, she fell asleep; when placed in bed her mind wandered a little; she spoke of the green pastures and the river of life as if she beheld them; she spoke to her husband as if he were beside her; and then, with an expression of profound satisfaction, she repeated thrice, "that Name which is above every name;" and then she fell asleep, and awoke no more. She died, exhausted by her struggle against human misery; beaten to death by the waves of a sorrow beyond her power to surmount.

I took up her work, and remained with her dear brother; no words can tell how dear he became to me! (Poor Nurse had preserved for me one long ringlet: you will always be kind to Nurse, whom you have known so long as my faithful housekeeper.) I resigned my parish to devote myself to him and his; he had her eyes in a rougher setting; her generous and devoted spirit, with less natural energy and power. Those deep grey eyes became larger and more brilliant as the cheek sunk and the voice became hollow. The misery of the people was relieved by sacrifices (by which you are the chief loser) which the emergency demanded; so that his last months were not tortured by the sight of wretchedness he could not relieve; and he went down to the grave in peace; and I saw him laid beside his sister, and I spoke again at her side the words of peace and hope and triumph, the victory of faith.

At his request this parish was given to me, and I rejoiced in the charge: and here it is, my dear nephew, you have known me, and have enjoyed your summer holidays beside the Atlantic; and here you will come to see your old uncle once again.

Her grave has never been without fresh flowers. You asked me with surprise who could place them there so early in the morning; now you know. Try to arrange with my successor that it may be continued.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN. THE OLD SLATE QUARRY.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—Exodus xx. 12.

I TRUST there are not many little boys or girls who will read this to whom I need explain the meaning of this sentence. No doubt they know it well, and keep that commandment of God entirely; for whoever would behave badly to their parents must be a bad child indeed! Think how much they have done for us; how they have taught us, and watched over us, when we were quite young, and unable to do anything for ourselves; how, when we were sick, they soothed our pain, prayed for us, and took more care of us than anyone else could. Oh, we can never be sufficiently grateful to those kind parents! And no doubt, my dear little friends, you all love your father and mother dearly, and would not, on any account, behave rudely or unkindly to them, but do everything in your power to make them happy, and to show how you love them.

Still, have you always remembered that to "honour" your parents, you must obey them in everything, and never let any reason tempt you to forget what they have said? They are older and wiser than you, and must know best what is good

and proper for you.

I remember a tale about a little girl whom I knew when I was a child. I will tell it you; perhaps it will make you still more careful to remember this.

It was in a very beautiful village in the country, a long way from here. The prettiest house in the place was that belonging to the mamma of little Rose Banks. It was such a sweet place, quite hid among trees and flowering shrubs. A little stream flowed through the grounds, and there was an aviary (that is a place in which birds are kept), full of foreign birds—parrots and cockatoos, and humming birds, and those beautiful little creatures called love birds. We were so fond of going to visit little Rose Banks, and look at her pretty pets, and watch the tiny fish in the stream, along the border of which grew sweet blue and white bells, hanging over and kissing the water as it flowed smoothly along. Then there was a swing on the lawn at the

back of the house, and a little chaise drawn by two white goats, a little black pony in a nice stable, all to himself, and tame peacocks, which would eat out of our hands. Oh, it was such a pleasant place! and our happiest time was when we were permitted to spend a day with Rose, at Spring Bower—so the house was called. Rosa's papa had been an officer in the army; he was killed in India, and Rose was all in the world to her mamma, who had no one to love on earth but her little girl. She was such a merry, happy child, so gentle and kind, no one could help loving her, always laughing and light-hearted; we used to call her Sunny Rose Bank, for play, you know. Often she would come to my mamma's house, upon her little black pony, and I always knew her merry voice the minute I heard it, and ran down to meet her. Then she would beg a holiday for me, and off we would go, one riding and the other walking by the side, turn by turn, till we got to her house, and then what a merry day! running, swinging, dancing, singing, gathering fruit and flowers, riding in the little chaise, and feeding the

The gardens sloped off at the back of the house. and joined a little wood, where in the season the nuts grew plentifully; and the ground was covered with such a beautiful soft moss, just like a carpet, and the birds sang so sweetly, for their nests were never disturbed: we loved the little wood. After you passed through the wood, you came into a kitchen garden, and from there, across an open hilly piece of common, was a short way into the village, close by our school, where we went twice a-week, only to learn music and singing. On this common grew the sweetest flowers that were to be found anywhere; they climbed over the huge loose stones which lay about, and hung down into the great black holes, as if they were in haste to cover the bare ugly place. It had been a slate quarry (that is a place where slate is dug out of the earth), but it had not been worked for a long time. We often longed to gather the bright flowers which grew so plentifully all over that common, but we had been forbidden to cross it, for there were a great number of wide deep pits in many places, almost covered by the brambles and flowers, so that you could not see them, and might easily have fallen down to the bottom.

When we had spent a merry day out of doors, we would go into the house, and after tea Rose's kind mamma would play the harp for us, while we danced or sang; then she used to tell us amusing tales of all she had seen when abroad; till our servant came to fetch us home. Oh! those were

very happy days.

Rose could not remember her papa; he died when she was quite a baby; and it often made her sad when she saw the love of other children for a kind father, to think that she had never known hers. But such sadness soon passed away, for her good mamma was so kind and loving, and often when Rose saw the tears fall from her mother's eyes, as she looked at the picture of that dear papa, she would spring into her lap, and kissing them

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away, promised to be very good, to make dear

mamma glad.

She was a happy little girl, and so sweet-tempered and gentle, everybody loved to oblige her: she was so careful not to give trouble, and so willing to serve any person; she would part with the prettiest toy or book she had, if a playmate admired it, and she thought it would give them pleasure. And to the poor she was so kind; I have often thought she was very like the little girl in the story-book who took off her shoes, and gave them to the poor child who had none: Rose would certainly have done so.

It was a pity that, with so many good qualities, Rose often forgot the wishes and commands of her dearest friend upon earth, her good mamma. If she had been bade to do anything, or not to go somewhere, or to take something, she very often would do exactly what she had been forbidden to do, or leave what she had been desired to do; and had always some reason of her own, which she was sure, she said, mamma would say was right; though she always found that she was wrong, and often got into trouble in consequence.

She had been often told not to open the door of the aviary; her mamma had given her permission to feed the birds, and to watch them, but forbade her at any time to open the door. One summer morning very early, Rose went to the aviary, anxious to see a very beautiful foreign bird which a gentleman, just returned from abroad, had brought for her mamma. She was visiting at our house the day before, when he came, and she had not yet seen the new beauty. There he sat all alone, in great state, in his new home, looking so proud, and handsome, his gay plumage glistening in the sun. Rose noticed that the little pan, which held the water for the bird's drink, had been taken out and stood on the outside of the cage; the man who attended to the birds having forgotten to replace She saw the strange bird looked eagerly Sorry for him, her mamma's commands were forgotten: she hastily opened the door, eager to give him the water-a loud whirring noise rushed past her ear—the cage was empty! a bright streak of gold and blue seemed to flash high up in the air—and was gone. Rose's scream brought the gardener to the spot, who, seeing what had happened, and afraid his mistress would be angry, not wishing his little lady to get into trouble, offered to take all the blame upon himself.

"I ought to have put the pan in, Miss; it was

my fault," said he.

But Rose was too good and brave to wish to hide her fault.

"It was very wrong of me, Robert," said she. "Mamma told me not to open the cage, but I will

tell her. Oh dear, how sorry I am!"

She walked slowly away, feeling very differently to when she entered the garden that morning. She met her mamma and the gentleman who had brought the bird, upon the terrace; they were just going to look at the new pet. Oh, what a sad tale for Rose to tell!

"You know," said her mamma, "I bade you never open that door. You thought that there was an excuse for you when you wished to give the bird drink; but you know you ought to have called Robert to do so. Had the bird not have flown away, you would have still done the same wrong in disobeying me. Oh, Rose! you will be sorry some day, if you do not keep my requests more in your mind. Go to your room now, and stay there."

Rose cried bitterly, as she went; not for the punishment, but because she knew she had done

wrong, and had offended her dear mother.

She went to her room, and remained there the whole day. She missed all the pleasant tales which the strange gentleman told of foreign countries, and the many things he had seen there: she was not allowed to dine with her mamma, or to walk out with her in the evening; and worse than all, she knew by the sad face of her dear mamma, when she came to kiss her and bid her good-night, that she was grieved and sad,

"Do you know, Rose," said her kind mother, "which commandment of God you have this day neglected to observe?—'Honour thy father and mother.' You, my poor child, have no earthly father; but you have a mother, who so dearly loves you, that she is sadly grieved to find you so often care-

less of her wishes."

Rose cried herself to sleep, and made many resolutions never to offend more. But such resolves

were too often forgotten.

She had a very choice and rare little rose-tree, which through the long winter she had carefully nursed, and reared as fondly as if it were some living thing, which could return her love. Indeed the little plant seemed to do so, for it put forth its tiny buds, and grew thick and strong. The little girl watched its growth with great delight; and anxiously awaited the opening of the sweet buds, which she intended to give to her mamma on her birthday, now near at hand.

One morning in March, about a week before the day for which Rosa had destined her treasure; the sun shone warm and bright, the sky looked clear and blue; "almost like summer"—said Rose, "and I am sure it will do rosey good to go out of doors a little, after being shut up so long." Her mamma had repeatedly warned her, that if she placed her rose-tree in the open air, at this time of the year, it would certainly die, after being so long accustomed to the warm air of the room. But Rose was sure, and her mamma was from home that morning; so, without staying to consider that she had no right to decide against the expressed opinion of her parent, she placed the tiny rose in the sunshine on the terrace, and went to take her music lesson.

About midday the sky became clouded, a few flakes of snow drifted in the air, and the shrill wind howled through the trees. Rose's mamma called for her in the carriage, on her way back from town, and brought her home. The moment they arrived, Rose hurried up the steps, and ran round the terrace, heedless of the snow, which now fell fast;

she reached her little rose and anxiously raised it. Alas, poor rose! All its tiny buds were nipped, its pretty green leaves; the tender plant, drooping and faded, seemed to say-" Ah, dear little mistress, why have you thus left me to die?" Yes, it was dying, the poor rose-tree, and its tiny buds could never open now, to please the little girl. Rose burst into tears, though she did not often cry; and when her mamma, fearing she was hurt, ran into the room, she found the poor child with the dead rose-tree in her hand, weeping sadly. Her mamma did not say how much she was grieved at her disobedience, for she knew Rose suffered for it. Everybody who had come to see Mrs. Banks had admired the rose-bush, and now they inquired for it; so Rose was obliged, many times, to confess her fault, and her just punishment. Would you not think these sad events would have made her more obedient? But you know, unless we are quite resolved to be as good as we can be, and ask from our heart the Heavenly Father to assist us,

we shall never be right.

One beautiful summer morning, some months after the loss of the rose-tree, Rose came almost dancing with delight, to the house of the lady who taught us music. She was an infirm old lady, though an excellent teacher; so, as she could not, without great fatigue, attend all the little girls whom she taught, we went twice a-week to her house in the village, to learn of her music and singing. Well, Rose Banks came, full of joy, just as we were going to begin. She brought a note from her mamma, asking the lady to be kind enough to excuse her, when she had played her last lesson over, as the little girl was going to have some young friends to visit her in the afternoon, and wished to be home early. She asked me, and the three little girls who were also there, to come; there was to be quite a large party; we were to have a dance on the lawn, and coloured lamps were hung in the trees of the little wood, to be lighted when evening came. All the fruits and nice things which could be found in the village were ready for our feast; cook had baked such a fine cake, and Sally was to make a syllabub under the cow. We were to make hay in the meadow, and ride in the chaise, and feed the birds; and in the cool evening we were to dance, not to the piano, but to music Mamma had sent for from the town. All this Rose told, almost in a breath; and the little girls danced for joy as they listened. She ran home, as soon as her lesson was played; telling us she was going to help to cut the flowers for the vases, and charging us all to come as early as ever we could. "We shall be so happy, when we meet," said she, as she ran off, with such a sweet smile and sunny face. I have never forgotten that look, though so many years have passed since I saw it.

I am afraid that our practising that morning was scarcely so well attended to as usual. We were thinking of the pleasure to come, and at two o'clock we were glad to be free, and hasten home to lunch, and then to dress. I was the first to arrive at Mrs. Banks's; for my mother's house was the nearest to

hers, and as I was a particular favourite of Rose's, she was sure to want me there a little before the rest, to show me all her little plans and arrangements.

I was very much surprised, when I went up the steps and reached the terrace, not to see my dear little friend; she was always so anxious to run and meet me. However I thought she might be still in her room, dressing, and I meant to go up and surprise her; when Mrs. Banks's maid came hastily into the hall.

Oh! Miss, said she, "is Miss Rose with you?

She ought to be dressed by this time!"

"Rose is not with me," exclaimed I; "I have not seen her since she left the class this morning!"

"Why, where can she be, Miss?" said the girl: her mamma has been asking for her this long time, and we thought surely she was with you."

and we thought surely she was with you." Then Mrs. Banks came in, and when she heard that Rose had not returned, she did not know what to think. She asked me at what time Rose had left the school; I told her she had remained but half an hour, and it was now four hours ago. The little visitors began to arrive; soon all had come, but Rose was with none of them, neither had they seen her since the morning. Then her mamma and the servants began to be alarmed, lest some harm had come to the little girl. Some of the servants went one way, and some another, to see if they could learn any tidings of her, but no one had seen her since she had left the music class in the morning. They all came back, and it was growing quite dusk; the other little girls returned home, sad and alarmed; but I did not like to go away, I wanted to hear if my dear little merry Rose were not yet found. So I sat upon the terrace, under the sweet flowers, which Rose's little hand had helped to train, and I leaned my cheek sadly among the clematis and roses, thinking of her, and of what she had said—" We shall be so happy when we meet!" I tried to think where she could be. Sometimes I fancied gipsies had taken her away, as I had read of children being taken by them; but there were no gipsies in the village; no wild beasts to eat her up; -where she was I could not think. The men had all gone out again to seek through the neighbourhood, and many others had joined them in the search. I could hear the sobs of the poor old housekeeper, who had nursed Rose when a baby, and the weeping of the maids, who all dearly loved their young mistress. Through the half-closed windows I saw the poor mamma on her knees, praying for her child to be given back to her. I could not go home till I had seen Rose, I could not have slept; and, as I thought of all the happiness she had planned, and how it had ended, the tears fell fast, among the blossoms around me. Just then, I heard a step near me, a heavy step, yet sounding as if the person were trying to walk softly. I looked up, and saw coming up the steps, a great country boy, whom the people in the village called silly Harry. I do not believe the poor fellow was so silly as they thought him; at least he was very grateful and respectful to anybody who was kind to him; but he never would stay in any house, -always roaming about in search of herbs and flowers, which he picked in the fields and hedges to sell in the village. He had been very kindly treated by little Rose, and would run a mile or two to fetch or carry for her. He came now treading softly, yet hurriedly, and as he saw me he placed his finger on his lip, to bid me to make no noise. I started up, and saw that he held in his hand the little blue silk searf which Rose Banks wore in her morning walks about the village; she had had it on that very day. I should have cried out, but a look at Harry silenced me. I saw he was pale and distressed, and by his pointing towards the window I knew he feared to alarm poor Mrs. Banks.

Child as I was, I understood. He had found some traces of Rose; she was in danger, and needed help. I knew well there were none at home able to be of service;—the men were all out, the women terrified and weeping. I beckoned Harry to follow me, and running down the steps and across the lawn we were soon at my father's house. There my two elder brothers, quite young men, were sitting at tea with my sister, father and mother. I ran swiftly into the room, followed closely by Harry; and so terrified had I now become by his sad, wild looks, that I threw myself on my knees, and, hiding my face in my mamma's lap, I burst into tears. They were all alarmed, for they

had not before heard of the strange loss.

Harry soon told all he knew. He was crossing the common just in the dusk of the evening, for he knew his way so well about the place that he never feared going there, even among the dangerous pits; he had been gathering water-cresses at a little brook which ran between the meadows some distance off. He saw, a little way off, something lightly fluttering, and thinking it might be a bird, hurt, and unable to fly, he ran forward and caught hold of it. Then he found it to be a blue silk scarf, which he well knew belonged to the little lady at Spring Bower; it had caught in the twining branches of a creeping plant which grew thickly across, and almost covered, the mouth of a deep black slate quarry. "I very nearly fell in," said Harry, telling my father; "for I did not see the pit at first: I thought young Miss had perhaps lost her scarf, and it had blown there, for I know none of the ladies ever walk there; so I was coming to the house with it when. I heard in the village that Miss had not been seen since morning, and then I began to be afraid—" Poor Harry stopped speaking, and the big tears rolled down his rough face. He had run all the way here, but was afraid of alarming Mrs. Banks, and had stopped to speak to me first.

My father and brothers, with two of our men, instantly started off, Harry going before to show the way. They took a ladder and lanterns with them, for it was now quite dark; and blankets and a bottle of hot milk were sent after them by my dear mother. Oh how my heart ached, and how I prayed that dear little Rose might be brought back safe! No one had spoken; but I knew by the pale faces of the men, and the tears of my sister

and mother, what they thought.

It seemed a long while—oh, so long!—till they came back. We heard them coming slowly across the lawn and up the terrace, into the house; for no one had yet told poor Mrs. Banks what they feared, so they came to us first. My mother went to meet them. I could not move, but stood clasping my sister's hand, and listening. Then we heard a great noise of crying, and some one said, "Oh, who will tell the poor mother!" Mamma came into the room; she was weeping bitterly, and she took me in her arms, and, kissing me, she said, " My child, my dear child!-your little friend!-dear little Rose !- what will become of her poor mother!"

Yes, it was all over; dear little Rose was dead! They found her at the bottom of the quarry; her sweet face covered by the long trailing flowers which had, most probably, led to her disobedience and death; her little white frock torn and soiled; her straw hat broken; and her tiny shoes sticking in the brambles, mingled with the wild flowers. The smile which was on her face when she turned to say, "We shall be happy when we meet," still lingered there; and her bright curls lay so softly round her head and neck, you would have thought she slept. But her poor little arms were terribly bruised, and her back was broken. Rose Banks was dead! Sweet sunny Rose Banks would never more play on the lawn, and dance to her own songs

among the flowers!

Oh, it was a terrible night! Mamma and my sisters went to poor Mrs. Banks's; and it was fearful, they afterwards said, to see her grief and agony of mind. There, in the midst of so much that was happy and beautiful, lay the poor child for whom all had been prepared—who might have been so gay, full of life and joy-cold and lifeless; her poor mamma heart-broken, and all in sadness and sorrow. Through one act of disobedience all this had come. The gay flowers had attracted the little girl's fancy; for she had been plucking them, they could see, as her foot slipped through, and she fell. Eager to reach home, she had most probably crossed the common, where she was forbidden ever to pass, and had met her death. Had she remembered her duty to her mother, had she gone by the village, oh! how much misery would have been saved! The way of duty is ever the easiest and the most pleasant, my dear children.

Poor Mrs. Banks died soon after her little girl.

Grief killed her.

The sweet Spring Bower was shut up, dark and lonely, and weeds grew where flowers had been. Soon afterwards we left that place, and I was very glad, for I could not bear to be reminded of the sad fate of my little friend. Papa took poor Harry with us; he became a good faithful servant, and was not at all silly, I assure you.

Dear little girls and boys who read this,-Will you remember the tale of Rose Banks, and obey that commandment which she forgot, and so brought a sad fate upon herself. "" Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

LAST NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"God strikes His Church; but 'tis to this intent,—
To make, not mar her, by this punishment.

Go; when He gives thee bitter pills, be sure
'T is not to poison—but to make thee pure.'

Herrick's "Noble Numbers."

How many thousands last night opened their window, if alone; or if in a happy, merry circle, ran to the hall-door to listen to the church bells tolling the knell of the departing, and chiming in the welcome of the new year! And now 1861 is among the years that have been: gone to swell the roll of centuries and ages that have passed away from earth, but of which the record remains clear as yesterday on High! 1861, with all its joys, sorrows, heart-breakings, happiness, sins, negligences and ignorances, gone from us for ever: no, not for ever—only gone until we are called upon to give an account of it, among all the other talents which have been entrusted to our care.

New Year's Eve!—On days like this, "memory brings the light of other days around us;" and as she pauses, joys are soon remembered, and a smile crosses the face at the recollection; but smiles are fleeting, and with how many they die away in the remembrance of grief that succeeded short-lived joy; and perhaps die away with a few words scarcely audible, not of gratitude for the passing sunshine, but of repining at the cloud—forgetful that sunshine alone was never meant for earth; forgetful that clouds are sent for us to pierce through them, into brighter light than earth's sunshine can ever give.

"Upon the sands of Life, Sorrow treads heavily, And leaves a print Time cannot wash away; While Joy trips by with foot so light and soft, That the next wave wears the faint footfall out."

There was a young girl at her open window last night, unheeding the cold frosty wind. Her attitude was one of grief, and the deep mourning, and pale weary face, told that sorrow had indeed been at work. The Spirit of Memory hovered round her, and thoughts of the last year crowded fast and thick—the last New Year's Eve, when he was at her side, her young sailor brother. They had stood at that window together, listening to the chimes, and he had pointed out Lyra as her own star that he would look at when on the sea, and think of her during his midnight watch, and she would look at it in her quiet home, and remember him in her evening prayer. And then he had left her-and the months passed wearily away: spring, summer, autumn, all in one longing thought that he must yet return. The ship, the gallant ship sailed from her port, and was never heard of more. And now she is trying to turn from earth "to that sole changeless world, where there is no more sea," and her tears almost ceased as she gazed on the starry sky, and suddenly Lyra shone brightly forth without a cloud.

In a comfortable nursery, a little girl sat talking merrily. No sad recollections could surely come to such a child; yet as the Spirit of Memory paused for an instant the little thing rose.

"I do not want this large doll, Nurse," she said:
"Give me back my own little old one with the

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broken arm."

"Oh Miss Lucy, my lady brought you this beautiful doll for a Christmas box, and said that ugly old thing was to be thrown away," returned her nurse.

"No, no!" exclaimed the child: "I must have the old one back! My own dear mamma gave it me last New Year's Day. Tell the new lady I like my old one, because it was dear mamma's, I never will play with this one!"—and she placed the mimic baby on the nurse's knee.

"I dare not tell my lady you do not like her beautiful present. She got it on purpose to please you, because you were always playing with that old broken one. Just see how pretty it is; and now I will open its eyes for you; and look at its beautiful dress. Come and look, Miss Lucy, dear."

But the child had seated herself on a stool, and hiding her face in her little hands, her poor little heart half broken, she sobbed in answer, "My dear old doll, and the frock Mamma made, the last thing she ever did for me, and the strange lady has thrown it away! My own mamma, why did you leave me here?—why did you not take me with you?"

And the Spirit of Memory passed on, and paused in a chamber in which every luxury was collected, Folding back the heavy satin curtain, the proud mother bent over her only daughter, as in all the delirium of fever she moved restlessly on her bed. The mother looked on the sufferer with a long, steady gaze, and her brow contracted as she listened to the broken sentences that escaped her burning lips; but as memory came upon her, a heavy tear stole down her cheek, and she thought of the last New Year's Eve, when her child, full of life and hope, had been the beauty of the ball-room. She thought of her satisfaction that night when Lord Glenmore had asked her daughter's hand, though his years more than doubled those of the young bride he sought,—though every one spoke of his bad temper. And then she remembered the tall young soldier, whom Alice had known from a child, who had been by her side all that gay evening; the unheeded tears and prayers all came before herthe young soldier's last words; the pale face arrayed in her bridal wreath, and her broken sob as she sank half fainting at the altar; and then the cold stern manner of the husband to whom she had sacrificed her gentle daughter-all stood clearly out before her, and, involuntarily asking for forgiveness, the mother pressed her lips on the forehead of her child.

"No, Cecil, murmured the poor sufferer in her delirium; "it was not my fault! I told them, I did indeed, it was my mother!—it was my mother!"

Sinking on her knees beside her, the mother now sobbed aloud.

And last night in Florence sat a young artist in his studio, His brush had dropped from his hand, A half-finished picture was before him. It was a group of figures he had engaged to paint for an English nobleman, yet for months it had progressed but little. One figure was completed, and one only, and that alone seemed to engross his attention, on that alone did his eye rest. Memory called up the dying year before him. That English noble had spent the past winter in Florence with his young daughter, and the old man's voice sounded in Carlo's ear again as it had done that last time, when, with a beating heart, he had shown his unfinished sketch: "Ha! a likeness of my child! When was this done?" The slight figure of the young English girl, as she bent over the easel to hide the bright colour that rushed into her cheek, seemed to rise again before him. If he could only have paused there !--if he had never met her clear blue eye, when, the first surprise over, she looked calmly on his pale face, and said gently, as if she grieved for the pain she gave, "A passing dream of Signor Carlo's, Father. That is not my portrait."

And the Spirit of Memory visited an abode from which she seems excluded. Yesterday evening she hovered over a cold dark cell, and the solitary inmate gazed less fiercely from the iron bars as a group of happy children passed near the asylum.

"I was a boy once, and I made snowballs too," he muttered, and a few large drops rolled down the

maniac's cheek.

And under that same roof sat a woman among the harmless ones, rocking herself backwards and forwards on her low couch. The keeper entered and said,—

"New Year's Day to-morrow, Sally."

She pressed her hand to her head, as if in thought. "New Year's Day?" she said: "My baby was born on New Year's Day, but I have been shut up here since then, and forget to say my prayers. Mother will scold me for that. I'll say them to-night, I will; and I'll pray that my child, my little child, may never be mad like me."

The Spirit of Memory breathed a sigh as the poor idiot knelt and clasped her hands. Here she would fain have finished her wanderings; but, with a sigh, Mercy beckoned her on, and Memory from that

abode of misery slowly vanished away.

There was one among the many sons that England sends to the far East, and he, with others, was to spend the last night of the year drowning thought with vice of every kind. But he was young; his sister's words, his mother's prayers, as yet were not all forgotten. Memory brought them all before him—the group collected in the home of his childhood, if the circle were still unbroken—and he paused.

There was a little dying child last night lying unconscious in his little bed. Father and mother leaning over him, longing to hear one last word from their darling. The Spirit of Memory hovered over them, and suddenly the little fellow said, "Don't cry, mamma; He loves little children, very little ones, like me," and so dropped peacefully into his early sleep.

The chimes are over—they have told their tale—their task is done. They have told this same tale for years, until at last they are almost unheeded. Of the many thousands who hear the welcome to 1862, how many will have completed their own task before those bells again chime in another year! Task completed! did I say? Ah! will it be completed, or left undone? A new year is before us, joys and cares mixed together, and whichever is best for us each of us will receive. When we "see clearly," we shall say, "Yes, it was best for me." Now we "see darkly," and we often say, "No, it was not; indeed, no." One and all, let us try, in joy and in sorrow, to be

"Thankful for all He takes away,— Humbled by all He gives."

And our New Year will then be a HAPPY one.

M. E. G.

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER.

(FOR MUSIC.)

I know a star whose gentle beams
Shine with a pure and constant ray,
Inspire me with delicious dreams,
And cheer me on my lonely way:
I gaze upon its tender light,
And to it bow the adoring knee;
But, oh! how dreary were my night,
Were it to shine no more for me.

I know a flower of beauteous form,
Whose sweetness is beyond compare;
I fain would shield it from the storm,
And keep it ever young and fair.
It glads my eyes, it soothes my heart,
It is a daily charm to see;
But, ah! how bitter were my smart,
Were it to bloom no more for me

Thou art the star, thou art the flower,
My precious, peerless maiden, mine;
And from our first fond meeting-hour
My love—my life—were wholly thine.
But wert thou called beyond the spheres
How joyless would the wide world be!
How sad my sighs, how true my tears,
Wert thou to live no more for me!
JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

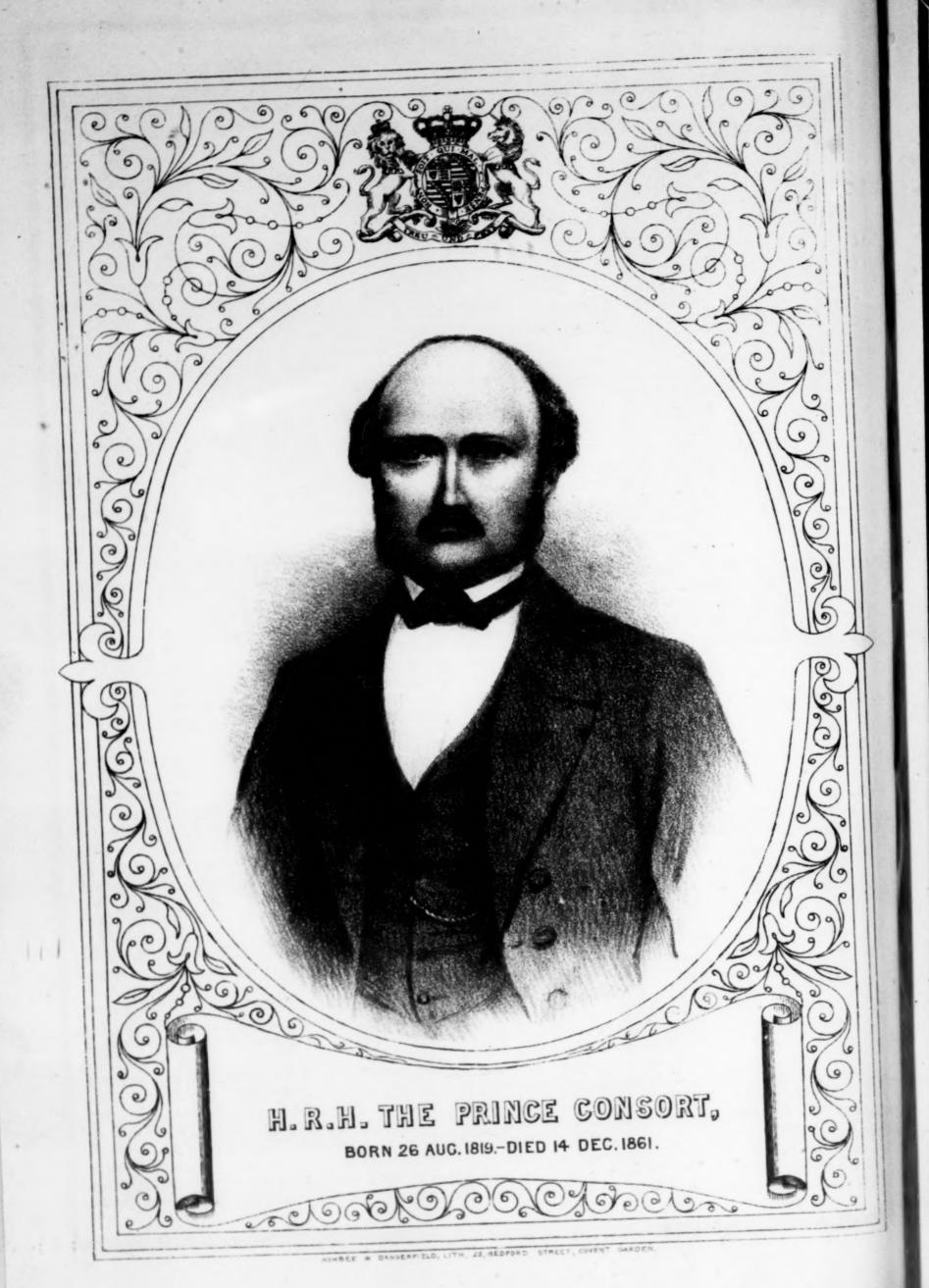
MUSIC.

By far the sweetest of the three sister - arts is music, and one of the most ancient; for years ago we read of its being known, and there is no doubt that its native country is Egypt. The lyre is about the oldest musical instrument, and was invented by Hermes Trismegistus. It was from the Egyptians the Greeks had their first ideas of music. Even back in those half-civilised times music was cultivated and loved. All seem to have vowed at Euterpe's shrine; -muses, gods, demigods, we find practised it. Singing was employed by the poets, who went about in this manner reciting their compositions. In the time of Homer, (which is supposed to be about 968 B.C.,) besides the lyre, were the flute, the harp, and the trumpet. Musical characters and notation were invented 671 B.C., by Terpander. Among the lovers of music we find philosophers; for instance, Pythagoras, he who first introduced the idea of the transmigration of souls, and the leader of that sect of philosophy called the Pythagorean; he added an eighth string to the lyre, and discovered musical ratios; and more, he reduced music to a science, and explained the theory of sound. Among the Greeks who in one way or other studied music, are Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Nichomachus, Ptolemy the astronomer, Alyssius, Bacchius, Gerasenus and Quintilian. It was not till the reign of Constantine the Great that instrumental music was introduced in the church services; and we find, on reference, that the chaunting of the psalms was introduced in the Western Churches by St. Ambrose, 350 years after Christ, and was improved by St. Gregory the Great, some three centuries later. The use of the organ was first begun in the Greek church, under the name of hydraulicon, or water-organ. The first known in Europe was a present to King Pepin, from the Emperor Constantine Copronymus. It was not till the tenth century it came into use in England and Germany; and a century afterwards musical notes were invented by an Italian monk, Guido Aretino. And since that period how has it flourished, and to what perfection has it been brought! And how many, having followed this glorious science, have immortalized their names, and woven for themselves laurel chaplets-among whom may be mentioned Auber, whose well-known opera "Fra Diavolo" is so liked by the lovers of music; Beethoven, whose orchestral works are so full of grandeur; Bellini, who has left behind him those magnificent operas of "Sonnambula" and "Norma;" the great Gluck; the sublime productions of Handel, whose chef-d'œuvre is his soul-stirring oratorio of the "Messiah." Then again there is Haydn, who is rightly called the father of modern orchestral music; the magnificent productions of Mozart, among which are "The Marriage of Figaro," and his splendid "Don Giovanni;" but the most solemn and sublime is his "Requiem:" written, as it was, on his death-bed. He must, as people as that time often do, have heard the sound of heavenly music,

and been thus inspired to write. And moreover there is Weber, whose pieces are so full of the depth and solemnity of German music, with all the beauty and magnificence of the Italian. Besides these, I might add many more. In this period, therefore, which may truly be termed the march of intellect, we have many living composers, whose works will be handed down to posterity, and whose names will have as high a place in the world of fame as any of the old masters now. But, as I said before, which of the arts can excel music? What can be more beautiful than a deep and thrilling piece? Poetry is delightful, and many and numerous are those who have earned world-renowned names, by having sung of the fair Erato; many at the present time, whose poems are welcomed in our houses. Again, a noble art is that of painting, and we cannot but love to gaze in admiration on the works of those who are passed away from earth, but whose names will live for ages. At the present time hundreds are following in their steps, and their names, likewise, will be uttered in the same admiring tones. But still, beautiful as is painting, heart-thrilling as is poetry, music is the soul-stirring art, -nothing can ever equal it. There are few in the world who are devoid of music-love, and strange beings these few must be-such people are to be pitied. Are they fond of Nature, and all her glorious beings? Do they care for rambles in shady lanes, where the wild flowerets grow and flourish; or in the emerald woods, where the birds sing all through the live-long summer-days? Do they like to wander by the side of a rippling, harpvoiced streamlet? No pleasure to them is it to climb the steep and rugged mountain-path, seeking for the beauteous mountain-flowers; they see nothing in the broad and wide blue sea. No; persons who care not for music would say such things have no charms for them. If a person would but pause, and think over Nature, he would soon discover how it is divided into the three sister-arts. The music is found in the murmuring of the brooklets, the sound of the silver-waved ocean, the joyous song of the birds, the summer breeze amid the trees, or the storm-wind that moans sometimes over the earth. The painting in beautiful scenery, either Claudian valleys, Everdingen forests, or Salvator Rosaian wilds. The poetical in the voiceless poetry which is in the glorious flowers, which the poet rightly named "stars of earth"-in the golden stars of heaven, in the silvery moon, and in the dreamy shades of twilight, and a speaking poetry in the hum of insects, in the bleating lambs, in the lowing of the cattle. And what wondrous harmony there is; all these are blended into one another, so that one could not do without the other. In painting, how many works have been done from poetry, and that poetry inspired by music. Ought we not to be grateful to the kind Creator who hath given us them? And yet, alas! man too often forgets these his many benefits.

LEILA.





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In Memoriam.

At a time when the voices of nations unite in one universal wail of lamentation, the National Magazine would be wanting to itself and to its readers did it fail to add its note of sorrow to the general requiem, whose chords are struck upon a people's hearts. Brief as of necessity must be our tribute, none the less heartily is it offered—not the less deep is our sorrow, nor less profound our sympathy with the Royal Mourner, who now possesses a double claim upon the affection, the loyalty,

and the zeal of her subjects.

It is impossible to picture any circumstances under which such a loss could be more acutely felt by those nearest and most dear to the illustrious deceased. In the prime of life—in the full possession of apparently robust health and strength the centre of a young and hopeful family, who had learned to appreciate their father's worth, to estimate his example at its true value; in whose developing virtues and affections he was reaping the reward of the kind parent and wise counsellor he had proved himself; the beloved husband of a great sovereign, the partner of her throne, sharing with her the love and devotion of a people who had learned only too well to appreciate his worth; so well, that as yet they scarcely dare to realise his loss. Had it been earlier in his career we might have failed to estimate to the full him we mourn; had he been spared till the winter of life had sapped the energies, frosted the noble head, seared the kindly heart, and ice-bound the humane sympathies once ever on the flow—we might have bowed with more submission to the stroke, in remembering that such is the lot of man whose counted years are run; that extreme age is, at best, shorn of many of life's attractions, and that the peaceful death-bed which closes a long and useful life claims the envy, rather than the lamentation, of those who remain behind. But it was not to be: the fiat had gone forth, at the age of forty-two, ere yet men had fully proved his worth; while yet the work of his hands was warm; while yet his active brain planned and projected, and the evidence of its power rose visibly among us, he is taken; and with tears that fall less even for the Prince, than for the ripe scholar, the art-patron, the courtly gentleman, we mourn for the husband of our Queen.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, K.G., &c., was the younger of the two sons of Ernest, the late reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg (and brother of the late Duchess of Kent), by his first wife, the Princess Louisa, only child of Augustus, reigning Duke of Saxe Gotha, a lady of remarkable wit and beauty. He was born at the Castle of Rosenau, near Cobourg, on the 26th of August, 1819.

In the summer of 1836, Prince Albert accompanied his father and brother on a visit to the Duchess of Kent at Kensington, where the tender

friendship between the cousins first sprang up which was to expand to a warmer feeling; successive interviews confirming the mutual preference

each had conceived for the other.

In November, 1839, the intended alliance of Her Majesty being formally announced, a bill was passed making Prince Albert a naturalised British subject, and granting him an annual income of £30,000. On the 10th of February, 1840, the marriage of our gracious Queen with Prince Albert was solemnised in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; since when, with the exception of a brief visit to his relatives in Germany, and another of a few days to his daughter the Princess Royal, he may be said never to have quitted the side of his Royal Consort, and it has been permitted to all to know how pure the felicity, how unbroken the tranquil domesticity, of that life which Her Majesty has since enjoyed with the husband of her choice.

How felicitous that choice, how beneficial to her country and its prosperity, let those say, who, in donning the emblems of woe, do but poorly testify the real mourning of the heart. Let those who have so long looked to him as the patron of charities, as the fountain-head whence flowed not only the stream of his own not inconsiderable bounty, but those tributary branches attracted by the influence of so lofty an example. As the progenitor of the never-to-be-forgotten Exhibition of 1851, as the warmest friend of that at Manchester, as the President of the Westminster Palace Fine Arts Commission—let them recall him —as the instigator of so many beneficial changes wrought in the region of taste, nay of convenience and adaptation, where so much was erst gothic and barbarous. Let all speak who so remember the Prince, and great as shall be their testimony, it

To such as have known the domestic life of that gallant gentleman, to such as have experienced his private charities, his unostentatious benevolence, his spotless and temperate life, his faithfulness as a husband, his tenderness as a parent, his wisdom in the trying position which he filled—to those belongs the sad, yet tender task, of telling us what we have lost; that which while possessing we perhaps too easily ignored. Beyond the palace gates the husband of our Sovereign was little known, once within that circle where he shone ever brightest, we knew him not, to our eyes he was eclipsed by the more refulgent light which is evolved by

Majesty.

Far be it from us to derogate by a syllable from the allegiance, the love, that animates every English heart for our Gracious Queen; yet it is not too much to say that the Prince Consort was for himself less appreciated than he would have been in a position less exalted, and that much emanating in truth from him we were wont unavoidably to accept and extol, ignoring the source. He was content it should be so. Is this the smallest of his virtues? Which of us holding power shall decline to use it; which of us having influence shall put it in force but for good; which of us surrounded by temptation

shall stand firm, nay, come out utterly unscathed; which of us shall leave the lofty pinnacle at our hand unoccupied, content to dwell in the valley? Yet he did all these. He loved the beautiful, he valued the pure in taste, and prized both in their near relation to goodness and elevation of mind. Not selfishly accumulating to himself the treasures of art, the triumphs of science, as a patron only; he gloried in spreading abroad the results of his own advancement, in cultivating the taste, and strengthening the power, in multiplying the resources of such as had long sat in outer darkness. Again we say, we yet fail entirely to realize the loss of him whom it has pleased Heaven to remove so suddenly from our eyes: may the full knowledge not be borne in upon us by the retrogression of any one of those especial and humanizing arts which he delighted to favour! Surely it is incumbent upon us as a nation that this should not be; rather, as far as in us lies, so far as the wishes of the lamented dead are known to us, let us strive to carry out and complete that which his hands were not permitted to finish.

And amid all our own regret, let us not forget that yonder sits one in the house of mourning, whose sorrow must outweigh that even of the million; whose tears it is not permitted us to dry, to whom save from afar we may not tender consolation, who from her very position is so lifted above the ordinary show of sympathy that she may well feel lonely in her great grief! "How much of this is State? how much Reality?" is a question which must come keenly painful at such a moment, when Nature asserts herself, and the heart yearns for the soothing fellowship which is not denied to the humblest. Let it then be ours to answer that question; let it be shown that not as a fashion, not outward y only do we mourn, that not alone as an illustrious Prince, as a state personage is her beloved Consort lamented, but as the benefactor of the people, a helpmate worthy of herself; and while we earnestly pray that He who alone can send her consolation may help her in her sore need, let us strive to assure our Queen that she is not alone in her sorrow, that her tears are not un-

THE LADYE OF HAIGH.

shared.

"There is a family legend to this purpose belonging to the knightly family of Bradshaigh, the former proprietors of Haigh Hall, Lancashire; where I have been told the event is recorded in a painted glass window."—Note to Waverley, chap. IV.

"On'hasten forth, Dame Ursula, And don your kirtle grey; For your nursling, Ladye Alice, Weds young Sir Guy to-day.

"What a goodly band of horsemen!
How gallantly they ride!
Now come our village children
Strewing flowers before the bride.

- "And all the neighbours joying, While that saucy page, perforce, Tried to kiss my Lady's maidens As he lifted them to horse.
- "Let not your old feet linger; Such a pageant ne'er was seen; They pass the hall's deep gateway— They pass the village green.
- "From shadow into sunlight— Like the tears and smiles that play On the bride's fair face by turns— Which is loveliest, who can say?
- "Sir Guy whispers Lady Alice— But his blue eye wanders now To the rich broad lands of Haigh; They, too, are fair, I trow."
- "Peace, neighbour!" said Dame Ursula:
 "Fair faces and false tongues
 Have ever been the cause, neighbour,
 Of half this bad world's wrongs.
- "Peace! I don my kirtle grey No bridal wreaths to strew; Alice Bradshaigh's fittest posies Are rosemary and rue.
- "She gave her early love,
 She pledged her yielding hand,
 To Sir Wilibert, who fought
 And died in Holy Land,
- "By Galilee's blue sea,
 On Tiberias' fatal steep—
 And the memory of the dead
 Her frail heart could not keep.
- "Two years she mourned him vainly.
 Then, the orphan's right opprest,
 Sir Guy was her protector,
 And quickly came the rest.
- "Tis a soft and gentle nature, Which, like the sweet woodbine, When the mighty oak is fallen, Round the thorn is fain to twine.
- "I remember well their parting By the little turret stair, When she severed with his dagger One long lock of golden hair.
- "Thine for evermore," she whispered,
 And he clasped her to his heart;
 The same bright Heaven enfolds us
 My Alice, though we part.
- "May all saints guard and bless thee, And with strength my arm endue! Earth or Heaven will reunite us, My only love—Adieu!"
- In St. Mary's Abbey fair
 Who kneels at the sculptured shrine?
 His head is bowed in prayer—
 'Tis a knight from Palestine!
- "From the Moslem dungeon foul Where two weary years I lay— From danger and despair I return in peace this day.
- "I have met death face to face, And my thanks on high are due To God and St. Mary's grace— Ere, my Alice, I speed to you."

Grey clouds flit to and fro
Upon the darkening sky;
The wind mourns sad and low
As the bridal train sweeps by.

Up St. Mary's aisle they passed
With chanted hymn and prayer,
Then paused with a sudden start—
Sir Wilibert stood there!

No word of welcome rang
From all that lordly band—
But a hound from the huntsman sprang
And softly licked his hand.

"Alice, is this our meeting?
But her will has not been free.
Hast thou no word of greeting?
Sir Knight you account to me!"

"An' it please you for word or deed,
I will gladly account elsewhere—
Proceed, Sir Priest, proceed."

Sir Wilibert drew his brand;
Alice knelt and bowed her head:
In Sir Guy's she left her hand—
"Forgive!—forgive!"—she said.

"I wept and mourned you long— Was the Palmer's tale untrue? Guy saved me from ruth and wrong, Forgive!—oh, forgive him too!"

Pale as death, with flashing eyes,
Sir Wilibert spake no word;
But he signed to her to rise,
And plunged in its sheath his sword.

Then from his helmet taking
What had once been golden hair,
With his iron heel he crushed it,
Midst flowers on the altar stair.

"My faith in all things earthly,
The deep love in my heart,
Thus do I crush henceforward"—
And he turned him to depart.

"Neither Earth nor Heaven above us Can her broken truth restore; Then adieu, my faithless love, Adieu for evermore!"

He strode down the Abbey aisles, And no one spoke or stirred; Awe fell on all around, And his step alone was heard.

Was it the knight who passed?
Or a spirit in mortal guise?
Looking far into futurity,
With its deep unearthly eyes?

No need for you, Dame Ursula,
Alice Bradshaigh's path to strew;
Her bitter memories turn all
To rosemary and rue.

His lands and ancient tower,
To the Church Sir Wilibert gave;
A change o'er his spirit passed,
And his noble heart forgave.

For he learned in the cloistered shade,
Far from earthly pale or bliss;
From Him who is not extreme
To mark what we do amiss.

And in the storied panes
Of St. Mary's Church at Haigh,
A record still remains
Of that woeful wedding day.

A monk commends with upturned face, A kneeling pair to Heaven; And the legend still we trace— "Forgive, and be forgiven."

S. W.

A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS.

One cannot choose but love the bells,
With their harmonious din;
Those speaking bells, whose falls and swells
Ring merry Christmas in:
They sound like angel voices sent
From some serener sphere,
Singing from out the firmament—

"The Prince of Peace is here."

"Goodwill fulfil, fulfil goodwill,"
Their glad lips seem to say;

"The best ye can for brother man,"
Goes on the gladsome lay.
And shall we scorn such fancy songs,

If fancy songs they be—
Which lift us up from woes and wrongs,
And bid our joys be free.

Rouse into life the ingle blaze,
Draw round it, every one,
Away sad thoughts of former days,
Cares of to-day begone!
Ah! now ye wear a cheerful look,
A bright becoming grace;
Even the old clock within the nook
Trims up its burnished face.

Now pledge we in the wassail-bowl
Good wishes, long to last;
'Tis done, we feel from soul to soul
The friendship-flame has passed:
Let us all injuries forgive,
And, if we can, forget,
Strive in just harmony to live,
And we'll be happy yet.

Now for a carol, such as rung
In halls and homes of old;
Let every soul to joy be strung,
Each voice flow free and bold.
Lo! as ye sing, some simple thing
Stirs at the tuneful call,
The berries that blush 'mid the holly-bush,
And the evergreens on the wall.

Light be the step, and light the heart,
To suit the festive hour,
And sweet the unbidden tears that start
At music's magic power;
And may such feelings move the breast
Of friends who mingle here
As shall remain, and give a zest
To all the coming year.

Dear Christmas days! how fair ye seem,
Glad, holy, and sublime!
Like prints of angel feet, ye gleam
Along the path of Time;
Footprints whereon sweet heart-flowers blow,
By worldly storms unriven,
That we may mark them as we go,
And find our way to Heaven.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME. BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[Continued from p. 78.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

ADDING UP.

THE Earl lay upon his luxurious couch, from which he was never more to rise without the help of some stronger hand; the blow had been a cruel one, more cruel from its suddenness, more fatal that it struck at the root of that pride, no less of birth and station than of honour, which had been the vital principle, as it were, of his very existence. The old nobleman could no more outlive dishonour than he could have done the sudden deprivation of estate, name, wealth, and the traditionary high position of his family. He felt it more keenly, the actual disgrace, the blur cast upon the fame of his escutcheon, than even she did, the perpetrator of the deed. It might be that in the long contemplation and fear of discovery it had grown familiar; and the actuality failed in some of its terrors to the Countess; or that the sight of this dread and new affliction diverted her thoughts somewhat from the consequences of her crime. Pale, hollow-eyed, haggard, she moved to and fro, through her costly rooms, among her awe-struck wondering servants; changed terribly by those last few days, yet selfpossessed, silent, yet watchful, almost as if defiant of what might yet be to come; like the wild animal that while owning itself trapped is yet prepared at any moment, should occasion be found, to break free from its bonds, and rend its captor. But the aged peer, who had all his life through kept that lofty altitude, conscious of possessing all by which pride is vindicated to the world; lay now utterly broken, cast down, crushed. There was with him no question of palliation, of provocation, or excuse. The thing stood before him in all its undisguised and hideous blackness; it was done. There had been in his house foul wrong, treachery, sin, infamy :- it mattered not how it had come, the thing was there; could never be eradicated, cleansed, ignored. All was over. We most of us know how it will fare with mind or body, with even life itself, once let it come

So Lord Honiton had lain, since he recovered from the first terrible grasp of the dire malady which had seized upon him. As a child, or still more like one very aged and infirm, from whom the principle, nay the very desire of existence, has departed, and in the frail body only languishes, as it were, the last rays of the soul's intelligence. The only sign of consciousness he gave was when the door of the room opened, or the curtains of his bed were stirred; then his eyes unclosed and fixed themselves upon whoever approached, as if seeking one individual. It was not his Countess whose presence was desired; for on her appearance once or twice he closed his eyes and made a feeble attempt to turn away his head. Whether or not the movement was apparent to her, she did not urge her

attentions, or in any way attempt to overcome the too evident repugnance of her lord: though she came to and fro, and, like an uneasy ghost, hovered near the still couch of her victim.

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Late on the evening of the second day Aden Power stood by the bedside of the Earl. All travelstained, and flushed with anxious haste, the young man entered the chamber, with something less of caution than might have been displayed by one less filled with affectionate alarm.

"Father!"—he had caught the hand of the old nobleman as it was feebly put forth to meet his own, and the faint gleam of satisfaction that passed over the once fine features, now so sadly warped and changed, told who the poor gentleman had so eagerly awaited.—"Dear father, why did they not tell me?—why was I not sent for sooner?" He looked round with displeasure upon the attendants present, then his eyes quickly reverted to the form stretched upon the bed.

"The attack was so sudden, Mr. Power,"—"Indeed all possible haste was used, Sir; it was indeed." So they spoke, blandly and deprecating his anger, whom their facile lips were already attuned to dub "My Lord"—it could not be long first now.

"Oh! that I should have been away of all times—my dear father—do you suffer still?—let me raise him; so, is it father?" And the young man tenderly lifted the sufferer to the cushions piled beneath his shoulders. "When will Sir James return?" he asked, turning to the nurse.

"Sir James is below, Sir. Mr. Aytoun has been with him." She added in a lower voice—"Mr. Aytoun did not see my Lord, for my Lord was asleep, but he is to return."

Aden had taken up a kneeling posture by the bedside, his face was thus brought to a level with that of the Earl, whose hand he still retained within his own. The sick man's eyes were fixed upon the countenance of the younger; he seemed insensible to all else that passed about him; and his tottering reason appeared wrestling with some idea which strove whether or not it should escape unmastered. Suddenly his lips began to work, forming but two words, which he repeated in quick succession.

" My son-my son-"

Aden caught the sound, and bent his ear to the cheek of the invalid.

"What is it, dear father? My mother, do you ask for?—where is the Countess?" he asked, looking round, and for the first time noting her absence.

"My Lady had been here but now," the attendant began; but an exclamation from the Earl, and the quick grasp upon his arm, drew the attention of the young man, and he was not slow to comprehend that the sick man desired to be alone with him.

The attendants were at once dismissed; then, with renewed expressions of filial tenderness, Aden begged that his father's pleasure should be made known to him.

The Earl for a few moments was silent, still

gazing, with a sad heart-broken expression, upon the face beside him.

"I came," continued Aden; "dear father, I came fast as I could travel, the moment the tidings of your illness reached me. Thank God I found you no worse!" Then he added, cheeringly, "You know Arthur is better, father; he is out of danger: you will be quite restored, I trust, by the time he returns, and both your sons will sit beside you-"

The pained, horrified expression, shot across the face of the Earl, which it had assumed by the death-bed at the cottage; his lips trembled, and the words broke harshly from them:-

" Not my son-O God! not my son-"

Aden Power looked aghast. The first and most natural impression was that his unhappy parent's mind was utterly gone. A second glance at his face, and the words which followed, removed at once that belief. Controlling the passionate emotions which shook his frame, intent upon giving to his words their full meaning, with a view to that which was to follow; conscious too, within himself, how fast that power of control was ebbing from him; the miserable nobleman, bending forward slightly from his pillows, brought his face closer to that of his companion's, as he whispered—

"You are not my son-God help you! you are

nothing to me!"

"My Lord!" cried Aden, springing to his feet, yet still retaining the hand he clasped—"Father! Sir! what do you say?—what can you mean?"

"I am not your father! Hush! for God's sake

do not leave me."

The old peer with less difficulty got out the words, the voice was more his own, as he bade the

other "listen."

Then Aden Power, kneeling by the bedside of the proud man whom he had known only as a father, heard from his lips the tale which set between them a distance no time could annul, nor art, nor will, nor purpose ever span. He, the son of a spotless ancestry, heir to princely estates and wealth to match, was in fact but the nameless pauper brat, whose best inheritance was sweating toil, and all the noisome train of hungry want. Let his brain whirl as it might, let reason and memory war as they would against belief; it was there, and swiftly despite himself came the realization of the horrid truth. Lower and lower sank the young man's head, till his face was buried in the bedclothes; his hands, relinquishing the grasp they had kept till now, were clasped above his head, and he groaned in the utter anguish of a grief which admits of no remedy, which no words have power to deplore.

Presently he rose, and, turning from the bed, momently staggered, like one blinded by a sudden

stream of light.

"Where are you going? Aden! Aden!" feebly called the old Earl. "You will not leave me : you must not go. Come, come—you must not leave me,

"My Lord, I am going-"the young man began in a broken utterance; but the poor invalid, leaning from the bed, had caught him by the sleeve,

and the feeble violence sufficed that Aden should

"You shall not leave me—you are my son," said the Earl again, in the feeble wailing tone; "I knew nothing of this-I loved you as my son-I

was-you know, Aden, you know-"

"My Lord-father-" the unhappy man cried, again prostrating himself at the bedside, and once more clasping the thin long fingers held out to him, "you have been all, all, that the best of fathers -oh! can it be true, my Lord? Is it indeed true? Oh! why was I ever born! my noble father! my dear generous Lord !--"

There was a pause, and the couch shook under the suppressed sobs of the young man. Suddenly he started up-" And it was that-that horrible tale which brought you to this state. Suffer me, my Lord, do not hold me-suffer me to seek her-

the Countess-"

"She is here," said a voice, as my Lady stepped from the other side of the bed, where the closed drapery had concealed her presence all the weary while she had stood there. Even at such a time the altered appearance, the pale, distracted countenance of her he had learned to account his mother, struck some pity into the breast of the miserable man; and he checked the words that were formed upon his lips. But she—the light of the hatred which had long burned within her was growing into her deep eyes, as she looked upon him; and if in her defeat there remained one fragment of consolation, it was in the thought that he was hopelessly wrecked who had now learned her crime and its cost.

" Now! Aden Power," she said; and the tone!-God help her!-it made him pity her even more; "you know all, and may go, with what speed you will, to blazon abroad the shameful secret-how long you have held a place that was not your own."

"God knows, not of my own will, or knowledge," he said bitterly; then restraining himself, "At least, my Lady, spare him!" pointing with the free hand to the Earl, who still held the other, and who, bending forward, looked from one to the other, vainly trying to catch the words uttered under "He has not incurred your dislike as, Heaven knows how! I have. He needs and deserves all your care! Heaven help me! I must not offer mine. I am going, my Lady."

He would have gone, but the old man held him fast. My Lady, still upright, pale, motionless, at the bed-foot, with a hasty gesture motioned off his

last words.

"My care! How long is it since he wished or needed that?—You have heard my Lord's story sir, but have you learned mine?-Bah! But you know enough; and that you owe your past good fortune not to love, but to the want of it.—You are going Sir-well!-be sure I can bear the scandal which proclaims at least that you are not my son-"

She spoke the last words in a high key; they caught the ear of the Earl. At the same moment Aden by an effort had freed himself, and would

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME. BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[Continued from p. 78.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

ADDING UP.

THE Earl lay upon his luxurious couch, from which he was never more to rise without the help of some stronger hand; the blow had been a cruel one, more cruel from its suddenness, more fatal that it struck at the root of that pride, no less of birth and station than of honour, which had been the vital principle, as it were, of his very existence. The old nobleman could no more outlive dishonour than he could have done the sudden deprivation of estate, name, wealth, and the traditionary high position of his family. He felt it more keenly, the actual disgrace, the blur cast upon the fame of his escutcheon, than even she did, the perpetrator of the deed. It might be that in the long contemplation and fear of discovery it had grown familiar; and the actuality failed in some of its terrors to the Countess; or that the sight of this dread and new affliction diverted her thoughts somewhat from the consequences of her crime. Pale, hollow-eyed, haggard, she moved to and fro, through her costly rooms, among her awe-struck wondering servants; changed terribly by those last few days, yet selfpossessed, silent, yet watchful, almost as if defiant of what might yet be to come; like the wild animal that while owning itself trapped is yet prepared at any moment, should occasion be found, to break free from its bonds, and rend its captor. But the aged peer, who had all his life through kept that lofty altitude, conscious of possessing all by which pride is vindicated to the world; lay now utterly broken, cast down, crushed. There was with him no question of palliation, of provocation, or excuse. The thing stood before him in all its undisguised and hideous blackness; it was done. There had been in his house foul wrong, treachery, sin, infamy :- it mattered not how it had come, the thing was there; could never be eradicated, cleansed, ignored. All was over. We most of us know how it will fare with mind or body, with even life itself, once let it come to that.

So Lord Honiton had lain, since he recovered from the first terrible grasp of the dire malady which had seized upon him. As a child, or still more like one very aged and infirm, from whom the principle, nay the very desire of existence, has departed, and in the frail body only languishes, as it were, the last rays of the soul's intelligence. The only sign of consciousness he gave was when the door of the room opened, or the curtains of his bed were stirred; then his eyes unclosed and fixed themselves upon whoever approached, as if seeking one individual. It was not his Countess whose presence was desired; for on her appearance once or twice he closed his eyes and made a feeble attempt to turn away his head. Whether or not the movement was apparent to her, she did not urge her attentions, or in any way attempt to overcome the too evident repugnance of her lord: though she came to and fro, and, like an uneasy ghost, hovered near the still couch of her victim.

Late on the evening of the second day Aden Power stood by the bedside of the Earl. All travelstained, and flushed with anxious haste, the young man entered the chamber, with something less of caution than might have been displayed by one less

filled with affectionate alarm.

"Father!"—he had caught the hand of the old nobleman as it was feebly put forth to meet his own, and the faint gleam of satisfaction that passed over the once fine features, now so sadly warped and changed, told who the poor gentleman had so eagerly awaited.—"Dear father, why did they not tell me?—why was I not sent for sooner?" He looked round with displeasure upon the attendants present, then his eyes quickly reverted to the form stretched upon the bed.

"The attack was so sudden, Mr. Power,"—"Indeed all possible haste was used, Sir; it was indeed." So they spoke, blandly and deprecating his anger, whom their facile lips were already attuned to dub "My Lord"—it could not be long first now.

"Oh! that I should have been away of all times—my dear father—do you suffer still?—let me raise him; so, is it father?" And the young man tenderly lifted the sufferer to the cushions piled beneath his shoulders. "When will Sir James return?" he asked, turning to the nurse.

"Sir James is below, Sir. Mr. Aytoun has been with him." She added in a lower voice—"Mr. Aytoun did not see my Lord, for my Lord was

asleep, but he is to return."

Aden had taken up a kneeling posture by the bedside, his face was thus brought to a level with that of the Earl, whose hand he still retained within his own. The sick man's eyes were fixed upon the countenance of the younger; he seemed insensible to all else that passed about him; and his tottering reason appeared wrestling with some idea which strove whether or not it should escape unmastered. Suddenly his lips began to work, forming but two words, which he repeated in quick succession.

" My son-my son-"

Aden caught the sound, and bent his ear to the cheek of the invalid.

"What is it, dear father? My mother, do you ask for?—where is the Countess?" he asked, looking round, and for the first time noting her absence.

"My Lady had been here but now," the attendant began; but an exclamation from the Earl, and the quick grasp upon his arm, drew the attention of the young man, and he was not slow to comprehend that the sick man desired to be alone with him.

The attendants were at once dismissed; then, with renewed expressions of filial tenderness, Aden begged that his father's pleasure should be made known to him.

The Earl for a few moments was silent, still

gazing, with a sad heart-broken expression, upon the

face beside him.

"I came," continued Aden; "dear father, I came fast as I could travel, the moment the tidings of your illness reached me. Thank God I found you no worse!" Then he added, cheeringly, "You know Arthur is better, father; he is out of danger: you will be quite restored, I trust, by the time he returns, and both your sons will sit beside you—"

The pained, horrified expression, shot across the face of the Earl, which it had assumed by the death-bed at the cottage; his lips trembled, and

"Not my son—O God! not my son—"

Aden Power looked aghast. The first and most natural impression was that his unhappy parent's mind was utterly gone. A second glance at his face, and the words which followed, removed at once that belief. Controlling the passionate emotions which shook his frame, intent upon giving to his words their full meaning, with a view to that which was to follow; conscious too, within himself, how fast that power of control was ebbing from him; the miserable nobleman, bending forward slightly from his pillows, brought his face closer to that of his companion's, as he whispered—

"You are not my son-God help you! you are

nothing to me!"

"My Lord!" cried Aden, springing to his feet, yet still retaining the hand he clasped—"Father! Sir! what do you say?—what can you mean?"

"I am not your father! Hush! for God's sake

do not leave me."

The old peer with less difficulty got out the words, the voice was more his own, as he bade the

other "listen."

Then Aden Power, kneeling by the bedside of the proud man whom he had known only as a father, heard from his lips the tale which set between them a distance no time could annul, nor art, nor will, nor purpose ever span. He, the son of a spotless ancestry, heir to princely estates and wealth to match, was in fact but the nameless pauper brat, whose best inheritance was sweating toil, and all the noisome train of hungry want. Let his brain whirl as it might, let reason and memory war as they would against belief; it was there, and swiftly despite himself came the realization of the horrid truth. Lower and lower sank the young man's head, till his face was buried in the bedclothes; his hands, relinquishing the grasp they had kept till now, were clasped above his head, and he groaned in the utter anguish of a grief which admits of no remedy, which no words have power to deplore.

Presently he rose, and, turning from the bed, momently staggered, like one blinded by a sudden

stream of light.

"Where are you going? Aden! Aden!" feebly called the old Earl. "You will not leave me: you must not go. Come, come—you must not leave me, I say."

"My Lord, I am going—" the young man began in a broken utterance; but the poor invalid, leaning from the bed, had caught him by the sleeve,

and the feeble violence sufficed that Aden should

"You shall not leave me—you are my son," said the Earl again, in the feeble wailing tone; "I knew nothing of this—I loved you as my son—I was—you know, Aden, you know—"

"My Lord—father—" the unhappy man cried, again prostrating himself at the bedside, and once more clasping the thin long fingers held out to him, "you have been all, all, that the best of fathers—oh! can it be true, my Lord? Is it indeed true? Oh! why was I ever born! my noble father! my dear generous Lord!—"

There was a pause, and the couch shook under the suppressed sobs of the young man. Suddenly he started up—"And it was that—that horrible tale which brought you to this state. Suffer me, my Lord, do not hold me—suffer me to seek her—

the Countess-"

"She is here," said a voice, as my Lady stepped from the other side of the bed, where the closed drapery had concealed her presence all the weary while she had stood there. Even at such a time the altered appearance, the pale, distracted countenance of her he had learned to account his mother, struck some pity into the breast of the miserable man; and he checked the words that were formed upon his lips. But she—the light of the hatred which had long burned within her was growing into her deep eyes, as she looked upon him; and if in her defeat there remained one fragment of consolation, it was in the thought that he was hopelessly wrecked who had now learned her crime and its cost.

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"God knows, not of my own will, or knowledge," he said bitterly; then restraining himself, "At least, my Lady, spare him!" pointing with the free hand to the Earl, who still held the other, and who, bending forward, looked from one to the other, vainly trying to catch the words uttered under breath. "He has not incurred your dislike as, Heaven knows how! I have. He needs and deserves all your care! Heaven help me! I must not offer mine. I am going, my Lady."

He would have gone, but the old man held him fast. My Lady, still upright, pale, motionless, at the bed-foot, with a hasty gesture motioned off his

last words.

"My care! How long is it since he wished or needed that?—You have heard my Lord's story sir, but have you learned mine?—Bah! But you know enough; and that you owe your past good fortune not to love, but to the want of it.—You are going Sir—well!—be sure I can bear the scandal which proclaims at least that you are not my son—"

She spoke the last words in a high key; they caught the ear of the Earl. At the same moment Aden by an effort had freed himself, and would

have quitted the room; but with a loud cry the peer arrested his steps; and the young man, pain-

fully agitated, returned.

"My Lord, what would you have?" he said.

"I must go, my presence here can only be painful, nay, is a positive wrong. There is another whose place is here: suffer me to make my peace with him, by being the first to acquaint him with the wrong that I unconsciously have done him."

"You shall not leave me," said the sick man, feebly; "you are my son, you are my heir, none but you, none but you, Aden Power, my son: bid her come here, Aden; bid my lady, your mother, come here, close to my side; so Juliet—so Aden. You shall not leave me, you are my son. Juliet,

this is our son."

Trembling, the lady approached yet nearer; while the young man listened with burning brow

to the words of the Earl.

"You will not shame us, Aden; you will not disgrace the name; how many centuries it has been unblemished! My son, have I loved you as one? You will not shame us—I know you will not. No creature knows the secret but that poor miserable woman, who was my wife. She will not set the shame upon her own name. The girl—she was a foreigner; and Chepstow—he but half understood. Aden you will spare me; you will spare that unworthy mistaken woman!"

God help that proud, lost, wretched lady!—Even now the old memories were stirring at her heart, as her dying lord pleaded for, yet with such bitter words of, her. She would even now have crept to his feet, have washed out the memory of her fault with tears, if possible upon his breast; but he put her from him, and averted his head as she only

stirred.

"Aden, my son," the old man repeated, seeing the other made no sign. "You loved us, you loved

your father, as you thought him."

"God knows I did—I do!" groaned the young
man: "all, all of you, as my own flesh and blood!

Arthur too, my brother, shall he be wronged still

further by me?-"

"You will provide for him, you will make him rich: you have plenty, Aden, Aden," urged the humbled nobleman—" have pity on us, have pity on your own name, on Arthur's.—What would wealth and rank be to him with a dishonoured name—with a felon for his mother? Save me, save him, save her, from the shame, my son! Oh! be my son still, Aden, Aden, be my son!—Have pity on him who has been all to you—Do not let them scorn him in his grave!"

The tears burst from the eyes of the paralysed Earl, as with the voice of childish eagerness he pleaded as for the life on which his hold was fast slipping away. Shocked beyond expression, the young man hastened to soothe the affliction of that enfeebled, broken man, who had been the benefactor of his life. But in vain he gently urged all that honour, reason, right, nay even? natural affection, could suggest. The ruling passion was dominant, Pride holding her own to the last; his escutcheon

should stand unblemished to the world,—he was dead to all besides. In the intensity of his desire the peer adjured his wife with solemn sternness. She had tampered with their family honour, let her make what atonement was in her power, by treating Aden as the rightful heir he had always been supposed. It was a fearful trial to the haughty woman, the idolizing mother, thus a second time urged to forswear the rights of that child of her body whom she had, ere his being, so cruelly wronged: but she must yield; forcible even in his insane demand, her Lord left her not a chance of denial; so terrible was the picture he held up to her view.

"Your son? his rights, madam," he said, in answer to something she feebly urged,—"That he may despise the mother who plotted, and the father that was deceived—that he may leave the old estates to ruin, and fly from the country which rings with our shame!—rights! my lady—your second son has no rights; here is Aden, our son,

my heir."

The old habit of passionate command which had given temporary strength, was spent, the doubly enfeebled man sank back fainting, exhausted, like a lamp of which, for a purpose, the wick has been raised to a fiercer flame, then sinks

dimly and falls into darkness.

The terrified Countess, weeping, aghast, shrank from the room, as Aden summoned the nurses, and the physicians, who anxiously waited for consultation, followed. In the partial stupor which ensued he took the opportunity of quitting the sick chamber: desiring those present to summon him, should his father signify a desire for his presence. There was no lack of ready assents from those who stood ready to do his bidding. A few days, a week at most, and such as had stood well with the Honourable Aden Power would find favour in the sight of my Lord Honiton and Loftborough. How blind are the wisest of us sometimes in our calculations! How the spirit of mischief must chuckle over our most confident anticipations!

Confused, shocked, nay appalled, by what he had heard; wearied in body, and sick at heart; Aden was turning into the first room he came to of the old familiar suite at the staircase-foot, where in early days he and Arthur had been accustomed to join their parents in the hours of domestic intercourse. The one [least glaring with light suited best his present mood, and as he entered, and was about to throw himself upon a couch, awaiting the summons which he dreaded, yet would not shrink from—the Countess entered by another door. Hastily retreating, he would have quitted the apartment; but she stood still, and to pass without a

rudeness was not possible.

"Why do you shrink from me?" she said, in a tone half defiant, half expostulating. "At least I have done you no harm. You, at least, have nothing to reproach me with."

Aden stood before her, fixing upon her eyes that were heavy with what in a woman would have

been tears.

" My Lady," he said, coldly, and in the measured tone of one who will not be roused: "I had it in my mind to say some harsh things when I met you; but I see, I know you are suffering; I would be merciful; I ask you for your own sake to be satisfied with what you have done, and leave me to myself, lest I forget that I once called you 'mother,' and upbraid you with my wrongs."

"Wrongs!" At the word her fierce passion blazed up. "You, whom I have loaded with benefits; you, taken from the dregs of the populace—from starvation—snatched from death, to enjoy every luxury, all the ease, the refinement of the highest station—wealth, education, civilization itself—you, who owe all to me, advantages of which nothing can deprive you; you talk of wrongs!"

For a moment there was an inward struggle; his

eyes flashed, his breath came hard.

"My Lady!" he burst out, yet in a tone that would go no further than her ear, which it seemed to pierce, "I had a mother—where shall I seek her?—a father's name, who will tell it me? You took these from me, you cannot replace them! I was poor, you say, but I had never known wealth, and it would not grieve me. I had a station, a place, a home, of some kind; where am I now? I have, you say, refinement, habits of luxury, ease, command, and I am-a beggar! My Lady, you have wronged your husband, that poor dying man above; you have wronged your son, deeply-but most of all you have wronged me, past all amends, past all reparation. 'Starvation,' Madam !- 'death.' I would to God it had been death you left me to, sooner than I had seen this day, sooner than stand as I do now, with the curse of a false position for my birthright."

He strode from the room, but he had not need to pass her. She shrank aside from his path, as never in her life had she shrank from mortal. The burning accents of Truth sank into her soul, misjudging as it was, and coated with the sophistries of her station. But, more than this, his words bore a fresh terror. Was he, then, about to reject the expressed wishes of the Earl, which offered for him a perpetuation of the life whose advantages he had never missed? Had he, madman, the intention to expose her? to restore to Arthur his own, and himself accept the position of—as he had truly said—a beggar? As the idea only flashed upon her, she recalled all the horrors of which the Earl had warned her:—the contempt of her beloved son; the reproach she might expect for the illassorted marriage into which he had needlessly been hurried; the indignation which in his upright and honourable nature would be excited by the knowledge of her machinations. She saw herself despised, alike by both, whom in different ways she had wronged; she pictured in fancy her latter days, alone, unloved, and avoided; and, like too many of us, she called unto the God she had never invoked to her assistance, with the upbraiding, " Thou hast forsaken me."

CHAPTER XXV.

A CRISIS AND A REMEDY.

THE autumn sun shone aslant into the sickchamber we have elsewhere sketched, though it now scarcely answers to that name: convalescent would be nearer the truth as applied to the young man who reclines in a large old-fashioned chair, made easier than ever the original conception of its maker could have deemed possible, by the cunning arrangement of soft pillows, downy cushions, and even certain wadded shawls and suchlike feminine appurtenances, than which, though only serving here in lieu of less attainable articles, nothing could have been better devised for the purpose. There needed not the presence of these, however, to assure any observer that a woman's hand had been busy and a woman's taste exercised in the ordering of the sick-chamber—which, at least till very lately, it had been. The soft mattings which covered the old worm-eaten boards, the snowy quilt upon the bed, (the curtains had been all removed by the doctor's order,) the little vase of homely autumn flowers upon the window-seat; nay, the very arrangement of every article about the room, even to the phials of medicine upon the table, spoke of careful thought and order, which are most frequently a woman's attributes; while the many little soothers or ameliorations of sickness, the simple delicacies, jellies, fruit, and light cake or pudding—the chess-board with its men, the books, the musical box, lying here and there, gave evidence of something more than mere skilful tending of the well-trained nurse, or the exercise of that application of a natural talent which does duty at times for experience.

Upon the clean wide hearth glowed a cheerful wood-fire, like a well-to-do citizen who, past the heyday crackle, sparkle, and fume of hilarious youth, has settled down into the calm, equable, dependable glow of middle age. Ample window curtains of scarlet cloth shaded that side of the room from the rays of the setting sun, which lighted up the opposite wall, the bureau with its books, the table with its prettily-arranged dishes; and, just catching a corner of the old oak chest, gilded it with a touch of its own radiance; and, perhaps—who knows?—might have awakened in that transformed monarch of the woods some reminiscence of a time when nature and he were on terms of intimacy,—when the winds were his playfellows, and the sunbeams nestled lovingly in his

leafy embrace.

The convalescent sat in the cosy arm-chair beside the wood-fire; near him sat the English doctor; and between them, upon a small spiderlegged table, was the chess-board, with the red and white combatants drawn up in battle array. On the table beside them was a plate with some prepared fruit, which the invalid had apparently just touched and put aside. At his feet lay a book, likewise discarded. The game had evidently stopped short in the midst; and his late antagonist, the good doctor, was leaning across the board, unmindful of overturned pawns and queens dethroned, while he felt his patient's pulse, and looked at his half-averted face, with a stealthy glance of professional

inquiry.

Another pair of eyes were turned up to the young man on the other side; they were those of the faithful black hound, which had been permitted to enter the chamber, and which had at once taken up a position which it seemed to have no intention of quitting. Arthur's other hand rested upon its head, but his eyes gloomily sought the fire; and as he turned wearily in his chair, a sigh escaped him, half smothered in an expression of impatience.

"I'll tell you what, my dear Sir, this will not do," broke out the doctor—" It will not! a few hours more of this groaning and sighing, and despondency, and we shall have you back upon that bed again; I won't say as bad as ever, but worse,

infinitely worse!"

" Shall I, Doctor?" the young man said, list-

lessly, his eyes still fixed upon the fire.

"Shall you? There it is—nothing in the world but the mind! It seems to me you do not care to get well—positively do not care to get well!"

"Well, perhaps there is something in that, Doctor," Arthur replied, releasing an ear of the hound, and lifting his hand to the arm of the chair, where he let it drop heavily—" Perhaps I do not."

The doctor uttered a half-suppressed exclamation

of impatience.

"Really now, my dear Sir, this is wrong, absolutely wrong; I could almost say ungrateful. You have been preserved as it were by a miracle. I may tell you, now it is past, that at one time I would not have given sixpence for your chance of recovery. As, by a miracle, Sir, you have been restored to life and comparative health; and now you actually repine at the mercy."

"Forgive me, Doctor," said the young man, languidly; "I know how much I owe you; your

skill and kindness I am sure are beyond-"

"I did not mean that, Sir; you know I did not. My skill would have availed little; though these barbarians were doing their best to hasten a catastrophe. As to kindness, Sir, I disclaim all title; I have done nothing but my duty, and my share has been small in your recovery."

Arthur looked slowly round the room, taking in one by one the comforts by which he was surrounded; then his eyes fell with a look of affec-

tionate gratitude upon the doctor.

"I can remember something of what this place was when they brought me to it," he said. "I think the last thought that crossed my brain with anything like intelligence was, what a horrid hole it would be to die in, and how my body would lie upon that dreary bed, surrounded with dirt and wretchedness. It is a different place now that I open my eyes upon—yet you have done nothing! Ah! Doctor, I am not ungrateful."

The doctor swallowed down the words with which he was just about to disown his share in the good work. It was a hard gulp, but he dared not do

that he longed.

"Then prove it," he said, in reply to the other'
"by showing you appreciate your restored health,
and not by such gloomy looks and weariness of
everything, give those about you to understand
that they have done you an injury by not letting
you die like a dog, on yonder pallet. Come, come,
I can make all allowance for the weakness of
recovery, and yours has been no ordinary attack;
but I can distinguish between the languor of mind
and body, and I know in your case which it is."

"I do not deny it, Doctor," returned Arthur, laying back his head and closing his eyes. "At the risk of being thought thankless and repining. I must confess that in my restoration to life so heavy is the prospect, so bitter the memories, I could fain wish that I had indeed been left to pass away; not, as you say, like a dog, but in the painless pleasant dreams that visited me upon that couch."

The good doctor was gazing anxiously at the pale, thin, handsome face of his patient: the closed eyes, the high shrunken brow, shorn of its fine clustering locks, wore a startling resemblance to a corpse in

the first moments of death's repose,

"Ere decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

He hastened to dissipate the idea, and as he thought to himself, "anything to interest and rouse him,"

he said-

"Pleasant dreams indeed! of school-days, forfeits and fines, I imagine. They over-bored you with Schiller and Goethe, that is plain. So much for cramming lads with more than they can manage, or indeed appreciate at the time!"

He was not looking direct at his companion while he spoke, but he marked the start and flush with which he unclosed his eyes and turned towards

him.

"Did I speak?-did I quote Schiller in my de-

lirium?—tell me, Doctor."

"Nay; I did not mark much of what it was," the doctor replied: "only as Schiller happened to have been a favourite of my own once upon a time, long ago, I recognised the lines, and very pat you had them, Mr. Power."

"But what else did I speak of ?—Who heard me?

Pray tell me, Doctor."

"I do not remember what you said, I was too much occupied with other matters. As to Gretchen yonder, you know English is Hebrew to her, and Schiller too, for the matter of that."

"Ah! and there was no one else, then; no one

else with me."

"Graceless again, Sir: were not we sufficient? Oh, by the bye, there was some one else though—I found you in the custody of a she Ursa Major." And the doctor proceeded to give an account of the stupendous flesh-mount who had stood guard over the patient when he entered upon the field. But the description, droll as it was, failed to produce even the ghost of a smile upon the features of his charge, or to affect him farther then to the remark feebly uttered.

"You are very good; I do not know how to thank

you, Doctor." Presently he muttered to himself, as he sat with closed eyes and head laid back—"It was the German, I suppose, the German spoken

about me, but so strange."

He seemed to doze, and the doctor, driven again from the charge, betook himself to walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, now and then pausing to look from the window at the wondrous panorama beyond, which the sun sinking behind the distant mountains painted with a splendour, though so often repeated, never old in detail.

"It is painful," (so ran his thoughts,) "to see one so young, by nature blessed with health and vigour, so careless of life, so indifferent to a world full of beauty and happiness. What a sunset!—it makes one's very heart glow! At such a time, too, when I have seen the poorest and most miserable rejoice at their restoration to life, which for them consisted perhaps of eleven brats with a drunken husband—the wash-tub and hospital, with an interlude of black eyes. That poor wretch the miner, now, who never saw the blessed light of day above twice in the year,—why he was half beside himself when I told him he would be up in a week. 'I am out of danger!'—he said to his wife; 'I shall live!' Good God! and for what a life—she was bearing her ninth child I remember; and when that came into the world, such work as there was to get the breath of life into its lungs-such a lamentation as was made, and such a rejoicing when the little mortal showed signs of life; though I told the poor wench it would need all her care. She was fain to fall at my feet afterwards:- You saved my child, Doctor.' 'Saved' him, and for what ?-broken bones and lacerated flesh to a probability; a certainty of perpetual labour from the time he could handle a pick, in semi-darkness, flat on his back, or waist high in water—I had saved her child for that and she blessed me! Life for its own bare sake must indeed be sweet!" He paused, and as in his marching up and down he approached the chair where Arthur reclined, he looked over the upturned face, "Yet here is this young sprig, with fortune, connection, luxury and ease, at his command, a beauty for a wife, an Earl for a brother—that will be—and he groans and moans for sooth that we did not let him finish off his career betimes. Well, well; it is a strange state of things!"

So ran the doctor's ruminations. As he continued his self-imposed exercise, the train of thought slightly wandered to another who had taken part

with himself in late occurrences.

"She has never dropped a word, not a hint, as to all this; and yet I have the story as plain before me as if I had heard it from her own lips. Of course, such things will happen, do happen every day—a fellow loves one woman and marries another. The chances, then are, that he forgets all about the first, unless the latter happen to prove very much the reverse of what he looked for, should he be singular enough to expect a companion in a wife. Something of this it seems here: her Ladyship has rather outrun her share of the matrimonial tether, I

fancy, from all I gather; played her cards badly; and the silly fellow has let his thoughts revert to number one in consequence; and, if I am not much mistaken, number one is not far off. That feature in the case is not, I imagine, so common; though why—since the two were so much of a mind—they should not have come to a better understanding, is more than I can make out. Well, well; it is a sad piece of work altogether! The girl seems right enough, though she ought not, strictly speaking, to be here I suppose; but it's no business of mine. She has done much towards saving the young fellow's life, and I suspect he would put a higher value on it if he did but know it, and that the lady herself is but a room or two off. But she has forbidden it, and I have no option; the nurse rules the doctor; she has won my heart by her talent in that line. I never saw a woman with so light a hand, and a step no heavier than a bird's."

He had again reached the chair where Arthur still sat silent and motionless. For a few minutes the doctor stood in watchful contemplation. He had become singularly interested in his young patient; and I am afraid his meditations were anything but flattering to the fair cause of those domestic differences, much of which had become known to him through the rambling talk of the sick man, and his apostrophes regarding matrimonial contracts in general were anything but flattering. The worthy doctor had himself reached the age of fifty-four, without having yielded to the gentle influence of the humanizing sex; and we know that a bad habit, through the sanction of long custom, is apt to be

cherished as a virtue.

"A bad business this apathy of his, this total indifference to everything. If we could but hit upon anything now to rouse him," he muttered.

The noise of some one entering hastily caused the doctor to turn round sharply, with his finger on

his lip.

It was Gretchen, in tears, and much too full of grief to preserve her usual quiet demeanour.

"Oh, sir! doctor!" she cried, in her own language, "do pray come! She wouldn't let me call you, but it is so bad I cannot bind it: do come, dear Mr. Doctor!" Then, for the first time noticing the doctor's gesture of silence, as he in fact touched her shoulder, she lowered her voice, still sobbing in explanation:—

"She has cut her arm!—my dear mistress! Oh, Sir! she is so bad; she did not mind the blood, though it makes me sick! She tried to laugh, but she is faint. Oh, Sir! you must please go to my

mistress-"

"I will go—I am going," the doctor said, hurrying to the door, at which he turned. "You need not stay, Gretchen. He is asleep. Your mistress

will need you."

Gretchen, with the instinct of a good servant, had only stopped to put together the embers of the wood-fire, add another log, and set the table with the fruit nearer to the elbow of the apparently sleeping man. She was stooping to pick up the book which lay in too close proximity to the muzzle of the

hound, no favourite of Gretchen's, when her arm was grasped suddenly in the clutch of bony fingers; and, with a cry of alarm, the girl started up, to find herself face to face with the pale sick gentleman, now broad awake, and with eyes full of anxious inquiry fixed upon her.

"Tell me," he said rapidly and in a whisper, speaking her own tongue, "Where is your mistress? Has she been here? Has she nursed me in

my illness."

Gretchen for sole answer struggled to get free,

but in vain.

"It is no use," Arthur said determinedly, and for an invalid his grip was firm: "If you do not answer me, I will call for the landlady, I will have the truth, it will perhaps vex your mistress more. Tell me now, if I am right—your mistress's name: is it Strauzleine? Josephine Strauzleine?"

The girl started, then ceased to struggle, burst into tears, and began to disclaim all complicity, "She had not told anything, that she could swear—she had kept Madame's secret, it was not she—oh! what would Madame say; she would never

forgive her."

An expression of ineffable joy spread itself over the pale face of young Power. "It is she!" he said softly to himself, "Thank God! it was not a

dream, -she is near me!"

"Your mistress will not blame you," he said, reassuring the maiden, whom he still held fast, though in a grip less painful: "Don't you fear, I will explain to her. Now you see I know her name, you will tell me how long you and she have been here; tell me how you came to be in this part of the

country. Come, speak, be a good girl."

Sobbing and trembling, yet not wholly reluctant to impart the secret, Gretchen told how she had been hastily summoned to attend her mistress when she quitted the White House, how disguised the lady had come to the sick-room, and with the assistance of herself had tended him night and day under the doctor's orders: not forgetting, faithful handmaiden, any iota of the untiring devotion, the unwearying care, with which her young mistress had watched through restless nights and anxious days, nor would delegate one service which her own hands could fulfil to those of any other."

"Then it was your mistress who supplied all these," indicating the before-named trifles which

lay around.

"Ah! that it was," Gretchen said; warming to her subject, her tears had subsided to an occasional snift. "The niceties she made with her own hands everyone, and the books she had gone herself to buy or borrow. Oh, but she had worked, had her dear lady, and prayed too, and wept many a night, that Gretchen knew, for she slept in my lady's room, she was forced to—ah! truly she believed what the doctor had said,—that he owed his life to her mistress—it was just so."

"Why did she go away? How long was it since the lady had been in the room?" he asked softly.

"Well, not since that day when he opened his eyes and asked what time it was? and how long

had he slept? Her mistress was in the room there—over there, she had watched by him all that night, and when morning came she had gone to seat herself in the shadow of the window curtain—when he spoke, she just listened to his voice, and the doctor said something as he came to the bed-side, then her mistress rose and left the room, and when she (Gretchen,) went into their own chamber, she was just rising from her knees, and her eyes were red with weeping."

"And she had not been back since?" he asked.

"No, only once, when she (Gretchen,) could not coax the dog there—the beast,—from the room. He was asleep, and the hound was not to stay the night through—then the lady had come to get the creature away, it would heed no one else. Every day her mistress had said they must go, but she staid on. Gretchen believed it was the doctor who advised her to stay."

A more fervent blessing than ever that worthy man had earned from Arthur's heart before, was

uttered mentally at that moment.

Now, Gretchen urged, she must go. Her mistress had cut herself badly, (here the tears threatened again:) indeed she had been too long, she must go.

In reply, young Power clasped her stout arm even closer, raised himself by the other on the side of the chair till he stood upright. The girl stared at him in amazement, while he slowly put back the friendly chair, released himself from sundry wrappings; and, feebly supporting himself by her arm, moved forward.

"Now, lead me to your mistress," he said in

German.

The girl uttered an exclamation, "Sir, dear Sir! for Heaven's love! it will kill you—my mistress will never forgive me!—oh, Sir! dear, good Sir!"

"Hush!" he said; "no more outcries. I will see her. If you will not show me the way, I will leave you here, and find the way myself—will your mistress blame you then?"

One idea had possessed his mind:—Josephine avoided him; should the girl inform her of what had passed, she might at once depart, and he never

see her more. "If I am to die," was his thought, "it shall be at her feet."

In a room on the same floor as that occupied by the invalid Josephine had for some days past been located; a smaller one, opening from it, served as a bedroom for herself and maid. Both had been in fact nothing more than store-rooms, where the winter provision of apples and pears were preserved, together with sundry odds and ends which most good housewives set store by, with no apparent end, save that of harbouring dust and obliging the rats, mice and spiders, with winter quarters free of expense. But the landlady had made her own market in routing out these closets and furbishing them up; and filling them with such furniture as she could command, they became the private apartments of the dear young lady and her maid. Since the crisis of the fever had turned to leave the poor sufferer spent and feeble, but stranded high and dry upon the shores of life, when he had opened his eyes to the sunlight of this world and recognized its objects once more, Josephine had avoided the presence of her lover. Schooled by her, Gretchen fulfilled all the duties of the sickroom, and obeyed to the letter the orders of the doctor, who, while he could not in his conscience—guessing what he did—dispute the decision of his young coadjutor, still fretted internally at being deprived of her services. "The very touch of her hand seemed to soothe him; her presence in the room did him good," he would say to himself.

Day after day, as the girl had said, Josephine had decreed that it was time to go. Day by day came some fresh hindrance; there was this thing to be finished, the other must be arranged. Gretchen, the doctor declared, he could not spare, and Gretchen, alone, her mistress feared might talk; besides, there was yet time, she argued; no one came of the family of the sick man, though by telegraphic despatches the doctor had been apprised of the affliction which had befallen the head of the house; and had kept the Viscountess and Lady Geraldine informed as to the state of his patient, "who was improving, and for whom the very best attendance had been provided in the way of nursing." The good doctor not being possessed of his fair assistant's name, it was of course out of his power to specify her further than as an "excellent English nurse, of whose capabilities he had the highest possible opinion."

She sat there in the little low unceiled chamber, the rough beams above her head, the wide fireplace, the leaded casement all uncurtained, the bare floor, with a pretence of covering in one square morsel of matting, the clumsy wooden table and chairs, and the apology for a couch, of antediluvian conception; all formed a sorry contrast to the prettily furnished apartment in the little brown cottage where we first met Josephine. I doubt, however, if she thinks about it, as she sits by the open lattice; for though a fire crackles on the hearth, the evening air is pleasant, and she is very pale, and lacks sadly that fresh pure tint and that brightness of eye which were once chief among the attractions of her face. One arm lay upon her lap, a bandage half wound about it, stained with blood, which she presses tightly in the other hand; her compressed lips and half-closed eyes tell of pain which she is nerving herself to bear, yet that

is not her chief trouble:—

"Doctor!" she says, as that gentleman enters,

"did that foolish girl wake him; was he asleep?
—silly creature—we could have done it."

"We have done it I think," replies he, goodhumouredly, as he examines the wound; an ugly cut, in critical proximity to the wrist. "This poor little hand that did such good service too but now; how will my next patient fare? Are there no more English unfortunates, think you, deserted by kith and kin, who may need its assistance?"

So, half-scolding, half-soothing, he performed such service as the hurt required, and bound it up in the most approved manner. You see the companionship of a sick-room, the sympathies shared,

the natural qualities evolved, are wonderful quickeners of acquaintance; these two might have been old friends, for the intimacy and esteem born of their singular introduction.

"And how did this happen?" he said, when all was done, and he lingered near the open casement, enjoying the fresh breeze. She pointed to the table, where some slips of wood and a goodly heap of chips formed a presentment of a truly woman-like cast.

"What might be the nature of your design? a kennel for that black fellow in the next room, or a bookcase?"

Josephine hastened to put a stop to his raillery, and with a slight confusion of manner, "You know," she said, "that casement; you noticed how it shook the other night; it was impossible for anyone to sleep; it is enough at least to give them bad dreams. I thought—that is to say—Gretchen was trying to cut some wedges to keep it fast; but she is so dull at anything of the kind, so I went to show her—"

"Humph! and this is the result!"

"I suppose she must do them now," said Josephine, looking ruefully down at her arm and the dark stain on her pretty light dress.

"It is very inconvenient just when I am going—"
the sentence ended in an exclamation of alarm, as
she started from her chair. The doctor turned
hastily towards the entrance, to which her gaze
was directed. He beheld his patient, whom he had
left so lately sunk in an apathetic doze, his pale
face flushed, his sunken eyes dilated with eagerness,
as he tottered feebly in, leaning upon the sturdy
arm of Gretchen; who, her apron to her eyes,
seemed entering a vigorous protest against a proceeding which she had been coerced into aiding
literally with her support.

"Arthur!" exclaimed Josephine, while the doctor quickly hastened to the aid of the young man—and Gretchen with tears began to assert her innocence—
"Indeed, madam, oh! my dear mistress—he would, indeed the gentleman would—oh, mistress—" She was little heeded in the scene that ensued. Putting them both aside, Arthur advanced unaided to where Josephine stood, as he reached her he tottered, by an impulse she extended her arms and he fell forward literally fainting with exhaustion.

The good doctor was beside him; between them they supported him, but his head rested upon the shoulder of Josephine, and his pale face was covered by the fair hair escaped from the cap which the sudden motion had displaced. He lay so still for the time her heart beat wildly-was it death?-but as the doctor lifted him his grasp still closed upon her hands dispelled the fear. It had been but a minute, hardly that, but such minutes are not reckoned by their length. New strength, new life, nay, the desire of life, seemed to revive within the debilitated form; as recovering from the syncope caused by the unwonted exertion and excitement, he opened his eyes upon that face that had haunted all his feverish dreams, as he had last beheld it in that sad farewell. His hand was fast clasped in hers, she

could not have escaped, even had she tried. With bated breath she passively watched the doctor as he applied some simple remedy, and beheld the faint glow of animation steal over the wan face, the light of reason and life revisit the deep eyes, as they met hers.

"Josephine, Josephine;" murmured the invalid feebly, "it was you-you were here-you, you, God bless you! you-will not-leave me again-you

will not leave me?"

I know not what answer was upon her parted lips as she prepared to reply; but the doctor at his head touched her hand with an earnest gestureand she said softly as she leaned towards the poor eager face-" No, no; not till you bid me go-

The painful anxious look left the sick man's features, a faint smile dawned upon his lips, and as his weary eyes closed, there settled down upon his face an expression of perfect rest and peacefulness,

such as it had never worn till now.

Gretchen came and went, assiduously performing all the duties of the occasion; she was rapidly getting over her dread of reprimand. Perhaps she judged the crisis to be on the whole rather satisfactory than otherwise, and in her ignorance inclined to the notion that things could not be better.

"A pretty kettle of fish this!" soliloquized the doctor, as he descended the stairs later in the day, leaving his patient in a refreshing sleep. "But the young fellow is safe; this change for the better is marvellous-and, after all, it is no business of mine."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SETTING DOWN.

How uncertain are the phases into which the human mind resolves itself; how vainly we shall ever speculate upon the course which such and such an one will take under the action of various circumstances. It would have been but natural, we might suppose, that a man holding the views, and advocating the principles, which we have seen were those of the Honourable Aden Power, would at least have been less shocked at finding himself suddenly cast from that high position whose advantages he had always affected to ignore—than another, who should have more highly estimated the privileges it afforded; and that when fate, by a blow, had cast his lot among the ranks of those "free-born independent sons of toil" whose glorious attributes he had so often dilated upon in language the most impressive, whose manly virtues and untutored dignity had most frequently made the theme of his grandest bursts of eloquence—he would at least have accepted the lot resignedly, and have even perhaps improved the occasion by an example of some of that heroic indifference to wealth and rank, and have enthusiastically kissed the sceptre of toil and donned the crown of patient endurance, the insignia of lowly birth and an obscure degree.

I grieve to say, not thus can I exhibit my hero, who is none, to your admiring gaze. And yet is

we not all make light of that we have, and which once slipping from our grasp, we frantically clutch

after as our all.

As the reality of the horrid secret grew upon him, as fact after fact, which with secret and stealthy care he investigated, was proved and admitted of no doubt: as he recalled past incidents, as he pieced together the fitful snatches of the proud woman's speech-less confession than taunt, for what she would not for his satisfaction avow, she threw at him, to goad and pain and degrade, when her passion prompted—as all this I say was worked up and became one fixed, dense, incontrovertible truth; there was no getting over, no denying, no doubting-more fearful became the trial. He then was but one of the great unwashed, the "masses," for which he had legislated, the "populace" whose cause he had espoused — Great Heavens! he was but one of them.—He who had taken his place among the proudest of those whose future career was marked with the most glorious préstige of earthly trinmph-he-a unit in the mob! nameless, despicable, base-born-red-blooded as the lowest hind that toiled in his grounds, or the lacquey that stood behind his chair. Wordsand poor as mine are at the best-must utterly fail to give any idea of the suffering endured by this proud man. Truly he was proud! The peer, his reputed father, was not prouder, though in a different way. Aden was proud of his power to do good, proud of his place and influence among men; of the gifts to which he in fact owed these; of his eloquence, his intellect, his wondrous faculties of memory, judgment, quickness, command of thought, and richness of imagination—helping the orator to the apt simile and facile illustration, which are to the sterling sense of his discourse what the glittering jewels are to the sterling metal of the diadem. And we pardon such pride, when men glory but in turning their gifts to account, and in benefiting their country and their kind, as we should forgive the man who, in forcing on us a gift, should discover to us his hoarded wealth, crying, " Lo! I can well spare it, embarrass not yourself."

Aden Power was proud, though few perhaps would call him so; but he had no vanity. Personal self-esteem would have done him good service at this crisis, by reminding him what of his success he owed to himself; but he had read human nature well, and while he despised the weakness which yielded chief homage to rank and station, he could ill afford to dispense with it. He was of a nature to feel all too keenly the rebuffs, the slights, the contusions, to which a too keen contact with the lower world must expose him, sharpened as it must be by the circumstances of his deposition from the high station now just within his grasp; and his suffering amounted to agony, ending in that blank despair of which the vista closes in utter darkness, and the mind refuses to acknowledge the possibility of anything beyond. Days passed in ceaseless perquisitions tending but to the same end. Nights came and went, finding him sleepless. To and fro, it not after all the truest type of our nature? Do in and out he went, still torturing his mind with vain doubts and possibilities—still for ever recurring to the ghastly phantom which ever haunts the fiat of irrevocable misfortune, "what might have been."

In it all, to do him justice, the idea of retaining possession of that which he held unjustly never entered his head. In the course of honour and justice there might be madness—death; but it was the only one open to him, ever sanctioned—nay, commanded—as it was by the breath of the dying parent. A fresh shock had left the Earl almost imbecile, and no chance remained of recovery; yet in Aden's presence the old man seemed to recover the balance of his mind, and in their short interviews never ceased to impress, by word or gesture, absolute secrecy upon his son.

The Countess he avoided. She seemed to do the same by him, though when they did chance to meet he read in her haggard looks and half-subdued haughtiness a desire that the Earl's last moments might, as she said, "be suffered to decline unmo-

lested by a dread of exposure."

It was a temptation—it was a trial such as we may be thankful few of us are called upon to undergo. On one side, the honour of a noble family preserved, its name and rights upheld by one who no flattering conscience told him was more fitted to uphold and perpetuate them than the amiable but weak-minded Arthur. On the other, shame, expatriation; the lofty name, for ages unsullied, dragged through the mire of foul-mouthed gossipry, and made the nine days' wonder of the vulgar crowd, and for himself-well, God help him!such of us as can conceive of such a trial, and to such a mind, will scarcely wonder that at this point Aden Power turned his eyes upon the case which lay near his table, and which contained his pistols, still primed as on the day he returned in haste from abroad.

So worked the account, so mounted up the reckoning of her subtle scheme; when, summoned from the bed-side of her dying husband, where, (alas that that too should be so poor!) the unhappy woman found her sole refuge in this crisis—she went to meet her daughter-in-law, the Lady Geraldine, who had estranged herself from the house since her return. In truth the Countess had spoken somewhat too plainly upon the wife's desertion of her favourite son in his illness.

The beauty met the elder lady with flashing eyes and cheeks whose dazzling tint outvied their own natural hue. She lingered not over courtesies, but at once dashed in medias res, as be assured, my dear but plebeian reader, patrician tongues can dash.

I am to suppose that your Ladyship is not aware of that which I have come to tell you—the last insult which your son has offered me. You hear often from him or of him I know, but my information is perhaps more certain or correct. The nurse, the English nurse, Madam, who has been attending him so assiduously, is no other than a cast-off mistress of his, a German girl who I understand was favoured with a residence upon your estate. She had followed him to Germany, he conveniently fell ill in her neighbourhood, and I am given to under-

stand she has fulfilled the duties of nurse, and takes my place, as your Ladyship was pleased to consider it, to admiration."

To see the sneer that accompanied these words; the flush, not of hurt honour, not of outraged innocence, not of offended wifely dignity, but rather of triumphing hate of bitter contempt, which kindled in that face of surpassing beauty. If there be indeed fallen angels, who, retaining their pristine form, are to the full endowed with the powers and attributes of evil, here was one. For the moment she triumphed over the pale, haggard, lorn woman that stood before her queen, though fallen as she was; the one radiant, glorious, triumphant in her cruelty—the other crushed, lost, faint - but no, she rises to the summons of the occasion, and, true mother to the last, she cried, as she faced the scornful beauty with indignant haughtiness, she threw back her glance of defiance-

"It is a lie! My son would never so dishonour himself! Lady Geraldine, she was not his

mistress!"

ITALY AWAKENED.

Well done at last, thou fair and storied land!

For thou hast broken from the thrall of years,
Cast off thy lethargy, dispelled thy fears,
And grappled tyranny with daring hand.

Watched by the nations, thou didst well withstand
The stubborn Austrian, who oppressed thee sore,
Banished the cruel Bourbon from thy shore,
And raised a wiser monarch to command.

Much hast thou done, but more remains to do
Ere thy new freedom can unclouded shine;

The City of the Waters must be thine,
With all her fertile provinces thereto;
And unprogressive Popedom must not stay
Thy glowing chariot-wheels on their triumphant way.
But in thy triumph thou must not forget

That man of grand simplicity of mind
With whom thy destiny is now combined,
To whom thou owest more than golden debt.
The hero-hermit of Caprera's rock

Claims confidence and praise, which is his due,
For he is valiant, equitable, true,
And ready to resist Oppression's shock.
He will not fail thee in the perilous hour,
Nor hold a traitorous parley with thy foes;
Where'er he goes stern honour also goes,
And wisely guides his delegated power;

He wars for noblest purposes, and Fame Will breathe with burning lips great Garibaldi's name, Oh, for another Tasso! who could write

Of Italy Delivered, and rehearse,
In stirring, truthful, and immortal verse,
Her patriotic prowess in the fight;
Speak of her patient suffering through the past,
Ere the two tyrants goaded her to strife;
Sing of her present newly-kindled life,
And hopes which may be realized at last;
Expatiate on the future of her time,

When Peace shall fold her in her stainless wing, And the sweet light of Liberty shall bring New charms to all the beauties of her clime. Thus, with the inborn prescience of a seer The poet would foreshow her glorious career.

WINTER.

HOARY-HEADED WINTER once again reigns, lord of earth, and with his icy fingers hath stolen the flowerets away; those gentle, beauteous things, could not stand his rough usage, and so they drooped and withered, dying, feeling still the warm love-pressure from the sweet lips of the southern wind. Through the now barren trees Boreas moans; hollow and strange sounds his voice amid the leafless branches; but cheerily the twit, twit of the robin, and the plaintive coo, coo of the wood-pigeon, breaks forth. Poor birds, how cold must it be for them when the sun goes down, and the frost steals forth and the

wind blows,-no heat, no shelter!

Yet, when the spotless snow covers the ground, the earth looks very beautiful, sparkling in prismatic colours in the sunlight, and at night beneath the golden stars, and the peerless, silvery moon, like so many diamonds. There are many pleasures belonging to winter; the greatest of which are those joyous ones, home-pleasures, the cheerful fire-side, where, shut in from the weather, with books and work the hours of the winter's-eve soon pass away. And in the day-time it is pleasant to see the snow falling, and to watch the gradual toilet of the earth. But the chief thing winter brings is the joyous Christmas time, when friends meet together, and all the little annoyances of the past year are laid aside, severed friendships reunited, with kindly hearts and good-will,—the season for the exchange of small courtesies, trifling in their worth, yet of value in themselves. But to all, Christmas may not be a season of unalloyed joy,-to those who have not dear and loved friends and relations, which but one Christmas back had been on earth; with tearful eyes they gaze at the vacant place around the festal board; with sad hearts they listen in vain for that voice which is for ever hushed on earth; but they recollect the meaning of Christmas day its origin—the birth of our Lord and Saviour, and with the remembrance comes consolation, comfort in their sorrow, for they know that in Heaven their beloved ones commemorate the day likewise. What a blessed place is this to the bereaved-hearted; and the season is to them one of calm, quiet happiness. To others, those who have not yet drunk from the bitter cup of woe, over whose path the shadow of the destroying angel hath never come; those whose crosses have been so slight, hitherto, as to be almost imperceptible; to them it is a season of mirth and festivity. Well for them now that their life is so unclouded to enjoy it, for perchance ere another Christmas the sombre clouds of sorrow may darken it. Let them enjoy the present which is theirs, laying by a rich store of pleasant reminiscences, on which to look back upon when their hour of trial shall come.

LEILA.

OF PACT AND RUMOUR.

ART has sustained a severe blow in the deplored and unforeseen event which casts a shadow over the coming year, and with feelings of the sincerest sorrow must we recur to subjects which can never cease painfully to recall one who it may be said founded an era of Taste in this country, upon which, in each successive year, it has been his care and pleasure assiduously to work out

an improvement.

Foremost among these stands the Great Exhibition; it is scarcely possible to divest oneself of the idea that a work so especially identified with its illustrious originator must perforce linger in completion, now that he is no more. But the evidence of sight dispels the notion: already many portions of the building yield a foretaste of completion; the spiral staircases are in course of erection, and the decorations of some parts are even commenced. The question of refreshments has, we understand, been at length satisfactorily settled, and the topic now more especially under consideration is that of the approaches to the Exhibition, the goal of (as a contemporary calculates) at least twelve millions of visitors in the coming year-in fact, to those acquainted with the various leading thoroughfares tending to that locality, already, as it would seem, the channel of a constant stream of traffic, the question does appear a somewhat formidable one, as to the chances of comfortable progression under the circumstances anticipated. It was a suggestion of the lamented Prince Albert that the yellow patch dignified by the name of "green," on the Brompton and Knightsbridge road, should be done away with, in company with some of the houses in a line with it, and the thoroughfare given the full benefit of the clearance. We could hardly testify our appreciation of him we have lost more becomingly, than by carrying out such of his plans of whose projection he has left us aware.

It is with satisfaction we learn that the precautions against fire, both in the construction of the building and in all arrangements within the Exhibition, are most complete. Many of the exhibitors are already displaying some anxiety as to the space allotted them; the sculptors more especially, whose time allowed for the sending in of their works is limited to the last day of March. Apropos of sculpture, we learn that it is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue of Goldsmith in front of Trinity College, Dublin: the attitude of the design is natural, representing the poet, book in hand, absorbed in thought. At Penzance, a granite column is to be set up to the memory of Sir Humphry Davy, supporting his statue; a great many designs are already under consideration, and architects are still invited to

submit their own ideas on the subject.

A meeting took place lately of the trustees of the British Museum, relative to the question of dividing and re-organizing the monster collection. The result was decided by a great majority,—that the National History department should be elsewhere established.

Though many causes combine to make amusements languish more than is usual at this season, a goodly number still put forth their claims to the public favour, On the 8th of this month, Mr. Henry Leslie's Concerts are commenced at the Hanover-square Rooms. St. Martin's Hall will be opened very shortly for "Cheap Monster Concerts," both vocal and instrumental; and simultaneously with the New Year, Herr Joachim arrives in London to make his appearance at the "Monday Popular Concerts." The Sacred Harmonic Society having announced a postponement, in consequence of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince

Consort, the performance of the Messiah, originally fixed for the 20th of December, will take place on the 3rd of the present month.

The Sisters Murchison are to appear at a series of concerts at St. James's Hall, assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, and other eminent performers; and to vary the character of these attractions, the Female Christy's Minstrels in full Indian Costume, have taken up their ground at the Gallery of British Artists in Suffolk-street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews are continuing, with deserved success, their elegant entertainment, in which the rare spectacle is presented of a great artiste completely at home in every character except his own; indeed, as would appear in his case, the more foreign the better for the display of native talent.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and their valuable coadjutor, Mr. John Parry, with a succession of delightful varieties, will not lack audiences; the transition is only natural from the marvellous attaching to their life-like delineations to the professed marvels of M. Robin, who, from the Egyptian Hall, once more sends forth his announcements, so especially attractive to the young folks, whose very decided objection to lessons in holiday time has induced the wizard wisely to withdraw his well-meant innovations of a scientific nature. "Play when we play, and when we work, work," is a good maxim, and all attempts at combining the two will generally fall short of any desirable result either way.

"Illustrations of the Divina Commedia," a grand moving Panorama of Colossal Pictures by Italian artists, promises a pleasant variety in the list of enter-tainments for the winter season. St. James's Hall is to be the scene of this well-sounding exhibition, which we venture to hope may be accompanied by oral descriptions of a higher quality than has, unfortunately, with but rare exceptions, made tedious most panoramic displays. The city, properly so called, is not often indicated to the special notice of sight-seers, as containing much calculated to gratify their search after the beautiful, the rare, or the astonishing; yet we dare to suggest that a visit to Cheapside, even from the remotest corner of the far West End, will be found amply to compensate the toil, and satisfy such desires. Mr. Noel Paton's magnificent picture, the Pursuit of Pleasure, on view at Mr. Jennings' gallery, 26, Cheapside, is an exhibition in itself, and one which for greatness of conception and delicacy of execution is unsurpassed by any production of the day; while the fidelity to nature of the lineaments composing that eager and impassioned group of faces,—so varied, yet so true must strike the ordinary observer who makes no pretension to pronounce upon the artistic merits of the painting.

Of the drama in its various departments the promise is not small. It is confidently reported that Her Majesty's will open next season under the auspices of M. Bergier, of the Theatre Oriental, Madrid; a new operatta is spoken of for Drury Lane, by Mr. Howard Glover. The Colleen Bawn is to appear as an opera at Covent Garden, where the Puritan's Daughter has so well established its fame as hardly to need, even in this season of pantomime and burlesque, the addition of one of the most popular of the former on the list, to

complete its attractions.

In these "sensation" times subjects have not been wanting for controversy not always of the most pacific nature; but we doubt if even that great "sensational" the Gorilla must not yield the palm, on this head, to that dramatic causus belli the Octoroon. It was not enough that the play in itself met with disapproval on certain points, that the author altered the termination,—restoring the heroine to life and happiness, giving her a husband, in place of "cold"

poison," a wedding garment instead of a shroud-even then certain malcontents yet unsatisfied cease not to rail. It is suggested by one contemporary that certain tastes might approve the former version; and a hint is proffered as to whether the piece might not be played each way on alternate nights, so as to satisfy both parties, also whether such accommodating innovations might not be carried into the plays of Shakspeare—as that Romeo should have received of the apothecary a dose of salts, in lieu of the deadly draught-whether the smothering of Desdemona might be allowed to turn out a failure, and Emilia, rushing in at the moment of Othello's remorseful agony, exclaim "She lives!" It is a matter of opinion. Mr. Boucicault has, we believe, no cause to regret the change in the construction of his play; though the dignity of authorship may well feel itself aggrieved. But the genius of discord seems to have presided at the birth of the poor Octoroon: never in the polluted slave-market was she more haggled over and discussed than she has been in the pages of the past month's journals. A writer of one indignant letter to the Athenseum, signed Suum Cuique, accuses Mr. Boucicault of having taken the substance of his play from a tale entitled "The Quadroon," which tale he asserts itself to have been pirated from "Masks and Faces" which -as he informs us-was written by the author of Whitefriars. Suum Cuique is, in his turn, taken up by the author of "The Quadroon," who indignantly repels the accusation of his share of the imputed plagiarism, adds his own evidence to the fact of the drama being drawn originally from his romance; and informs the writer of the letter-what the most casual retrospection would inform him-that" Masks and Faces" was the production of a writer whose mark is well known in the lower ranks of cheap periodicals. For the elder sister of this ill-fated damsel, the Colleen Bawn, her success has been almost without precedent: burlesqued here, travestied there, vocalized by Parry, operatized by Benedict; and still holding its own nightly, amid the seductions of pantomime, romance, and all the attendant genia of Christmastide. But, even as we enumerate the various dishes contained in the season's bill of fare, we are reminded that to many the door of hilarious and mirthful recreation must be closed; of these not a few will, for the solace of those leisure hours that custom affords to all, betake themselves to the fireside volume; whence they may hear

the rush of thoughtless crowds go by unenviously.

The list of Christmas books is small, indeed the season for those elaborately-decorated volumes ostensibly so-called seems to be passing away; not, we believe, regretted in its decline. One, however, this year stands pre-eminent, as being not only a handsome volume of prose and verse, well got up, inside and out, containing among its contributors names of the highest standing, but also as appearing under femi-nine auspices. We allude to "The Victoria Regia," dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty; edited by Adelaide A. Proctor, and printed and published by Emily Faithful and Co., at the Victoria Press. Of children's books there is no dearth. "Live Toys, or anecdotes of our four-legged and other pets," is a pretty, simple volume, adapted to encourage tenderness and good feeling. "Among the Tartar Tents, or the Lost Fathers" (Bell and Daldy), is a book to be welcomed by the boys. As a valuable gift (literally speaking, the cost of the volume being but small), we may name "Household Proverbs, or Facts for the People," by the author of "Sunlight through the Mist." (Shaw and Co.) A few of the titles will serve to show the calibre of this volume, and the mission on which it is more especially despatched. That "she who pawns once buys twice; while too many "marry in haste and repent at leisure;"

are axioms which cannot be too often repeated, nor too widely spread; and if to a very ordinary intelligence it must be patent that "Water quenches thirst better than beer," we may also recollect that "A stitch in time saves nine," and that a word in time may do even more.

"The Last of the Mortimers," by the Author of "Margaret Maitland" (Hurst and Blackett), will fully sustain

the well-earned reputation of the writer.

"Good for Nothing," by G. J. Whyte Melville, (Parker and Son), is a most interesting tale well told; once taken up it must be read through; when the termination will be unsatisfactorily received. The author should, if possible, take a hint from Mr. Boucicault's example, and a leaf or two from his own book; such a heroine deserves to "live ever after happy to the end of her days."

"Soon Over, or the Vicar of Slowditch."—The sooner "over" the better, say we; "slower" the ditch could hardly be. The same will apply to "Great Catches and Great Matches"—the latter title has quite a Guy Fawkes flavour, and, considering the fiery denunciations it contains against the Church of Rome, not altogether

inapplicable.

"Household Education," by Harriet Martineau. (Smith and Elder.) No word of ours is needed to assure all readers of the sterling worth of this volume; the careful laying to heart of its excellent maxims would

be no bad commencement of the New Year.

Sermons in stones is a very ordinary finding compared with romance in sewers; yet Mr. Hollingshead appears to have discovered the latter, and gives us a very readable book, which, if not exactly a romance, is more interesting than half the romances: called "Underground London," being chiefly composed of his rambles through the sewers of our great city. We are aware this is but a re-appearance all together -under a title, and in book form-of a number of disconnected papers which have appeared, we believe, in "All the Year Round." It is an ordinary practice nowadays, and one with which we have no fault to find, the more especially when the matter is so good, and when no attempt at deception is put forth. But when, as in the case of several small volumes lately published, is added the announcement "never before published;" the public has a right to complain, if, on purchasing the book, they find but the reprint of a tale which they have perused in the pages of a defunct periodical.

It is a fact that no man has ever yet achieved greatness, but there was some one ever ready to thrust another kind of greatness upon him—the greatness of littleness, if we may so term it—and to lay bare, and rake together every weakness, error, foible; to point out every flaw in the porcelain, every speck upon the pearl. Mr. Thornbury's last book has done this for the subject of its memoirs; and, but that abler pens and readier wits have had their say, effectively too, we had not here contented ourselves with the regretful conclusions to which a perusal of that ill-advised production has brought us. Firstly, that if such be the penalty exacted from those who, like Turner, toiled to attain fame, it were better not to have toiled at all; secondly, that not for all the distinctions, well earned too, attached to the writer's name, would we have been

the author of this, his last production.

A book of considerable interest, and full of exciting incident, is one just published, "The Hero of Harper's Ferry, being the Public Life of Captain John Brown," by James Redpath. (London: W. Tweedie.) It is an elaborated and authentic life of that remarkable and unfortunate man, (with a short autobiography of his earlier days,) from his infancy to the grave. We would

hope, for the sake of humanity, that the details of the execution are exaggerated, though they bear too strong an impression of truth for charity to take refuge in doubt.

A very small book lies before us, on which we could wish space were left us to say more than that we have read it with the greatest pleasure and profit. It is entitled, "St. Mark's School by the Sea-Side in the Summer of 1861," by the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, M.A. (London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.) The narrative is literally what the title announces; a simple and well-told relation of a visit to the little sea-coast village of Pakefield, near Lowestoft, of St. Mark's School, Windsor, which we do not doubt will derive considerable advantage from the additional publicity given to it by this admirable little publication, while the masters and patrons of similar establishments may draw valuable hints from the "suggestions" thereto appended.

"Victorian Enigmas," by Charlotte Eliza Capel. (Lockwood and Co.) This is one of those ingenious productions combining amusement with instruction; being a series of enigmas on biographical, historical, geographical, and miscellaneous subjects; calculated to call into play the spirit of enquiry in the youthful mind; a very fair source of mirth, too, in a circle of quick-witted youngsters round the winter fire.

There lies before us No. 3 of a series of one hundred Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Drama and Dramatic Poets, from Thespis, founder of the art in the sixth century, down to the nineteenth; by B. C. Jones. Whether the initials of this gentleman aptly represent the remoteness of his research into the drama, we are not informed. As the present number only leaves us with the Œdipus of Sophocles, we can form but a scanty idea of how the author's powers may develope on more modern ground, and may be allowed to reserve our opinion; meantime, Mr. B. C. Jones will do well to look sharply after reporters or printers, to whose errors alone can be ascribed such ill-constructed sentences as are repeatedly noticeable throughout his printed lecture; as "produce but little profitable execution to your summons"—" felt relief in quitting their company even in ordinary conversation"—" to you I venture advice"-" without palling your audience." The story of Œdipus is enigmatical enough in conscience, without adding to the evil by fresh riddles on the rules of our own language.

A new romance is announced by Georges Sand, entitled, "The Family of Germandre." It is warranted by the advertisements to be "perfectly pure and moral"(!)

One of the Christmas books announced for the Parisian delectations is "The Physiology of Thought," by M. Lolut.

by M. Lelut.

Charivari makes stock fun for himself out of the Armstrong Guns and the Great Eastern. In the "Croquis by Cham," the other day, a legion of rats is seen descending the sides of the latter in great haste, the lines beneath informing us that even these animals at length refuse to remain on board. Again, the projector of the Great Eastern and Armstrong shake hands, consoling each other, while Britannia turns her back upon both. The tables are turned for the present it should seem, and the great demand for "English goods" of the French shopkeepers affords infinite food for the mirth of Charivari, who depicts ladies turning up their noses in contempt at anything the marchand may produce, which is not "véritablement une stoffe Anglaise." By the bye, the one prevailing characteristic in these sketches when delineating an Englishman, is found in a large aquiline nose, a bushy head of hair, and length of limb. On the whole, Charivari's portrait of us in his pages is less offensive than that which the immortal Punch is wont to set up as the type of nationality on the other side of the Channel.

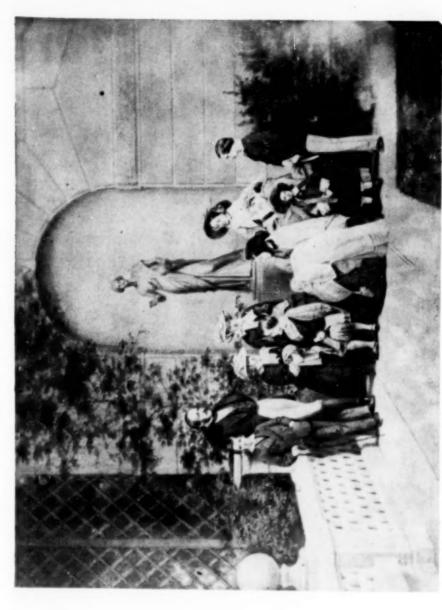
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THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1857.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE.

THE accompanying photograph, taken at Osborne in 1857, interesting at any time to all Englishmen, is peculiarly so at the present time - a similar picture is not possible now-the charmed circle is broken - Death has stepped in and stricken out the principal figure in the group, and the wise and good father can no more by his presence, his counsel, and his example, influence the destinies and form the characters of the group of children that surround the royal pair, all unconscious and little heeding as yet of the part they are to perform in the world's history. It is some consolation, under the national calamity which we all deplore, and claim with importunity to share in, to know what training these children have had, and to feel that the memory of their dead father must exercise a powerful and most important influence upon them. From such glimpses of the domestic life of the palace as occasionally reach the outer world, we believe the training and education of these children has been most careful and judicious, and has extended far beyond the routine of study, to the formation of character and habit. They have been trained in habits of self-reliance and industry, of kindness and consideration for their instructors and dependants, and a due amount of subordination and discipline, without which no education can be efficient.

The eldest daughter has left her home and country, and is now a happy wife and mother, with a high destiny before her. How all London turned out to see her leave us in the snow and gloom of that bitter day—like a large family lamenting the loss of a loved daughter from the household circle!

Of the eldest son, of whom so much is expected, as inheritor of the proudest position earth has in her bestowal, what little we know of him is favourable. He is amiable and affectionate; and in his progress through Canada and the United States, in 1860, he showed much tact and dignity. Let us hope the best for him. He is at a critical period of his life; there is danger in the very loftiness of his position; and again the sad thought intrudes what

a loss he has sustained in the wise counsels, the companionship and friendship, and the noble and virtuous example, of the departed Prince, his father.

The second daughter, the Princess Alice, is also betrothed, and will shortly leave her native land for her husband's home. Her position will be less exalted than that of her elder sister, and probably her amiable and affectionate disposition will find its best reward in the duties and pleasures of domestic life. Much interest has been excited towards this Princess, from the accounts of her devoted affection to the Queen during the closing scenes of her father's life.

Prince Alfred, the second boy, has been placed at sea, where he will have full opportunity for the evaporation of his high spirits, and field for his abundant energy, and in learning to obey may also learn best how to command.

The remaining figures in the group,—the Princesses Helena, Louisa and Beatrice, and the Princes Arthur and Leopold,—are too young to require further notice in this slight sketch. The only public appearance of the Prince Arthur was in the mournful pageant of his father's funeral; and many a manly voice choked, and tears ran over rough faces, at the recital of the poor little fellow's uncontrollable sorrow.

But of the Queen-what shall we say of her?of the Royal Lady whom we have honoured and loved so long with no common affection, and whose affliction is felt in every home in the empire; though in her deepest sorrow she will not suffer herself to forget that she is a Queen, and Queen of England. We shrink from anything bordering upon adulation; but we question if, with all our loyal affection, we fully appreciate all that Queen Victoria has done for this nation, in uniting together, by the virtues and graces of her character and court, the whole British Empire in one fast bond of loyalty, that has preserved this great nation scathless, through troublous times that have overturned or disorganized almost every kingdom in the world, leaving others with an uncertain hold on a crushed and suffering people only waiting their opportunity, -whilst we stand forth a free, a united, and a happy people, enjoying the utmost possible amount of personal and political freedom, and rejoicing in our willing bondage of loyalty. And how much is comprised in that word loyalty? We think almost the "whole duty of man." There is loyalty to our God, loyalty to our Queen and country, loyalty to our fellow-creatures, and loyalty to ourselves; for to each and all of these some men and some nations are traitors, and suffer consequent retribution. If we were asked to sum up in few words the cause of the convulsions that are rending the American Republic into fragments, we should say it was absence of loyalty.

Some portion of our debt of gratitude and affection to our Queen has been repaid in the spontaneous tribute of love and sympathy which has flowed from all parts of her dominions, and we cannot doubt that the consciousness of it has been to her the highest earthly consolation in her

bereavement.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. IV.

If the military power of Christian rulers had successfully spread Christianity through Europe; if the victorious cavalry of the Saracens had favoured the erection of mosques along the Southern shore of the Mediterranean, and dispersed the churches to which Athanasius and Cyprian had preached; it was a reasonable conclusion in the mind of Peter, the Hermit of Amiens, that the same power of the sword might rescue the holy sepulchre from the defilement of the infidel, and restore to a church, which, in its instruments for impression, omits no relationship by which the feelings may be moved, that central object of interest among the appurtenances of the Catholic faith. The call for the first Crusades met with a ready response from the ducal chiefs, whose homes were on their saddles, and whose specialty was prowess in arms. The later Crusaders concurred with the wishes of the mercantile republics of Venice and Genoa, whose prosperous commerce with the East was restricted by the exclusive Turks, who held the sovereignty of Egypt and Palestine. To discover another route to India than those by way of the Red Sea or Persian Gulph was now the want of Europe. By the heroism of the Genoese pilot, Columbus, in his endeavours to find the Eastern shores of the spice and gem yielding regions of Cathay, a new hemisphere was added to the armorial bearings of Spain, and the riches of South America replenished the resources of that nation. A few years later in (1498), Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese explorer, worked out the problem which maps constructed by overland travellers had presented for solution, and in command of a fleet of five vessels reached Calicut, on the Malabar coast. This discovery gave the Portuguese nation the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and the exclusive traffic by the Indian Sea, with the shores of Malabar, Coromandel, and the Indian Archipelago. The energy of the Spanish

nation and the adjacent kingdom of Portugal, from the 14th to the 16th centuries, strangely contrasts with the apathy which has accompanied their extended territories. The caliphs of Spain were the great patrons of the arts and sciences of Europe, -astronomy, navigation, philosophy, and architecture held their court at Cordova and Madrid. The astrolabe in the Picture Gallery of Greenwich Hospital, and the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, are examples of Spain's ideas in art and science. Though the Moors had succumbed to the Christians, the mental impulse they had given to the nation did not immediately abate. But the cream of the nation having gone to take possession of their newly-discovered lands, and an adequate training of the population to mental competency not being enforced, the peninsula sank into lethargy, from which just now, at length, they appear to be awaking. Under the governorship of the romantically brave and successful Albuquerque, the settlement of Goa became the head-quarters of the Indian territories of Portugal, and the numerous stations along the coast, under the shelter of fortresses, gave facilities for traffic with the natives in spices and calicoes, and yielded hitherto unknown wealth to the Portuguese merchants. The same activity of thought which furnished discoverers and adventurers finding another channel to flow in, gave birth, in the mind of the Spaniard Ignatius Loyola, to the most remarkable corporation in Europe: the order of Jesus, or Jesuits, combining in their régime the learning of Europe and the self-mortification of the East. This descendant of the mixed race of Moors and Visigoths instituted, in common with Francis Xavier and a few fellow-students, the order, one of whose articles of purpose was the propagation of the faith among the heathen. John III. of Portugal, shortly after the discovery of India, moved by that spirit of the age which the struggles of his people in arms against the Moors had animated, having appointed a bishop to Goa, for the further diffusion of the faith among the heathen, applied to Ignatius Loyola for some one to go as a missionary to his possessions. Loyola named Xavier, his companion, and the Pope approving, he went. The training of his life was of that kind most fitted to influence the Eastern people, and the persuasion of a sublimer reward as associated with martyrdom, which his religion still asserts gave him a fearless zeal, which enabled him to effect wonders. His preparation for this service was in the hospitals of Spain, living the daily ministrant of the sick in the most repulsive offices, and exposing his life in the most infectious atmosphere. Noble by birth, his self-imposed discipline gave him only the poor and sorrowful as his companions. Cultivated in the University of Paris, in the best learning of the time, his leading thought was his own unworthiness yet ardent prayerfulness for the cause he had in hand. At the king's command, a cabin and outfit were provided for him in one of the large vessels taking out 1,000 men, as well as a governor, and arrangements were made for him to dine at the Governor's table. He declined all earthly dignities and comforts; some books and warm clothing were all he took, and he made his abode among the sailors, feeding of choice on the meanest diet, that he might devote himself more surely to the religious conversion of his fellows on the ship, and his success was answerable to his aim. Though burning with fever, he still attended to the sick. His presence and his preaching effected an early reformation among the Portuguese soldiers at Goa, and the licentiousness which the climate prompted was quelled by the influence of his exalted standard of life. "Kindle those unknown nations with the flame that burns within you," was the parting benediction of Loyola, and the work of Xavier accomplished the idea. His dream previous to his departure portended suffering. "A wide ocean broken by storms, hunger and thirst raging around," drew from him the ejaculation, "Yet more, O God, yet more! I have seen what I am to suffer for the glory of Jesus; I hope the divine goodness will grant me that in India which he has foreshadowed in Italy."

He established that threefold system which subsequent missions have recognised as necessary for the cause; not the trivia of the schools, which posterity has pronounced trivial; but the trivia of translations into the native tongues, school-founding, and preaching in the native languages. His journeys were always on foot; his influence so remarkable, that he is said to have baptized 100,000 natives; and at stepping forth with the cross in his hand, before an advancing army, he deterred the enemy from

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There have appeared pamphlets published within the last few months by native Christian teachers, whose purpose it is to reproach the European and American missionary for the superior comfort he enjoys above that of the native preacher. The war of races, by which the late mutiny was fostered, though suppressed, is not extinguished, even among those who profess a common Christianity. "A desire to see the native always under the white man of the dominant race."-" Such thoughts betray the same vile pride as met the rebuke of Jesus."—" The phaeton, the sumptuous furniture, the troops of menials."-" He is richer, and connected with the dominant race."-"The missionaries should furnish their native agents with such means as to their respectability as would not expose them to penury and want."-Such are a few of the passages in the pamphlets that indicate a discontent among those whom we are taught to look to as links of our safety, and set forth a different standard of desire on the part of the modern missionary to that which Xavier exhibited. After a course of ten years of self-denying zeal in India and the East, he died, having established pastorates and instituted a school at Goa connected with the order of Jesuits, where native teachers were educated, whose names are the Fathers of St. Paul. About fifty years later the scholars educated at this school figured in the overreaching attempts of the Archbishop of Goa, Menezes, to subjugate that interesting group of Christians in the Malabar district, named the Syrian Christians, to the supremacy of the Roman

Pontiff. At the foot of the Peninsula of India, in the districts of Travancore and Cochin, is a body of about 100,000 Christians, a branch of the Nestorian heresy, who claim a tradition of having been founded as a church by the apostle St. Thomas, and whose existence can be authenticated in the second century. Denying, as the Nestorians do, that the Virgin was the mother of God, admitting only that she was the mother of Christ, the Mahomedan princes who had, either from the Affghan territory, or from the Abyssinian coast, invaded Malabar and supplanted the Hindoo rajahs, gave them an easy toleration and many privileges; the charters of which, on brass tablets, Dr. Buchanan collected, and gave to the Bodleian library. Whether St. Thomas was really the founder has given rise to much learned debate; the chief objection to the tradition being the want of historical record of an early intercourse between India and Palestine. But if the apostles so constantly use the distinguishing types of India, her gems, as the symbols of glory, we may easily imagine the caravans of Affghan merchants—referred to by Colonel Edwardes as the fit colporteurs of this day for the publication of Christian truth-as the guides of the Apostle on his errand of truth, since similar trading facilities brought Paul to Rome. The bishop appointed by the Patriarch of Antioch was, by force of the Portuguese troops, deposed and sent to Italy, and the native Fathers of St. Paul intruded into the churches, and the whole enginery of Rome employed,-it may be with sincere zeal for the right, yet certainly with unjustifiable means,—to destroy the independence of this oasis among the heathen. In some measure Menezes was successful, but the dispute that within the last six months has sprung up in the district shows that the contending elements are still at work. The Patriarch of Antioch had appointed a bishop to the district of Travancore, and his followers forcibly took possession of a church to which the Roman bishop, vicar apostolic of Verapoly, laid claim. The latter wrote to the Madras Government, submitting his belief that the British Government did not interfere in questions of faith, but expecting its support in his alleged title to his property. The following reply of Sir W. Denison and Council shows that the negative position of government in regard to questions of creed is a more judicious status than that they would hold were the wishes of some of those who lead public opinion at home, and denounce the policies of the old East India Company, established as the rule of State. The Resolution of the government runs thus:-

"Resolved that the Right Rev. the Vicar Apostolic of Viropoly be informed that communications have already been addressed to the Government of Travancore and Cochin, pointing out the necessity of taking due precautions to preserve the peace and punish any illegal acts of aggression that may result from the circumstances to which his letter refers. The British Government will follow the same course in the provinces under their own immediate control, but they will do nothing more. While they refuse their sanction to any forcible intrusion by the Syro-Chaldaic bishop,

they will no less strictly refrain from putting any constraint on the people or their choice of their own spiritual guides. This will be left entirely to the people themselves, and on them must depend the reception with which the new bishop meets."

A remarkable contrast this to the severity of the Portuguese Government, inspired by the Roman priesthood!

THE NEW YEAR.

THE Old Year's last breath has fled, and for ever we have bidden him farewell. No more will he return to us, and it was with a feeling akin to sorrow that we watched the last minutes of his life waning away. But grief must be put aside, smiles and gladsome looks must be put on, to give a joyous welcome to the New Year. The free, the unfettered New Year! Bringing fresh hopes, fresh pleasures, but, alas! also fresh sorrows; but these as yet have not furrowed his fair brow, and so he comes beaming with happiness. There is no flower-wreath ready for him; but ere long he will weave one for himself; he will bring back the scented rainbowcoloured flowerets, but he says, "I must have time." So for the present he quietly leaves the earth as he found it ;—the evanescent earth. It damps not the gay young monarch's buoyant spirits, the mournful wail of the northern wind, the hushed voices of the rivulets, the barren branches of the trees, and the absence of the silver-voiced birds. Ah! no! he peeps into happy homesteads, where the crimson-berried holly gleams, and happy faces welcome him. When he leapt to life, he heard not the angry voice of Boreas. In his ears alone was the merry chime of the church bells. And as he glances over the world, and sees the sorrows of others, he thinks, " Ere my old age, I will heal their broken hearts; so that when I am being laid in that large mausoleum in which all my forefathers sleep—that one of Time—their blessings shall follow me." Dear New Year, much as we loved thy predecessor, we love thee more; coming among us blithe as the first spring morn; full of hope, giving new vigour, fresh life to the old, and length of years to the young! Welcomed, gladlywelcomed, one!

He who gains the victory over great insults, is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows. The firm, steadfast bosom, upon which a past full of torture has weighed in vain, will many a time, like a piece of ice that has been overflowed, break down beneath the gentlest footsteps of destiny.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night, and yet the stillness seems almost inaudible! From all the measureless depths of air around us, comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature; decay and reproduction ever beginning, never ending, the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time.

ADEN POWER; OR, THE COST OF A SCHEME. BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

[Continued from p. 141.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

INTO THE VALLEY AND THE SHADOW.

THOSE words, that bitter accusation, were the key-note of the cruel discord which the malignant beauty had set herself to raise; and of which she, in few but meaning sentences, now warned the hapless lady. Never in all her triumphs had Geraldine so exulted as at the moment when, to the mother of her husband, she announced her intention and power to prove him false and unworthy to proclaim to the world her "wrongs"—to put him from her, covered with shame and obloquy. Stunned by the suddenness and enormity of the charge; overwhelmed by the torrent of the other's cutting eloquence, and by the array of seeming evidence in support of that she alleged; the Countess for the time was staggered: and, as she recalled too well certain facts which she had wilfully ignored, relative to her son's marriage, she shuddered, while the possibility of the truth overcame her like a cloud. But only for a time. Ere the triumph of the other was sated with contemplation of the misery depicted in the face before her, the Countess approached her daughter-in-law.

"I know not what your motive may be," she said, speaking with a forced calmness; "God knows what cause you may have to think yourself wronged: but this I do know,—that the woman you have named is incapable of what you accuse her of—ay, Geraldine, utterly incapable! I have seen her, I have spoken to her, I would answer for her

as I would for yourself."

Strange trick of the sad fatality pursuing this unhappy woman, which gave to her less the right to testify to the innocence of her own child than that of the stranger. She felt it, even as she uttered the words; but conscience in that moment sternly forbade compromise with its claims, and she dared not in her soul ignore the possibility that her son might have succumbed in the toils she had herself assisted to fling around him. Had she known all, had she even dreamed of whom she thus constituted herself the champion, would she have so spoken? It is likely; for to the most artificial, the greatest hypocrite or sinner of us all, there comes most frequently a time, when the soul renders tardy homage to virtue, and will speak aloud, even to its own condemnation.

Lady Geraldine was not slow to catch at the strange defence set up by the Countess; and her sneer at the coupling of herself with another in her mother-in-law's speech, was mingled with the expression of surprise at that which might be interpreted as a tacit admission of Arthur's probable criminality, and which, as appeared by subsequent events, was not lost sight of by the exemplary beauty.

Perhaps the unhappy mother perceived something

of this, or nature pleaded too powerfully to be denied; she put forth a few sentences in defence of her son—his known honour and truth, even as exemplified in the life of his father before him—his apparent devotion to his wife. The other deigned no further parley, but with a curl of her lovely lip, and a heightened flush that even added to her matchless beauty, she merely said, "We shall see," and with a lofty courtesy withdrew.

What an error it would be to suppose such scenes confined only to courts and alleys; and that (with a slight difference in choice of language and tone, perhaps) satin couches and velvet hangings could not report to the full as much bitterness and evilspeaking as the pestilent rags and gin-sodden

pallets of the "slums!"

Alas! for the lady of Honiton and Loftborough: darkness is fast closing down upon her course; on whatever side she may look, still gloomier looms the prospect; and not a friendly ray of light, not a hand of helping tenderness, not a kindly word, nay, not a blissful memory, not a record of the past on which she may repose or hope to draw strength, for the threatening storm that hourly gathers round her.

To her son, her only child, offspring of her many prayers, granted all too late—the longed-for boon, marred by her own crime—to him her heart yearns, and she would fain have flown to seek refuge in his love, to lavish upon him her cares and all the woman's tenderness stagnated at her breast.

But how quit a dying husband's bed? and, were even that to be thought of, how elude the watchful eyes of him, that other—son, she would never call him,—who held her, she knew not how, a sort of prisoner to his will? Since that terrible scene between them there had been truce; on one side of contempt and pity, on the other of fierce hatred: each felt it was so, yet to outward appearances they were as mother and son—met at the sick man's couch, issued their orders to their household, dwelt under that roof; yet never under one roof dwelt souls so apart, so severed. She knew it, and she knew, too, that upon his decision, upon his will, rested her future.

God knows, great as had been the woman's fault, we might afford pity for her in this pass; who, amid all her anguish, sighed for nothing so much as solitude! Ay, when we count up the blessings attendant on wealth and high position, when we take note of this indulgence and that advantage, making of the sum-total perfect earthly enjoyment, do we dwell sufficiently upon the reverse side ;-the pomp, the conventionality, the bienséance which hedge around so squarely the would-be luxuriance of nature; and trim and curtail all to due proportion and the trick of custom? I think not, nor how hard a thing it must be not to dare shed our tears, give utterance to our griefs, nor our joys, nor ponder over dilemmas without comment, or for fear of deranging the pretty pageant in which we play our part. Let us give more heed to this, the debtor side of the account, and we may perhaps find the balance not so heavy after all.

So with the weight of tribulations we wot of, pressing her to the earth, the Countess received the condolence of her dear five hundred friends, tendered in proper form and with no omission of due ceremony; answered all enquiries after her younger son, proferred with the expressions of anguish at the double calamity fallen upon her house, and sympathy for the forced absence of the invalid from his father's bedside at such Penetrating thousand eyes of the dear five hundred,-you made out little, from that self-sustained and haughty woman, of the real truth. Your curiosity suffered dreadfully, from your inability to sift out the essence of those floating rumours, that scent of the Cresswell Court, which already began to float upon the air of the great world. Lady Geraldine was here, with her He was absent—rumour said, with his mistress — that looked like something; but then her Ladyship's calm front and bearing, ever the same, unconscious of all save her heavy afflictions -that gave the lie to "the shocking report, which, my dear, I only hope may have nothing in it, but yet"—alas! that "but yet" from feminine lips, what does it not presage!

A fortnight had thus passed, and there came a night when three persons stood by the bedside of the fast-failing Earl. He had just sunk into an uneasy doze, within the last hour the change had been decided; as his worn and sunken features too

plainly told.

"You are certain of that?" Aden Power was saying, in an under tone, to the physician who stood at his side, both gazing earnestly upon the wasted figure before them.

"I fear so," was the reply; "there is no rallying power; every breath he draws is more laboured than

the last."

" And you doubt his lasting out the night?"

The old physician turned his eyes upon the face of the young man. "You must learn the truth," he said sadly, and with the ring of real feeling in his tone, which even long custom in such scenes had not hardened. "I fear his Lordship will hardly wake to consciousness again; if he live till daybreak it will surprise me."

An expression of intense emotion passed across the face of the other, as he heard these words.

"I must go," he murmured: then turning to the physician,—"It is necessary that I should at once see my brother. You may believe that only the most imperative need could take me away at such a moment: but then my father has long ceased to recognize me; he will not miss me." (The Doctor shook his head.) "You will remain," Aden continued, addressing himself to the remaining person present,—the clergyman, Mr. Chepstow. "The Countess will need all your care," he added significantly; then to the physician—"It will be well to spare her further distress, Sir James."

"Decidedly!" acquiesced the doctor; "I will see that all proper measures are taken for her

Ladyship's comfort."

In a few brief but earnest words the young man

thanked both gentlemen for their unwearied attention to the invalid; then approaching the bed of the unconscious nobleman, whose sleeping breath scarce made itself perceptible, he bent down and pressed his lips upon the damp brow, murmuring a few words of earnest affection and farewell. As he passed by Mr. Chepstow to the door, he said, in a low voice, "Remember!" In silence the minister pressed his hand, and as he glanced into the pale face of the young man he saw that tears were falling. A carriage was in waiting; a servant attended him, swift and mute-like, with cloak and travelling bag; but alone Aden Power sprang into the vehicle, and drew down the blinds; while, swift as horses' feet could travel, he was carried to the nearest railway station. Ten minutes later, an express train was whirling him fast and far from the deathbed of his reputed father.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PENDING.

THE malignant tongues which sought no better cause than that which now set them freely wagging, would have rejoiced over the added pretext which the lingering of young Arthur in his chamber of convalescence could have supplied them, had they been aware of all the circumstances connected with it. Yet, even had they been so favoured, as on the spot to draw their own deductions and conclusions, these would still have contained about the average amount of accuracy belonging to such True, the kindly hands and genial smile, the equable voice and serene presence, which had tranquillized his worst paroxysms, still hovered near; to have wholly withdrawn them would have been to risk a relapse with (at least so the doctor's judgment certified) almost a certainty of serious results. But Josephine had resigned the tenancy of her little chamber to faithful Gretchen, and domiciled herself in a little cottage hard by, tenanted by an aged relative of her maid. There she slept, and thence at a very early hour in the day was usually summoned by the doctor, or his embassy the rosy Gretchen, under pretext of holding consultation on some plan of amusing or catering for the invalid; whose restoration to health, despite all the care lavished upon him, was of the slowest, though none less sure. A depressing languor, that seemed to have taken possession of him even to the subduing of his bodily energies, was now his sole ailment: the disinclination to exertion, the carelessness of returning to life and its duties, yet hung upon him, and only the presence of Josephine had power to rouse him. In her sprightly and soothing conversation, in the perusal of their favourite books, he would for a time rally to something of his former self; at her persuasion he would exert himself to take the little exercise within his power; the dishes her hands prepared would tempt his appetite: but, these inducements past, he would relapse into the dreamy despondent invalid, from which state no effort, nor even the gentle reproaches of the doctor, could arouse him.

"It is easily said, Doctor!" (he exclaimed one day, when that good friend had ventured on some stronger exhortation than common.) "Easy to say, rouse yourself—but for what; what object in life have I? If you knew what a hell upon earth!"—he stopped flushed and panting; but a moment after said abruptly: "Did you ever think what a curse it is to be born to a position? Good heavens! to be as you are now, a useful, ay, a blessed member of humanity, a service to your fellow-creatures—there is a motive for existence if you will!"

"Surely position does not hinder a man being

what he will, but rather helps—"

"Does it?" scornfully interrupted Arthur; but a moment after he added, more calmly—"Well, perhaps not—perhaps not." He sighed heavily. At that moment Josephine approached them: as if in her hands lay his very mood, he added again, in a gentle tone, "Perhaps it need

not, Doctor; but it does, it does!"

There was that in the tone, in his regretful gaze upon the fair woman, as she approached, in the despairing sigh that followed, which might have told much. I know not how clear-sighted the only spectator there, might be to read such passages; it says little for his penetration, that when his patient, suffering from an attack of nervous prostration, took to his bed betimes that evening, the man of medicine attributed the reaction to the over-exertion of the morning's walk, the first he had attempted, not two hundred yards from the house. And Josephine?—how much of what the wagging tongues will ere long canvass freely really attaches to her? Can we say she was anxious to leave the invalid, certainly in good hands enough; or that even such glimpses of the truth as had reached her, moved her to shorten what was after all but a fierce probation?

When the doctor escorted her, in the early nightfall, back to her humble abode, there was but one theme of conversation between them, and it sufficed. Could she quit him? Did he (the doctor) think it would be best?" - " No! decidedly," was ever the answer, "not at least this very moment; a day or two might work great changes, -we should see." Did she, I wonder, anticipate that same decision, to which she bowed so humbly, and never questioned for one moment?—I cannot say; nor whether in event of any other she would have dared dispute its soundness. All we know is that she did remain; still presided at the cooking of such simple dishes as were needed, still stealthily ministered to the little luxuries and comforts of the convalescent; -read, played chess, talked, and even, at his desire, sang—but this reluctantly, and only once; for she saw too plainly the recollections that song evoked, and, perhaps, her old feelings best told her what it was better to avoid. Yet this much let me set down: that never in all that time was one word spoken that ever the wagging tongues could have twisted into aught to swell the foul pool of which they love to lap. No allusion to the past, no mention of hopes or joys or desires belonging to it; separated from it by that barrier which she never for one moment sought to ignore, though which had but once been alluded to between them. Once a telegram had been brought in from Lady Geraldine, it was in the early part of his recovery; it was necessary to reply to it, and she offered to do so. But he put her aside sternly, and with a great effort answered it himself with four words, closing the paper and handing it to Gretchen for the messenger. Josephine had begun some simple enquiry relative to Lady Geraldine, her health or movements; but he held up his hand deprecatingly, as he said "Hush!" The tone and the look, as he fell back into his chair, with closed eyes and compressed lips, was enough. He never alluded to the subject more; but she learned from the doctor that, so far from the lady wife distressing herself at her husband's state, the telegrams which were addressed to him consisted for the most part of information as to her own movements with her child, with whom she was visiting various watering places, deeply anxious for his health; the enquiries after her husband's being merely supplementary; though of this Arthur was not informed, neither that latterly they had ceased altogether. The fact of his father's illness, too, was softened to him in detail, though it was held to account for the absence of his brother or the Countess, whose enquiries were incessant. Those at home, on their side, learning Arthur's continued weakness, feared to give the worst, and suppressed the fact of the Earl's danger, by the especial desire of the Countess, anxious for her son, whose presence she felt would but increase her troubles. And thus the young man had remained in ignorance save of his father's indisposition, and of the fact that his mother entreated him to recruit his strength to the utmost before he attempted the journey home. One small addenda, too, was made to the budget of news, which owed its being to the fertility of the physician's invention.

"I hope to be forgiven; I am sure if there is such a thing as a white lie this is one," he muttered to himself, after delivering himself of an explicitly worded and wife-like message to his patient, purporting to come from the Lady Geraldine at the Isle of Wight; the indisposition of the child forming an excuse for not writing; which was only too easily accepted by the invalid. "It must be pardonable to cover the omissions of a wife to her sick husband," continued the soliloquizer; a shrewd suspicion erossing his mind that he had only deceived one of his hearers. Josephine's large soft eyes raised to his face had made the falsehood less easy to him; but, think as she might, she said nothing, and certainly wished him no worse for his kindly meant device.

Her friends of the White House had found out her retreat, and corresponded with her. Sydney had even visited her, and Mr. Meryt had, on his daughter's representations, written to the doctor, inviting the invalid to avail himself of the superior accommodations of his house, as soon as he was able to travel so far.

neighbourhood of the town nearest to Mr. Meryt's estate, and, all things seeming to point that way, it was decided that in a couple of days the attempt should be made whether Mr. Power felt equal to the undertaking. On this point Arthur had expressed himself so sanguine that the doctor was bound to express considerable gratification at the improvement, doubtless oblivious of the fact that Josephine had expressed no dissent to the very decided intimation given by her friends that she

was "wanting" at the White House.

But they little dreamed what events were at hand to interrupt their plan. Since the intimation received of the Earl's increasing illness, the doctor had exercised due precaution with regard to such papers as were seen by his patient, still fearing for him any sudden shock, such as the announcement of his father's danger or death. On the evening preceding that of the intended journey he had taken up one, newly arrived, which he was hastily scanning, according to custom, when the sheet dropped from his hand, as he uttered an exclamation of dismay. Hastily he recovered it, and devoured with his eyes half a column of large typerapidly he opened and explored all the broadsheets on the table beside him, apparently finding in all but too certain confirmation of the first; for, with something too much like an oath, he struck his fist upon the last with violence. "A pretty mess this is to get into!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows. "This is the end of it! And I, too, I shall be dragged into it of course. Confound the women I say; thank God I never got tied to any one of the sex! Confound—though there are exceptions—a better nurse than this, and a wiser little head—but no, they're all alike; sure to go wrong, or get wrong some time or other. Why on earth—how the deuce I shall get out of the bother?—what does the fellow say?"—and again he referred to the paper.

"Set of — scamps, these penny - a - lining fellows!" he next broke out: "like to make double and treble of anything. Daresay only a rumour got up by the clique-can't be that, either-names mentioned, ah! there it is-that looks like reality -a pretty hussey she must be, 'beautiful, accomplished lady in her own right'—ah, I daresay, and as big a viper as the rest when she pleases. But something must be done; the poor girl's character musn't be taken away. Yes, yes; I see I shall be chief witness of course, confound !- " and at it

went the excitable medico again.

After some time spent in letting off the steam of his wrath he cooled down perforce, and, despite his exasperation, one resolve was uppermost in his mind, - that, come what would, he would never desert the cause of his young friends. "Though," he muttered with a raising of his eyebrows; "it is hard to say which that is. For all I see, it would be the best thing that ever happened to him if he were to get rid of this fair fiend; yet to suffer his own honour and that good creature's to be blasted for her whim-no, no !"

He gathered up some of the papers, and was Urgent business called the physician to the leaving the room; at the door he paused, and thoughtfully said,—"It will be best; she has sense,

though she is a woman."

He found Josephine, basket-in-hand, just setting out from her own domicile to return to the house, which she had quitted early in the afternoon upon some secret little mission, such as she was fond of indulging in: the invalid had been desired to rest all he could, in anticipation of the coming journey, and they hoped solitude would woo him to slumber.

The doctor had never seemed to be aware of other claims to admiration in his favourite than her light hand and noiseless step, with such-like qualifications for nurse-tender; but as he saw her coming from the cottage, her light dress in its ample folds falling softly round her robust figure, suggestive of the grace it veiled; her gauzy scarf playing about her; the long, full curls, rolling back from her pale face, shaded by the round straw hat, with its floating violet ribbon; one plump hand holding so carefully the basket with its dainty store of autumn fruit;—all seemed to unite in an harmonious picture. The doctor involuntarily uttered an ejaculation, as he half said, half thought, "No wonder, no wonder!" He had never seen Lady Geraldine.

"What have you there?" he said; "some fresh temptation for my perverse invalid? Really," he added, "I think I must lay an embargo on these,

and deliver them myself."

She looked at him, seeking some hidden meaning in words that he really was hardly conscious of uttering, filled with the terrible news he was about to break to her.

"Would you mind returning for a few minutes

to the cottage?" he asked.

Josephine at once turned, wondering; and they were soon in the secluded little parlour, looking upon bee-hives, and pear-trees bending beneath golden harvest, and quaint old box-borders cut in strange devices.

"You are a sensible woman," the doctor said, looking at her fixedly, and having taken the precaution to have her seated; "you do not faint, or shriek, or fall into any of those absurdities when

you hear bad news-"

Her eyes dilated; she sprang to her feet, and caught his arm—"He is worse!" she cried. "Oh,

Doctor-!"

"No, no, no!" the good man hastened to reply; he was truly grieved at the alarm, and that disturbance of her pale face, before so calm.

She reseated herself, and strove to cover her involuntary betrayal by a forced composure.

Then the doctor spoke sternly of the wickedness of the world, of the misconstruction to which our finest actions are liable; finally, he showed her the paragraphs which hinted, none too reservedly, at the threatened proceedings in the Divorce Court on the part of Lady Geraldine, and whence the scandal had arisen on which she founded her accusation.

She read them through with a calmness contrasting strangely with her previous excitement; then she looked up at him, with compressed lips, certainly, yet perfectly firm and composed. The

grey-haired man was moved to admiration at that example of such self-possession.

"Has Mr. Power seen this?" she asked.

"He has not. I had scarcely time to resolve how best to break it to him. Meanwhile, it affects you so nearly; it is so painful—"

"It is, indeed," she said, slowly beating the floor with her foot; "it is, indeed—that there should be such people." Her thoughts were far from his.

"Of course you will decide at once to leave this place," he went on: "you will permit me to assist you in any way that is possible. I have, I fear, been to blame—"

She hastily interrupted him :-

"To blame, Sir, you I—quit this place!—what can you mean?—what have I done?" She rose to her feet, and stood looking at him, displeasure and indignation mingling in her regard.

"My dear lady," stammered the physician, "we all know how malicious is the world. I, as having double your experience, should have warned you—"

Again she by a gesture arrested his speech.

"Pardon me, doctor; you did not think of that when, the night I first put foot in that house, I found you and your patient—ah! you remember: you warned me then, I think, of contagion; what would you have said had I turned away from helping you?"

"But, my dear lady, a woman's reputation is her

most precious treasure."

"It is; and who can harm the one that is without stain? You know, Doctor, that those cruel, false words, no more concern me, than they do Gretchen yonder, and I will no more regard them."

"But to remain would be to give a colouring to

the base scandal."

"To fly would, most certainly," she replied.
"What! I, who have, thank God, no reproach to make to my conscience,—I, coming here to fulfil a sacred duty,—to fly before a wicked unfounded calumny! Oh doctor! well might they then say I was afraid—that my conscience upbraided me."

"The world will not see it in that light, my dear lady," he replied. "It is not enough to be right;

we must seem-"

She gently shook her head.

"To be, will suffice for me," she said; "and never could I justify to myself the cowardly flight from the most dear friend, because danger or annoyance threatened myself. Oh! Sir, you talk of experience; but I have my own creed, and you will not dissuade me from it."

"But this is no common danger; the sacrifice of

your good name-"

"It will not be sacrificed," she retorted proudly.

"But, if needs must, why so be it; better so than desert a friend, who has done no wrong."

"It is all very well," the doctor hastily returned; but we must respect the position of a wife."

"Respect! position!—oh, Sir!" she cried, with a pained tone that struck her hearer—"If you knew, if you knew, how, (even when in your need and his, I came, and you accepted my aid,) I trembled, thinking who should have been there; had she

come, do you think I would not instantly have resigned my place; would I not have shrunk away, and never have been seen? But she never came; the high privilege that was hers she left neglected, and you know, you know how, since—"

"Yes, I know," he cried testily, self-reproach somewhat stinging him perhaps; "I know this is

what has come of it."

"This!" she repeated. "Do you think, Sir, that the woman who is cruel enough to harbour such a thought against her husband would hesitate for want of another victim. Oh, no, no!"

She spoke hurriedly; the faint tint which excitement always called into her pale cheeks was there; her eyes were filled with an indefinable light, and her tones were tinged with the slight accent which

they took at times.

The doctor stood amazed. He beheld a different being; it was no longer his quiet, subdued, obedient little nurse. She was gone, and in her place stood a woman, radiant, animated, defiant, full of purpose. The transformation bewildered him. When he next spoke, it was in a tone more subdued.

"At least," he said, "my dear lady, you will

consider what harm may accrue to him."

"Do not fear, Doctor," Josephine hastened to reply, "and do not be angry that I do not straight-way follow your advice. If it were advisable yester-day that I should be here, it is no less so to-day—so it seems to me. I said once—you heard and did not contradict me—that I would quit Mr. Power only at his own bidding. I mean to keep my word."

She gathered her scarf about her, sought her hat and basket, and again set out. The baffled physician walked at her side in silence, by no means inclining to bless his stars which had decreed him

to figure in so unpromising an affair.

"One never knows where to have these women," he soliloquized; "who could have thought it?"

As they reached the house, a post-chaise had driven furiously to the door, a gentleman had leaped therefrom, and was hastily inquiring of the openmouthed servants for the "English gentleman."

The doctor approached the stranger. "It is

Mr. Power you seek?" he said.

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"Yes," the other replied, removing his hat; "I must see him immediately. My name is Aden Power:" he hastened to add, "I am his brother."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PUT ASUNDER.

The brothers stood face to face, upon the hearth of the sick chamber, where the younger had seen visions that were truth, and pictured realities that mocked at dreams. It was now the weaker who stood erect and self-sustained; the strong man who bowed down his face upon his arm, subdued and broken. All had been told, there was no longer a secret, and now they were silent—the crackling of the wood fire made itself distinctly heard. Arthur was the first to speak.

"I say that it shall be so!" he said earnestly,

and his voice was no longer that of the querulous invalid—"Aden, I repeat it, I entreat you; be my brother, as you have ever been, my true-hearted high-minded brother: let there be no difference."

"Do not urge me Arthur," the elder sadly returned: "how can I take that which is mine by no

right, act a deception?"

"None is acted, when there are none whom it concerns," the other returned. "Take as a gift, doubly insured to you, that which should have been yours by right. Aden, for my sake, for the sake of the good old man who was more a father to you than to myself, say you will—for the sake of my mother's name,—Aden she is my mother,—for her sake, let me be your brother still, your younger brother."

He was touched, that elder man; the final resolve which had brought him there at such speed, which had kept with him in his forced midnight journey, was melting before the pleading of

the generous-hearted heir.

"But, Arthur, you will repent this request in

future years."

"Never"—the other slowly shook his head—"I have weighed too well the gifts of this world; I know, Aden, how, far beyond all our station has given us, are the peace and freedom we find only elsewhere. It suits you and your talents, brother; you will grace the position; to me it would bring only the heaviest of burdens. What can I say to induce you!—do I not plead for the dead? He would have had it so I am certain, could he have spoken at the last. Poor father!—he died tranquilly, Aden?"

"Passed away in his sleep unperceived," the deep voice of Aden replied: "the telegram awaited me at the station here: he died at daybreak."

"And I to know nothing of it!" murmured the

other. "And my mother?"

"They said only that she was in deep grief,"

was the reply.

"My poor mother! Aden, Aden, let that weigh with you; think of the exposure, think of her suffering in the past! Oh, brother, do but give way!"

"I never dreamed of this," hoarsely replied the

elder: "Arthur, I never dreamed of this."

"Say it is agreed!" pressed the former, eagerly.
"Give me your hand upon it, and from the moment we quit this room let it be as if what you have told me had never been."

Aden slowly held out his hand. Arthur took it in both of his, and so they remained fast locked

together.

"Lord of Honiton and Loftborough," said Arthur solemnly: "let me be the first to greet

you."

Tears rose to the eyes of the elder man, as he laid the other hand upon the shoulder of his brother. "The Countess must not know of this," he said; "we will spare her the humiliation of believing it known to you—she loves you, Arthur." The younger started. "How!" he exclaimed,

The younger started. "How!" he exclaimed, "how account for your entering on the title?"
"She will believe me to have yielded to the

Earl's persuasions," was the reply. "Nay, Arthur, you must let me have my way in this."

" And judge you interested?"

" No matter," Aden replied, gravely: " you know the truth; let all be as if this had never been-you desired it. Meet the Countess so that she may feel still you are all to her. Arthur, you will do this ?"

Again there was silence: a mutual pressure of the hands sealed their compact, and when next they spoke it was in reference to that other painful incident of which Aden had been fated to be the

bearer to his brother.

"They have kept these things from you," the former said, in answer to an observation of Arthur's. "It was as well. You have been very ill," he added, looking with affection, that might well have been a kinsman's, at the pale face, hollow eyes, and the shorn locks, wont to be so profuse.

"Yes; at death's-door, I know; but Heaven sent me a good doctor, and a dear woman for a nurse, and this is her reward." He spoke bitterly, but

with a vigour that was new to him.

"You will return with me," said Aden; "painful as it is, this matter must at once be met."

"Tell me frankly, brother," said Arthur, "you

never credited -

The other interrupted him with a gesture. " Credited !- of his son!-of my brother! No, Arthur, I think I may have chanced to hit the truth in my conjectures." He looked at Arthur, but there was no direct answer.

"You shall see her," he said, after a pause; and in a few minutes they repaired to the sittingroom where Josephine usually passed some hours

of the day.

There they found her, her busy fingers working mechanically upon something which must surely have needed little or no thought. She was very pale, but calm and self-possessed as ever, even though she knew not what the stranger's visit

might portend.

"Aden, this is the lady to whom I owe my life. My brother, Josephine; Lord Loftborough now." That was the introduction. They shook hands; she looked up to his robust figure and handsome massive face, he gazing down upon her clear appealing eyes. Where were the sympathies of Nature then, to tell them what they looked on? that they had lain at the same breast, gladdened the same mother's heart, been clasped in the same arms, but not drunk of the same milk; that was denied her, poor Mary!

"His brother," was the idea that hallowed the new comer in her sight; "He loves her"-gave Josephine an interest to the eyes of Aden: and with that conviction came the painful one; "they must part." She had not expected it so soon. She knew it must be, but the brave heart needed all its

strength when the time came.

He sought her no more alone. The man feared himself; he knew now that which known sooner would have made parting impossible: now,-when parting was imperative—he knew how deep, how

self-devoted, how entire was the love she had given him; a love for which his nature hungered, for want of which such natures starve and sink. Yet he could say farewell; for he went to defend her name

from foul aspersions.

The brothers departed the following morning. A few hours later, the doctor attended Josephine to the White House; whence he was in a few hours to follow them to England; but fate again interposed to detain the good physician among women, perhaps to afford him an opportunity of

amending his judgment of the sex.

The nurse became the patient! For five days the poor girl lay at the mercy of nervous fever, which struck her down as by one blow. Unwearied were her nurses, vigilant and efficient the good man's skill; and the tears started to his eyes, long since unused to such emotions, when, in her first recognition of him, and with almost the first words she had uttered, she feebly said, with a sad smile, "Not barbarians here, Doctor." She recovered fast, once the tide of the disease turned; but not so quickly did her old glad spirit return; and when the doctor was at length compelled to leave her for England, he quitted the White House with more reluctance than ever he would have believed possible.

The news that greeted him on his return was of a nature to redouble all his interest in the friends

he had left behind.

His services were not needed as a witness; the cause was concluded, the fiat gone forth, the united

put asunder—Arthur Power was free.

The lady had well chosen her instruments. Long ere the case was opened, they found the insecurity of the ground on which they had hoped to build; gave up the first pretext, and substituted another of more solid pretension. A French maid of her Ladyship's, by dint of certain sharpeners of memory, succeeded in exhuming sundry choice incidents, which, plausibly arranged, and heartily sworn to, made great play, and furnished forth a substantial enough substratum for the learned counsel to erect the edifice of flowery speech, and mild invective, necessary to the occasion. A simple denial from the other side went for naught, or but added fuel to the flame. The wrongs, the slights, the matrimonial sorrows of the suffering Lady Geraldine, were the theme of the season. The ladies, by a large majority, voted the "man" a "brute;" the young men vowed that he was "spiritless," "slow," and quite unfitted to that "splendid creature;" while the married ones shrugged their shoulders at the clubs, with "poor devil, no wonder!"-the most charitable construction being, that the beautiful vixen had provoked her husband to a too common retaliation. Little troubled by rumour or surmise, Arthur let them pass him by, he could well afford it. Better than he could the expenses of the divorce; which it is whispered were discharged, in fact, by the new

Shrouded in deepest mourning, hidden in the recesses of a distant country seat, the Countess could not yet shut out the news of the rupture of the marriage she had planned; this fresh instalment of the life-long debt she had incurred, the heavy cost of her scheme. It was, indeed, with relief to her heavily burthened heart she had learned Aden's resolve to assume the title and estates; with certain settlements upon his brother; small indeed, but all the other would accept. To save herself in the eyes of her own child was something, and they

never undeceived her.

When, a twelvemonth later, Arthur introduced to her his intended bride; the Countess was affected visibly: at the first opportunity she took Josephine aside, who answered sweetly and with patience to all the questions Arthur's mother put. We know what the unhappy woman learned of her answers, knowledge she had better for her peace of mind have been without. Well might she ask herself, in the gloom of her solitary hours, whether she have indeed brought a curse upon her family, and that the blood of the patrician house shall henceforth flow not unmixed. She had sought the alliance of the base-born, and it had come doubly to fasten itself upon her; she had robbed the mother of her child, and the daughter of that wronged mother took from her her son.

So the poor sinner wrought out her final penalty, seeing retribution instead of mercy; wrath where justice might be traced. She never quitted the small northern estate which she held in her own right; the world forgot her, save when they dubbed her mad; the visits of her son were those of duty

and mercy only.

CHAPTER XXX.

EXEUNT OMNES.

THE knell is tolled, the mutes departed. Let in the bell-ringers, light up the windows, twine the festive wreaths, as we strike the glad key-note of a happier strain. "A time to weep, and a time to make merry," saith the wise man; and for the latter no time so appropriate as when the man takes to his heart the woman tried and found worthy to receive, and truly to appreciate, the distinction. On a sweet summer morning, in an ivycovered church, not so far from the little brown cottage, the joy-bells of Arthur Power's life took up the cheerful peal which never since that day has ceased for him. We know, dearest of readers, there are such harmonies even in this world, which, once united, their gentle music fills a lifetime. It was a very unpretending selection this, for their first month of married life, nestled away even out of sight of the outer world: but it pleased them; and what henceforth had each to do but please the other? thus unconsciously encouraging the most selfish of ambitions. Aden Power would fain have had them make a splendid fête of the occasion, but he wasted his eloquence, and was compelled to wait for a similar one some few months later, in which he played a principal part.

Why Sir James D'Etain should all at once relent, and reward the constancy of the lovers with

the consent to their becoming husband and wife, is more than we shall attempt to account for; unless, indeed, there might be anything in the fact of the young Earl's declining to take a prominent part in public matters, and signifying his intention to withdraw from active advocacy of the principles to which he still professed adherence. There might be a little consideration mingling with this for his daughter's wan looks and absent manner that had been noticeable of late; I think it probable, however, that the former had more weight with the old Tory baronet.

And certainly it was not to be denied that the Earl by no means verifies all the opening promise of Aden Power. The politician is merged in the good patriot, the zealous partizan in the warm-hearted progressionist—the active country gentleman, eager for the welfare of his tenantry, has succeeded to the eloquent young expounder of mob rights; the "people's man" is recognised no more in the bountiful landlord, the loyal subject, the faithful but upright servant of the Crown.

At Florence, in the most beautiful of her beautiful villas, made home-like too by English taste, dwell an English gentleman and his wife; patrons of the arts, benefactors of the poor, lovers of-each other. Later years have added to their duet,

making of it a trio.

But that I promised no cypress or rue should mingle with this, our festive garland, I would tell you of a sad mischance which befel a gallant gentleman of our company; who needs must make himself the embassy of good tidings to the White House, and thus fell into the toils he had so long escaped. But as Sydney makes him a loving and true wife, and as each thinks it the highest praise to be deemed worthy of the other, we will suppose their case to come within our limits of rejoicing.

Gentle Adela on a visit to her sister in England, met Mr. Chepstow, who, the summer after, was seized with an intense desire to visit Germany. His visit was prolonged; and on his return he was the affianced husband of Adela Meryt, not without her father's compliance with her earnest request that he would take up his abode with them in England, where, with the Earl for a patron, the

young clergyman has prospered.

And even to the withered and unfruitful heart eating out itself in the grim old northern mansion, there may be a glimpse of comfort in the fact, that, while a sturdy boy bears Arthur's name and features yonder in the Italian city, two fair but delicate girls are, as yet, all the representatives of the Earl, who sits within the gates of Deansholme. Her son's son may yet reign under his father's roof-tree; let her forget, if she can, that his fair hair and sunny eyes date from a plebeian source.

So peace be with them, and let us be thankful that not all the evil we work is permitted to bear unmixed fruit—that the hand of justice often sows mercy broadcast in the furrows where the seed of vengeance might have been suffered wholly to take root untempered by the quality which yields the harvest of a healing and wholesome repentance.

A NATIVE LOVE STORY.*

Soon after the settlement of Victoria, and nearly twenty years ago, a native girl was seated on the turf, a little way off from the rest of her tribe, and was gaily laughing at the smooth-tongued flattery

of a young man.

It was a true Australian evening. A soft and delicious languor then spreads over one, as the sun retires in his golden chariot, and the wind is hushed in silence. The flowers, that had modestly drooped their petals before the ardent gaze of this bright lover, now raise them to glance tenderly upon his retreating form. A gentle rustling among the topmost branches of the forest seems a parting nodding to the god of day.

On this occasion the granite cliffs of the Southern Alps glowed in the sunset; while that restless stream, the Goulburn, which fell northerly from those heights, appeared less noisy than usual. Everything conspired to soothe and to please.

Man everywhere is the same. The wild daughters of the woods possess the same impulses as agitate the breasts of palace beauties. The arrows of Cupid are not blunted in Australia, though so far from the soft retreats of Cyprus, or the more hallowed haunts of Olympus.

Love knows no prejudice of colour. The red Indian, the yellow Calmuck, the olive Hindoo, or the swarthy New Hollander, is each subject to his

rule, and is the favoured of his eye.

We wonder not, then, that at such a propitious season the voice of passion was heard in the groves

of the Goulburn.

Laloa had evidently prepared for the visit she received. Before the men returned from their hunt, she had arranged her few simple ornaments, had got her dark tresses in order, decked a curl with a flower, touched here and there with a little—just a little—charcoal and ochre, to give effect to her features, and disposed her opossum rug to the best advantage.

The young man had dropped behind the hunting group, on approaching the encampment, to perform a similar duty to himself. His luxuriant hair received an addition of emu fat, a proper parting and hand-smoothing, and a judicious arrangement of the curls of the head and beard. A tasteful distribution of ochre and grease completed his

toilet. His dress needed no attention.

And what had they to say there under that scented acacia, where sat a bell-bird toning forth the hours of eve, and blending its soft notes with

the bubbling of waters?

It was the old story, of all times and all people. The man was talking nonsense, and the girl was laughing at it with delight. Although she seemed not altogether to heed the pretty things repeated in her ear, but now and then tossed her little head in gay disdain, yet the way she sometimes covertly

* A well-authenticated story of the early times of the Port Phillip Colony.

gleamed at those sparkling, speaking eyes before her, shrank thrillingly at the pressure of that hand, and sighed unconsciously when that voice assumed a gentler, sadder cadence, told that the magnetic process was going on, and that she was in a fair way of being an entranced subject.

When her silver laugh ceased to reach the group in the neighbourhood, and her attitude of attention became more marked, the shrill cry of an old woman awoke her to propriety, and brought her dancing steps to the rendezvous of the tribe.

Kooin was a young gentleman on his travels. He belonged to the other side of the Alps, the headwaters of the Yarra Yarra. He had come to see

some relations on his mother's side.

Attracted by a sweet flower in this wilderness, he had stopped a little longer than he had intended. A bold dashing fellow in the chase, and a merry companion of the forest, he became a favourite with the men of Goulburn. Possessed of more than an average of native nobleness of mien, a smiling face, a ready tongue, and eyes that gleamed with archness at one time and melted with chastened radiance at another, it is not surprising that the women were equally pleased with the young visitor.

At each successive interview it was clear that the maiden was rapidly falling under the sweet influence of love. Called *Laloa* after a most beautiful bird of Australia, the native Lyre bird, she felt, if any charms of hers had drawn the eyes of Kooin, there was something about him so attractive to her that her heart beat wildly whenever he

approached her.

At first this cooing of the young people was not noticed. The Yarra lad had tact enough not to betray himself to suspicion, and sought to please all parties round the evening fire with good-humour and capital story-telling. The one whose suspicions were earliest excited was a man past the middle age of life-a grizzly stalwart warrior-whose sullen savage aspect made him no favourite with his tribe, though success in war and hunting gave him much influence in council. There were dark rumours afloat concerning some of his antecedents that would have made a fine chapter in a romance, but which bore record of crimes that made him an object of especial aversion to the weaker sex. The disappearance of several wives in succession, after much recognized brutality, gave him a sort of Bluebeard reputation in the camp. He was not without a couple of those necessary appendages at the present time; but his harem was no elysium. This was the man whose eye fired when he saw, not only the attentions of the youth, but the interested manner of the girl.

And what had Marmon to do with this tender acquaintance? Simply this: that Laloa was his betrothed wife. By native customs she had been devoted to his future use, when an infant, for certain supposed equivalents transferred to the parent. True it was that, although marriageable, she had not yet been placed under his guardianship; for with such instinctive horror had she shrunk from him, that her father had bargained for a further period of

liberty on her behalf. Marmon had sulkily assented, because he knew she was his certain prize, that it was known among the tribe, and that no young man would dare encounter his formidable prowess in revenge for any particular attentions to the fair one. But now that this bold young stranger had come, and had evidently meant mischief, the savage at once demanded his rights from the father.

There was no help for it. We sympathize with fair maidens seized by rough knights of old, and wish for a Jack's sword of sharpness to cut their bands asunder. We sigh for the fate of some weeping beauty sold to the arms of age, imbecility, or vice, by selfish friends. But have we no regret for gentle girls of darker skins, compelled to wed some surly old polygamist of her tribe?

When Laloa was told of the demand of the hated chief, she knew its dreadful me aning, and i an agony of tears prayed for the protection of her father. "A little longer—only a little longer!" she imploringly cried. "I have told Marmon he shall have you to-morrow," was the only reply.

Her maiden bashfulness then disappeared in her fears, and she spoke of her love for Kooin, and again prayed for time. But it was all in vain. The father loved his child, but feared the savage more. He appealed to native custom, and was silent.

The Yarra Adonis was not long kept ignorant of her fate. The busy tongue of Lubras revealed what their quick eyes and ears had learned. He knew the habits of his people, and felt that an appeal would have been useless. Rapidly revolving matters in his mind, he came to but one conclusion—to play the rôle of Gretna Green—to run off with the lady in the night.

But some one else had thought of this, and prepared for it. Marmon slept, or rather watched, close to the gunyah of his betrothed. His lynxeye roamed from the weeping girl to the young man, who lay at some distance off, apparently asleep. Kooin saw himself foiled. Gladly would he have sprung at the throat of his rival; but the tribe would have sided with his enemy.

Burning with conflicting emotions, and sensible of his impotency, he rose at length, strode beside the river, turned toward the leafy couch of his desolate mistress, sighed and stamped by turns, then sprang up the rocky bank, rushed impetuously through the forest, leaped chasms with a giant's strength, and, crossing the mountain-barrier, reached his Yarra home.

The next day Hymen's torch was lighted in the Goulburn valley. The wretched Laloa, amidst the tears of sympathizing women, was dragged to the gunyah of the exulting Marmon.

Changed indeed seemed the hero of our tale. His old companions were shocked at the morose melancholy of one whose features had seemed a stereotyped smile. Some made a shrewd guess as to the cause; but, as every attempt at an interrogation met with a moody repulse, they left him with his cares.

Henceforth he who had been first in the chase

roamed alone in the bush, indulging in all the poetry of grief, such as sorrowing lovers only know. Instead of feats in the evening corrobory, he stole away, and spent hours in gazing upon the reflected moon on the waters. The image of Laloa floated ever before him. He pondered upon his loss of so dear a treasure till his maddening cries scared the night-bird in the forest. But when he thought of her condition, his subdued nature found relief in tears; -that she, so gentle and frail, should be the victim of the ill passions of such a man as Marmon, crushed him with agony. Then a change came over him. He could not live without her. She was his in heart, why not in fact? Would she not be happy by the Yarra? Did not the great purpose of his life seem to be to add joy to so sweet a being? He must have her. He must deliver her from the den of the beast that had seized her. How fleet were his limbs as he ascended the slopes of the mountains!

Sad, indeed, was the lot of the forced bride. Her beauty provoked the jealous spite of the other wives. Her unconcealed disgust raised the ire of her savage master. Blows were heavily and frequently administered by his waddy, to enforce at least a feigned obedience to his wishes. But if she bent, like the slender native corrijong, to force, she was as unyielding in will as are the tough fibres of that plant to fracture. She would perform none of the offices of wifedom, not even light the evening fire. Her only hope was that the tree-gliding Spirit of Death, that night foe of the camp, would come as a friend to lay her beneath the flowers of the valley.

One evening there was a great festival of the tribe, as strangers from the Upper Alps had come on a friendly visit to the Goulburn. Marmon, who had ceased to think of Kooin, was prominent in the ceremonial reception of the men from the hills. His two first wives, like all the other women,

Laloa sat mournfully alone and apart, by the forsaken fire. Presently she started from her reveries at the cry of an opossum near her. Turning round to the animal, as she thought, what should she behold but the form of her Yarra lover! His rapid imitation of the animal's voice was a warning for her to restrain an exclamation. Then, crawling backward, he kept on repeating the cry in retreating tones, as if to hint to the fair one the course she should pursue. But for one moment she hesitated, and then, gliding into the shade, was soon in the arms of her beloved.

The night was far advanced when the aboriginal party broke up. We may judge the surprise of Marmon at finding the utter desertion of his household hearth. His sulky spouse was gone.

What could he think? As the dark people of the forest have no notion of the heroism of suicide, as ancient Romans, and modern Europeans, he had no idea of dragging the river, or removing a bodily suspension from a tree. As the natives are equally insensible to the affliction of insanity, he listened for no distant shrieks of a maniac.

Naturally suspecting that curiosity had drawn the recluse to such a scene of attraction, and that she had strayed behind to recount her domestic sorrows to some sympathizing lubra, he awaited her return with a sort of impatient satisfaction, waddy in hand, to bestow upon her head a substantial reminder of duty.

But still she did not come. The two hags, delighted at any chance of saying an unkind word for their youthful sister of the harem, taunted him with his folly in letting her stay behind, and assured him that she was now safe under the Gunyah of one

of the dancing strangers.

*Stung with the remark, and his jealous nature readily believing that the heart which was not his own could easily be won by another, he rushed about the camp, vociferating for Laloa, and vowing vengeance against her and the harbourer of her

person.

The chatting group about the little fires were at first astonished and then amused at the chief's excitement. The men could not forbear a quiet joke, but the women were loud in their slanderous tales. One was sure that she had seen the girl wink at a handsome young fellow during the day. Another observed her make significant signs to the sky and forest, as though to intimate that when the moon was high she would be off with him. A third had heard her say she was not going to be hourly beaten by her brute of a husband, and that the first who would take her should have her. Achorus of voices declared her no better than she ought to have been.

Hours passed pleasantly enough with the two fugitives, as they leisurely journeyed through the forest glade by moonlight, and over the craggy heights, toward the gurgling waters of the mountain

Yarra.

His old companions now readily solved the enigma of Kooin's gloom, as they saw his bright eye and lively step, when leading toward them the stolen Helen of Goulburn. Always a favourite, the tribe commended him for his chivalry, and vowed to

stand by him to the last spear.

Days followed in the search by Marmon,—no tidings came. When at last convinced that the lady had not gone off with any of the forest friends, nor with a young man of his own tribe, his thoughts turned most reluctantly toward the smiling lad from the Yarra, though he still doubted the courage and enterprise necessary to seize such a prize. Taking with him three or four stern warriors, polygamists like himself, jealous for the honour and rights of their order, he set off secretly for the ranges, having previously commended his two wives to the care of his brother.

One afternoon, as Kooin was toying with his forest bird, and binding her head with a wreath of the white clematis, together with the delicate purple berries of a bush-climber, and she was reciprocating his attentions by fond endearments natural to her sex in every clime, a pair of bloodshot eyes were gleaming through the scrub at the lovers. But a strong party of the tribe was within hail, and

prudence got the better of Marmon's passion. He remained concealed.

Busy in his work of adornment, the young man thought the addition of the tail-feathers of the Lyre bird would be an improvement to the coiffure of his bride. Expressing his intention to fetch one down with his waddy, she declared her wish to accompany him; so, hand in hand, they blithely went their way toward the hills.

Nothing could be more favourable to the revenge of the wronged polygamist. His friends and he

followed at a distance.

When far from the camp, and effectually removed from any risk of interference by others, they sprang like tigers upon the laughing pair. These were knocked down in an instant, the girl's blow coming from her hated master. Staying awhile to give a few more strokes to the insensible body of Kooin, he grasped the flowered tresses of his bleeding victim, and dragged her off.

If her life was a burden before, how grievously did she suffer now? She had previously some sympathy from her own sex, but now this was denied her by the execrating dames; though not a few wished the Yarra lad had come for them. Yet an increasing feeling of interest rose in her behalf

among the men.

One thought only possessed her mind,—the fate of her lover: Did he recover from the fearful wounds which he must have received? She doubted not seeing him again. Her daily comfort was to sit watching the clouds that floated over the dividing mountains, and wishing she could send some tender message by them to the other side. How did she long for the wings of the bold eagle of the rocks to fly to the happy valley again!

A stray party of hunters, passing near one of the cataracts of the Yarra, on their way home that evening, saw the prostrate body of the unhappy man. Restorative means were used, and succeeded. He was dreadfully mangled, but his senses returned. Gently was he conveyed to the gunyah of his mother, and placed under the care of the doctors of his people. When his tale was told, all vowed revenge. But Kooin restrained their rage, by entreating them to wait till his wounds were healed, and he would go with them. His supreme desire was to regain possession of Laloa; and he judged that if an attack were made, the cruel man would murder her to prevent her capture. Stratagem was preferable to open war.

When sufficiently strong he selected a few tried friends, and set off for the Goulburn river.

Placing his party in ambush, he advanced under cover of a dark and stormy night toward the encampment of his foes. The difficulty was to distinguish, amidst the darkness, the retreat of the fair one. Gliding on the grass amidst the dense foliage, his approach could not be detected with the gloom and the howling winds.

Cautiously regarding the sleepers at each successive household fire, he was more than ever puzzled in the search, and was even thinking of retiring in despair, when he heard a moaning proceed from

some troubled one a little way off. He came nearer and listened. To his delighted surprise he heard his own name mentioned. He doubted no more.

But how was he to attract her attention without awakening others? He tried the wailing note of a night-bird. It suited the melancholy musings of the watcher. It was repeated with a peculiar cadence that at once aroused her excited nature. She gently moved her position. Presently a cone of the casuarina tree fell upon her, and again the note of the bird as if flying away reached her ear.

It could only be he, she thought. With a beating bosom she looked round, and saw her fellow-slaves and her tyrant motionless in sleep. She moved softly and swiftly as a bat's wing.

In silent emotion the lovers met again. They retreated hastily toward the ambush; and the happy party, conscious of the impossibility of pursuit that night, hurried not in their march to the Yarra.

The storm of the night was but a type of that which raged beside the Goulburn in the morning. The second flight was worse than the first. Marmon devoted both to destruction. He would never spare her life again.

Influencing a strong party to go with him, he was not long in reaching the banks of the southern rolling stream. But the Yarra lad was not to be caught again, though his pursuer tried every plan for several days. There was always some one on the watch at night, and no hermit impulses took the pair far from the camp by day.

Burning with savage passion, and anxious to involve his tribe in the quarrel, Marmon and his friends attacked a party of Yarra kangaroo hunters in the forest, killing one and spearing two others; while one on his side received a spear-wound.

This was enough. They returned to the Goulburn, and told the tale of their being assaulted by the men of the Yarra; showing the wound received. "Revenge!" was the cry. Marmon artfully fomented the mischief by a detail of wrongs, real or supposed, which they had before received from their neighbours. War was declared.

The Australian natives fight more fairly than American Indians. They send intimation of their approach, and offer battle in the field.

In this instance the two forces met, and an undecided engagement followed. But the belligerent spirit was fully excited, and both parties sought to increase their strength by alliance with their neighbours. The Goulburn tribe sent messages to the Alpine foresters, and the Yarra Blacks sought the aid of those of Western Port. Thus combined, they came again and again to the conflict. But usually in Australian warfare the fatality approaches the condition of that mailed time in the middle ages when, after a battle in Italy, one man only was killed, and he was found smothered in his armour. Still there had been some casualties, and the whole of an extensive district was in a state of agitation.

The war was not popular with all parties, any

more than a campaign with the civilized whites. Some of the old men thought it a foolish thing to have so much trouble about a young fellow running away with a girl; while not a few among the Goulburn warriors were rather pleased than otherwise with the ill-fortune of Marmon. Negotiations for peace were therefore entertained.

But still the old cause of strife remained. What was to be done? It was suggested at last that the two interested parties should settle their animosities in the presence of the tribes by single combat. This suited the mind of all; and it was solemnly ruled that the winner of the day should be the acknowledged lord of Laloa.

Kooin was delighted with the prospect of peaceful possession of his charmer; and Marmon, while indignant at the invasion of his just rights, was confident that his superior skill and strength would enable him not only to regain his property, but to avenge his temporary loss. He had also inwardly resolved that, after the slaughter of the Yarra youth, he would effectually spear his traitorous partner.

The day arrived. Each was armed with a few boomerangs in his belt of opossum fur, a light spear, and a shield of bark.

They stood eyeing each other for some time, making feints with the spear, and jabbering words of rage and defiance. Then each seized a boomerang, and, watching a fitting opportunity, threw it at his antagonist. The whirling weapon, apparently uncertain of its work in its circuitous course, inflicts a deep wound when it strikes. But both of these returned bloodless to hand. Again and again was the experiment tried, with similar failure. If the one man was active, the other was wiry. At length, in an unguarded moment, Kooin received a severe cut in his head. Smarting with anger rather than pain, he hurled his spear at Marmon, who skilfully turned it aside with his shield.

The Yarra lad was now placed at some disadvantage from the loss of his chief weapon. Rapidly seizing a boomerang, however, he threw it with his utmost force, and his less nimble adversary got a blow on the foot. Excited in his turn, he darted his spear at the young man, who was fortunate enough to have his shield in readiness. But, such was the vigour of the arm that cast the weapon, that the concussion shivered the bark board to pieces, and left our hero defenceless in the field. He had now nothing to depend upon but his activity. Marmon threw in quick succession two or three boomerangs; but, coolly watching their flight, with his keen eyes, Kooin skilfully avoided the missiles. Knowing his inequality of position, he had recourse to stratagem. He glanced round, as if in fear, meditating flight. Then, placing a huge tree between himself and his enemy, he darted off into the forest. A yell of disappointment burst from the Yarra ranks, and shouts of laughter from the others. Poor Laloa, who, with strained and streaming eyes, had been anxiously witnessing the combat, unable to understand the retreat of her lover, burst forth into wailing distress.

Marmon followed as rapidly as his wounded foot would permit him, swinging his shield-arm unguardedly by his side. The other suddenly started as if pierced by a thorn, limped a few yards, and so lessened the distance between himself and his pursuer. At the right moment, he sprang aside by a tree; and, before the panting black could cover himself with his shield, a swift boomerang had mortally wounded him.

The wager of battle was over. Both parties acknowledged the day fairly won, and warmly

applauded the ruse of the conqueror.

Laloa saw nothing but the bleeding head of her lover, and hastened to his relief. But Kooin gently repulsed her tender attentions, until the chiefs had solemnly awarded to him the prize of victory—the beautiful Lyre-bird of the Goulburn Vale.

It was not long before her free and happy notes were ringing in the charmed ear of her husband in the acacia groves of the Upper Yarra.

THE MOUNTAINS.

I have a passion for the mountains, they
Lift me above the din of earthly things,
And seem to lend Imagination wings
To roam in wondrous regions far away.
They have a nameless power, by night or day,
Which doth attract yet overawe the mind
With grandeur and with silence, till we find
The soul expand obedient to their sway.
The passing clouds linger about their forms,
Or the light milky mists enswathe them round;
Sometimes their glens and cavities resound
With the wild clamour of invading storms,
Then is the hour their rugged heights to climb,
And hear, behold, enjoy the turbulence sublime.

The mountain's peak feels first the breath of day,
And first reflects Aurora's rosy wing,
While scattered clouds bestrew the eastern way,
And kindle at the coming of their king:
Then does he bask in pure and boundless light,
His aspect changing with each passing hour,

Until the cold dominion of night

Returns with solemn and mysterious power;
Then the wind swoops upon his stalwart breast,
And the stars cluster round his giant head
Like swarms of golden bees; the moonbeams shed
A calm, sweet glory on his heathery crest,
Soften the features of his rocky face,
And to his beauteous vales add a serener grace.

The mountains soonest catch the precious rains,
Engendered in the boundless firmament,
Receive and hoard them in their countless veins,
Till they are sweetly purified, and sent
In streams of fruitfulness o'er all the land,

In streams of fruitfulness o'er all the land,
Gathered at last to the insatiate main,
Till the attraction of the Master hand
Draws them to circle through the clouds again.

While their feet bathe in the bright summer glow,
The mountains lift stern winter from the vales
And seat him on their shoulders where the snow—
With a profuse supply that never fails—
Feeds the gigantic glacier, old and hoar,

Feeds the gigantic glacier, old and hoar,
Which creeps adown the slopes, and moveth evermore.

John Critchley Prince.

NIGHT.

What solemn grandeur there is in night!— Calmly beautiful. Slow is its approach. The day wanes, twilight in her grey mantle succeeds; one by one the roseate tints of sunset fade away behind the western hills. Silently, almost imperceptibly, Venus ascends her throne of state: before her dark presence the brighter and lighter objects disappear. She silences the beings of nature;—only the wind speaks;—the toil and noise of the world she hushes likewise. All is quiet. Then the pale, golden-eyed stars, come forth; here and there a milky-way gleams. Stately and proudly Cynthia rises, attended by all her starry train. As we gaze, what numerous thoughts do the gold-gemmed heavens, and the chiaro-scuro of the sleeping-earth, call forth thoughts of the past and the future.

The sweet voices of "old memories" come forth, and the happy days of "auld lang syne" we seem to live over again. The present is a forgotten period; the future stands forth, dull and shadowy: we cannot penetrate it; we only conjure up a night-dream of our own imagination, and fancy this is our future; we hear not its mocking voice,

whispering in our ear,—

"The future never renders to the past The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping."

Night has a sanctifying influence over the mind. It soothes the bitter woes of the bereaved heart; and with its finger points to the beauteous stars, saying, "Within those shining celestial realms live your dear ones dead." Again; how night seems to bring back, so clearly that we almost think it is reality, the image of those who still live on earth, but are far away; -those we love, upon whom our hearts are centred, and whose future we weave with our own. Thus gazing on the quietude of the earth, we drink in a strange, delicious draught, the portions of which we know not. We hear strange voices, and yet sweet, speaking; we see ghostly shadows moving on the earth; and yet it is these things that make our reverie; they absorb our feelings and steal our senses away. But all things must end. The first sound that arouses us, is the shrill crow of the cock. In the far east we see Titteron rising. Then the golden-eyed stars, the silvery moon, and the sombre Erebus disappear, and our bright reverie-our joyous dream-fly too: we awake to the stern reality - awake and go forth to mingle in the gay and conventional world. Such is life. We are ever chasing some shadow, forgetful of the substance; and just when we think we have it in our grasp, it vanishes. But there are other things to live for, higher and purer aims: for we should ever remember that this life is given us to prepare for that other world, the celestial one, to which we are all hastening.

LEILA.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING. By the Author of "Aden Power."

PART FIRST.—LOSING.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE PORCH.

"Ay, marry! marry!—'Mother, what does "marry" mean!—'It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter,'—And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding ring!"—LONGFELLOW.

"Aspettare e non venire, Star in letto e non dormire, Servire e non gradire, Son tre cose da morire."

ITALIAN PROVERB.

"T' await and hope what cometh not,
To pine for sleep night bringeth not;
To serve and love where pleaseth not;
Ah what will sooner kill!"—AUTH. TRANS.

Cary Hinton stood at her door, in the twilight. Perhaps it was because Cary was so pretty, and so very young to assume the honours of wifehood, that she had never yet been accorded the dignity of mistress. Her husband's name was Hinton. She had been lawfully married to him in the sight of half the village, viz., the female portion; and yet she had never, beyond a time or two, been addressed, or spoken of, as Mrs. Hinton.

One fact there was might have something to do with it; she had lived in the village ever since she was born, somewhere about eighteen years and seven months; and all that time had been known as "Cary." They might have gone a little further, and given her the benefit of "Deering," which stood after it in the parish register; but they hadn't, and so perhaps considered that to concede the matronly title with the surname would be too much of a good thing, and, that the honour might not be overwhelming, contented themselves with the addition of the latter: and "Cary Hinton" was universally accepted.

One thing is certain,—the owner did not trouble herself about the name; if she noticed it at all, the chances are she did not bestow a second thought upon it; ideas so much more important occupied her little head.

The possession of a four-roomed cottage, and garden thereto, with all necessary appurtenances and furniture, by one whose whole experience had been that of a workhouse foundling, and the dependant in a rich, capricious household, would, we may imagine, give ample cause for occupation: but it was not her baking, washing, starching, ironing, cooking, mending, or making, that constituted Cary's chief theme of thought: she was au fait, "up," in all these branches of domestic management: they were but pastime to her. The workhouse training had done this for her,—that there was not a better housewife, of even four times her age, in the whole country round.

But there was one thing the workhouse experience had not taught her to manage, and that was a hus-

band; an acquisition which, according to some, calls for a vast deal of management, and of the most skilful kind.

Beauty and good temper cannot but win favour, even in a workhouse; and such kindness as survived amid the amount of selfishness and discontent that go to make up the atmosphere of such a place, the merry little girl had the full benefit of; and when she was hired out, there sprang up among the village matrons quite a rivalry as to who should secure Cary Hinton to nurse their babies.

But for all that—though the old place was a long way preferable to any gaol, upon any system that ever was or will be—it was workhouse still; there was restraint and discipline, not of the mildest; and to a sunshiny little spirit had so much in it gloomy and forbidding, that it was with a rejoicing heart she left it to be maid to Lady Osteen's daughters; and it was as if a light had gone out from the old house of refuge when she quitted it.

At my lady's the petting soon grew without exception or limit. The young ladies had of course intended to keep their new maid at a distance, let her know her place, and so on: but they found Cary such a gentle, willing, ready, active girl, and withal so little minded to ignore her place, that they gave in, and, from one extreme to another, could not make too much of her. Her taste was excellent, her economies not beneath the notice of a baronet's scantily-portioned daughters; they consulted her in all things, and quickly she became a universal favourite.

The widow my lady petted her, the young mistresses petted her, and when young Sir Robert came home, fresh from Rome, Spain, Egypt—que sais-je? from the Antipodes mayhap—when more interesting topics had been disposed of, the praises of the new maid were duly sounded in his ears; till, seeing his indifference, and wounded thereat, the young ladies by a sign mutually agreed, and the maid was summoned to the room for some important order; and, after due time allowed for observation, was dismissed; the young ladies all impatient to ask their brother's judgment on their favourite.

"Oh, ay! she's well enough, girls," was the reply, with a shrug and a yawn, which annoyed, while it deceived, the young ladies; as it did not the elder one, who caught her son's eye as he turned away, and read there, what made her wish very fervently that she could transport her amiable maid to the Antipodes her son had so lately quitted. But Cary was armed against all the wiles of any Sir Robert, in the most effectual manner; for among the petters had been one who had found more favour in her sight than all the rest put together.

Whether the event was hastened by the sisters' wish to impress their brother with a favourable opinion of their protegé, I cannot tell; but the day came when Cary, blushing, and smoothing her apron, came to her young ladies with, "Oh, if you please ma'am—if you please—I'am going, ma'am—I'm going to be—to be married, ma'am, if you please."

Well, if they hadn't pleased it would have been

hard, seeing it was the very event they lived, and hoped, and prayed, ate, drank, slept, and dressed for, themselves, every day of their lives: so, with a sorry grace, they gave their kind permission, and the next thing was to know who; for the sly puss had been as quiet in that as in the transactions of her everyday life.

"Tom Hinton, ma'am, if you please, ma'am;" and down went the eyes, and up rose the blush and

the apron-corner.

Mr. Hinton was somewhere under seven feet in height, broad in proportion, and very good proportion, with a great massive head, covered with curly black hair, and a beard to match. The young ladies looked at their pretty little, fair-haired, smiling maid, and wondered—as they would not, if they had had a little more experience in queer

human nature, with all its freaks.

Tom Hinton was an importation, among many others, consequent upon a new building mania in Stillhaven, and had been employed—in fact, head man-in some beautifying and alterations at Osteen House. He was a mason, clever in his trade, and had paid impetuous and passionate attentions to the pretty Cary. He was going to settle in the village, the new town promised plenty of work, and so it was all soon arranged: the wedding was superintended by the young ladies—a small consolation for the loss of their maid-and Cary bade them adieu, loaded with presents, and one which she certainly valued more than all, a rare and beautiful singing bird, which the young baronet had brought from abroad, and which she had been accustomed to feed and tend till it grew to know her, and to come to her call.

With all his assiduities the young man had not obtained more than—in reply to a question he put—"Hate him? No; of course she hated nobody."

As for anything else! why she had eyes and ears but for her husband. Head but to think for him; feet but to tend upon him; hands but to serve him. In Cary's nature was a strong infusion of that dangerous, saving, terrible, precious gift (as it is used or mis-used), imagination. Be certain she had not neglected the opportunity of fostering it, by all the means accessible, in the shape of such reading as lay open to her. But, fortunately for her, poor child, her bent was not toward the grand, the great, or luxurious: she had visions, certainly, bright ones, but lighted up, not with the diamond rays of wealth and splendour, only with the radiance of loving eyes; a little romance she had built; but one so innocent, and one that should be attainable-God pardon our fallen nature that hinders that of which He gave us the first example.

Cary's ambition was a model home, and a model husband. The latter of course she had got; and it should not be her fault if she had not the other; to this end she devoted her whole existence, every

hour of it.

And, to do her justice, her house was a little pattern of neatness, cleanliness, and good taste; and she, in her smart trim dresses, the ruling spirit of the whole.

Huge Tom was pleased, too, with his pretty toy, and with her slave-like dutiful homage. It was altogether a new sensation for Tom, and one that

suited his fancy amazingly.

He came home night after night, straight from work; and positively did not go out again. It was so capital to have some one to pull off his heavy boots and his rough blouse; and the easy slippers seemed an importation from fairyland, of which the queen was at his elbow, or on his knee, cooing "purring," Charles Reade would say; though as that is suggestive of uneasy ideas of claws and teeth, we can't like it), smoothing his rough head, stroking his shaggy beard: administering the nicest of tea, and the sweetest of bread and butter; and then, when seated in the shady window, filling his pipe, and reading to him the news, so "easy and fast to what he could for himself."

The man is no man who will wonder when we say that for six whole months Tom Hinton's corner at the "Bluebottle" was vacant, except on Saturday evenings, and then only for a short time; for hadn't she then the nicest little supper prepared that ever came under eyes or nose of mortal man, to tempt him (which she would by no means touch till he came); and his beer and all fetched, and maybe a drop of something a little stronger, which Cary would just make a pretence of sipping, to

please him.

Her little heart sang jubilees all to itself, and basked in its own sunshine for the triumph she had gained; despite all the cavilling of the gossips, who had warned her she would "spoil" her husband; that "she should begin as she meant to go on;" and a good deal more of the same sort: but Cary proved them all wrong, and she was right,

and the happiest creature alive.

By-and-by, just one evening out of the seven, Tom would be missing from the shady window after tea; then the exceptions got to be when he was there; and the "Bluebottle" again rejoiced over its man. Then from the little table supper was many times cleared away untasted; and, oftener than not, one cup and saucer were returned to the cupboard unstained. Still the little wife went on; still sang her cheerful song; not quite so briskly though—still got ready dainty dinners; still gathered the choicest flowers to deck the table at tea and supper time; still dressed as carefully; and as tenderly pulled off the heavy boots, and folded the workman's blouse.

For the girl had faith in that which she felt would be, with her, all-powerful—kindness—and the gleam of poetry in her composition disposed her still to serve and love; where thanks even were

not her earnings.

Came the day twelvementh from that on which they had been married. Poor Cary would fain have kept it with some little ceremony or treat. But the only ceremony at which she assisted was that of helping a drunken man to his bed; and the treat, a solitary supper, and a night of tears spent in an arm-chair by his bedside.

The neighbours took it as an affront that she

did not run from one to another of them, proclaiming her tribulations; Cary would have died first.

Secure in her own scheme of happiness, she had given up all other companionship, and rarely exchanged more than a civil word with those in the village.

" As if we couldn't see," said they.

"We're not blind!"-

"Going on as if he was as good as good"—

"I'd let him see, I would so!"

They viewed it as a species of hypocrisy, that the poor lass should try to wear a smiling face over a troubled soul.

"See, now, I telled her she'd please her eye, if she bruised her heart; and I do think she ha' done't."

Hinton was a good workman, and had presumed upon it; being held, indeed, at higher estimate than he was worth, till the arrival of a new man from London, who possessed considerable architectural knowledge, and united great natural taste and ability, to experience in the higher fields of his art.

Hinton would not forgive this one his superiority; and he revenged himself for every fresh advance in the new man's popularity by going on the spree; leaving work a week at a time, and drinking as long as he had a penny, or a pennyworth of credit was to be got.

So matters went on; and those in the village who knew pretty well what was the cost of such luxuries, wondered how Cary Hinton managed to keep the house over her head, for they didn't believe she "saw the colour of his money very often, and none of the things went out o' th' house."

Poor Cary! she would have starved sooner than they should:—the pretty home she had thought so much of! But she and the pawnbroker's at Still-haven were, alas! "well acquaint;" and on its shelves reposed all the presents of her kind young mistresses, her few little ornaments, and such dresses as would fetch anything at all, though she still continued to look neat; but she had given up seeming to be happy; she was very pale, and cried a good deal alone.

As she stood at the door, this evening, she was waiting, looking, watching, as she had got used to doing now, when a man came riding by on horse-back. She looked up, and knew him,—Mr. Crichton, of the "Bluebottle."

"Ah!" she thought, "it's some of Tom's money now, that keeps him, his horse, and all that. Ah! he would be none the worse, surely, for wanting such a bit; it would be all the difference to us. I wonder if it would be any good just to speak to him, and ask him not to let Tom have any more? I wish I dared."

But the courage was wanting, till, as he was passing her door, Crichton slackened his pace, to look at a fine tree which grew between Hinton's garden and a piece of waste that skirted it. He stopped and inquired of her to which it belonged?

She answered him, and then, screwing up her

courage, rushed at once into her grievance; told him how she was waiting up for her husband; how that he was regular enough and good enough when he did not drink, and—"oh! sir," she went on—"if you would be so kind as to tell them not to serve him with it. It wouldn't make that difference to you, sir; they say you've got plenty; and it would be everything to us,—indeed it would, sir!"

"Why, Mrs. Hinton, I'm surprised at you!" was the answer, so coldly given that the girl's heart fluttered as though she had committed crime—"you must know I cannot send my customers away, any more than another tradesman. If your husband does not use my house, he will go elsewhere."

"No, sir; he's so handy to the 'Bluebottle' where he works. Ah! sir, if you would but tell

him--

"Your husband must know his own business best, Mrs. Hinton; I cannot send away my customers. Good evening, ma'am." He lifted his hat, and rode away.

"I might have known it, I might!" cried poor Cary, aloud: "Don't they call him the 'hard man?' and now I have made bad worse—and yet, oh dear! what can I do? Oh, Tom! Tom! I would not serve you so: I would not, indeed!"

She was weary—weary of serving, watching, hoping, in vain. Every day seemed but to confirm the vice of her husband; every day involved her in some fresh dilemma. She looked back upon her former life; the discipline and confinement of the one part, the indulgence and kindness of the other. Then she remembered all her little plans of happiness, so rudely broken; her head sank upon her hands, and she began to cry.

It was now dark, and in the porch where she sat the shrubs screened the road and gate from view. Suddenly a hand was laid upon her head. She did not start, nor even look up; she had heard no step on the path, but the action was not her husband's.

"Oh! sir, why have you come again?" she said through her tears.

"To tell you all I have before, and twenty times as much, my sweet girl, if I can but ease your trouble one instant," said he who stood before her,—a handsome fair-haired young man, of appearance and style unexceptionable.

Cary shook her head. "You must not come; indeed, sir, you must not! What would your lady mother say? Oh! sir, do not come any more."

"You are crying now, my poor girl! What new trouble is there?"

Sobbing, she told him of her appeal to the publican.

The gentleman laughed bitterly—" What, move the heart of the 'Admirable!" Oh, no! Even your sweet face would not do that. He loves his hard cash too well. You must not do so again, dear one. He is not worth it; let him go his own way as he will."

She stood up, and wiped her eyes. "You are not going?" he asked.

"Indeed, Sir Robert, I must; and pray do not

come again. I begged of you the other night not to. My husband—"

"Your husband!" he interrupted, indignantly— "that ever you should call that drunken brute

She moved away—"I can't hear you call him bad names, for he is my husband, and I would give my life to have him sober and happy—I would! She burst into crying again; and he was at her side, wiping away the tears as they came faster, stealing an arm about her, drawing her head gently to him, with such comfort as she, poor child, could but faintly resist, with his earnest soft tones in her ear—

"Oh Cary! dear one!—every tear of yours goes to my heart. My poor darling, you have suffered so long—you are killing yourself—why will you throw away the happiness that is offered you? Love, and truth, and kindness, dearest—one who worships you offers them all. Oh, dear girl, why will you make me so wretched by witnessing your misery? I, who only desire your welfare——"

She lifted up her head, and struggled with her sobs to say—" Please sir, go; please do not come

again-pray don't!-"

But he held her hands, and she could not close the door. He hurried on in his impetuous whisper—"Do not drive me away; how can you exist thus?—none to love you; he does not care for you—"

"Oh, don't say so!—he does love me! he must

love me-"

"Love you!—" he repeated, scornfully—" would he act so? would he make your life a misery if he loved you? Could I treat you so, think you? Answer me, dear one, do you believe it?—"

"Oh, it's the drink, sir; indeed Tom was always good and kind till he took to the drink: and he's

never unkind in it all!"

"Cary, you cannot deceive me. Not one night, not two, but many; ay, every night, when you have little dreamed of it, I have been near you. I have seen him come home; I have heard his coarse, hard blustering, and abuse. My hands have trembled to give him the punishment he so richly deserves. Unkind! Why when his brain is on fire he does not scruple what he does: he will murder you one day, my poor girl!"

"No, no! he never struck me in his life-he

never could-"

The young man ground his teeth as he said—
"Could! no, not unless he was the devil he is. Oh
Cary, love, dear girl, if not for your own sake, for
mine——"

But she had drawn her hand away, and was closing the door almost upon him, sobbing, as she did so—

"Please go, sir, and don't come again, for I must not speak to you; indeed I must not!"

The young man turned away, with an impatient gesture; but he remained in the little garden under cover of the shrubs.

A shadow upon the blind crossed the window;

it dropped into a chair, and the head sank forward into the hands. But the despair that spoke in the attitude was nothing to the desolation in the poor girl's heart which those words, "he does not care for you," had caused. They were but the utterance of a conviction, which, alas, she had slowly and fearfully admitted to herself; but now the truth seemed thrust so terribly upon her, and that so coolly, so undeniably, in the words of another.

Her very spirit was crushed. It seemed a thing too horrible to be true, and still she knew in her innermost soul it was so: and that her gentleness, her love, her winning kindness, had been all in

vain.

"No one to love her"—The words forced themselves upon her, rang in her brain, and caused an agony which I should in vain attempt to describe to those who have not themselves experienced it; and these will know too well how vain are words to express the suffering.

"Oh, poor dear Tom, that I have loved so, and cared for so dearly—poor Tom, poor Tom!"

Loving him more in remembering her own care of him, forgetting herself in pitying him, she scarce knew why?

"When he was ill, and all, I nursed him. Oh! he might love me! Oh, Tom, dear poor Tom!"

The bird, whom her voice never failed to arouse, was answering her sobs with a low chirruping song; she rose, went to its cage, and opened it. The little creature hopped upon her finger, and trilled out sweet consolation there, while she leaned her cheek against its smooth breast. It was something to have the affection even of a bird.

The treacherous shadow on the blind showed this, an eloquent tableau to one who lingered without.

Her eye fell on the seed plants which adorned the cage, and carried her thoughts to those who brought them. "I wish I could dare go and see Mrs. Steyne," she said to herself, "she has often asked me; I'm sure she is a good woman, so different to the rest, that only think of abusing him."

A heavy foot sounded on the path outside. In an instant the pet was in its cage, and she at the door. Some one at the same moment leaped the fence into the waste on the opposite side.

Hinton walked quite steadily in, and his young wife looked in his face with a gleam of hope; but it died out again when she saw the scowl and heard the muttered curses.

"What's thee up for this time o'night?"

"I was waiting for you, Tom. Will you have

"Curse thee, and the supper too!" And he bumped himself into a chair, and leaned his elbows on the table. "—— him, I'll let him see, I will so!—I'll let him know what it is to cross my

path !"

Cary trembled.

"What dost stand gawping there for? Hast nothing to do? a lazy wench as thee is," he growled. She turned away, the tears coming fast to her eyes.

Tom sat muttering to himself for a few minutes,

then with an oath he started up, and with one blow of his fist cracked the little table across the middle; then kicked the chair into a corner, smashing the back—" I'll murder him! I will!—I'll knock his cursed head off!"

He rushed to the door—Cary, with a scream, flew after him, and caught him by his blouse.

"What do thee mean? the devil take thee!" he turned fiercely upon her. "And thee's thick with the scamp, too; his brats was here a bit since."

Her hand fell, the blood came back to her heart—
"Do you mean the Steynes?" she said.

"And who should I mean else? A sneaking upstart, as comes to take a honest man's bread out of 's mouth, and set up over them as is his masters. If ever I catches any of the brood inside my door it'll be the worse for them and thee too. I know thee's thick wi'm, but thee'd best keep clear, so I tell thee."

"It was only the children, Tom, brought me some stuff for my bird; and Mrs. Steyne—"

"Hang the whole lot I tell thee! I'll not have 'em here; I warrant I'll let 'em see if they're to rule the roast. What dost stand gawping there for? Go to bed, I say."

Shuddering she crept upstairs to her unblessed chamber, her lord and master remaining below to nurse his wrath; dread kept her from closing her eyes, though she was fain to pretend she slept when she heard him lumbering up, certain otherwise of his abuse should she dare to be awake.

CHAPTER II.

RATHER PLEASANT, ALTHOUGH "QUARTER-DAY."

"I flee the crowded town:
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky:
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops;
Then I am free and strong—once more myself."
LONG FELLOW.

I IMAGINE there are not many whose experience could allow them largely to endorse the heading of this chapter. No day in all the calendar, as a rule, less calculated to conjure up—

Pleasant images, than "quarter-day," Whichever side we take.

The confiding in coming payments; the putting faith in promises; the anticipation of cash long due, up to the last moment, as certain all to fail; the frantic recourse, at the eleventh hour, to expedients which but twenty-four hours ago would have been deemed simply impracticable; the final failure; the humiliating necessity of tendering, accompanied with apologies, something considerably under the lawful offering; the freezing reminder that less than the sum is useless—the cash at the same time ruthlessly pocketed—your ignoble exit, with a mentally registered vow that never will you so play the honest fool again as to leave yourself penniless for as little thanks as though empty handed;—these are a few of the reminiscences

familiar to those cumberers of the earth, the unfortunates "behindhand with the world," and who might, like poor Trotty, well persuade themselves that they "have no business here."

Less unpleasant, certainly, though more productive of grumbling, the office of sitting in wait for these sorry defaulters; the expectations, certain of being disappointed (because always beyond probability); the listening to interminable excuses; demands of the payers in full, for new additions or improvements; the haggling of some for reductions, claimed for mythical repairs or outlay incurred; the intelligence of deteriorated property; the complaints of quarrelsome neighbours; the unwelcome warning of the best tenant,—are a few of the spectres with which memory so plentifully peoples the "quarter-day" of even the more fortunate.

Then the "flittings," as our northern friends have it, the removals, the breakages, the spoiling, the unrighteous appropriation of "unconnected," though very essential, household trifles; the discomfort, the colds, the coughs, the wasted time and money,—are not these among the "sunny memories" with which "quarter-day" is associated, even in the minds of the wo—, we beg pardon, the "ladies?"

And we now claim the indulgence of our readers while we discourse of events, some six months previous to the date of our first chapter.

The harvest had been good; and, strange to say, the bread had not risen in consequence. Wages, too, were as liberal as ever they had been even "in my father's time," and for the last eight months there had been even more work than hands to do it; so there was every reason why sufficient should be forthcoming to answer all legitimate demands, and why "quarter-day" should be minus a great many disagreeabilities in Stillhaven this Midsummer. Not that it was by any means a common occurrence for Stillhaven to offer such a premium to willing workers. Till within the last two years, though bright its skies, and white its shingly beach, and genial its soft breezes, as at the present time, it had been rather one of the neglected gems than otherwise; and its inhabitants, in their quiet farm-houses and cottages, led a primitive life enough, although almost within sight and sound of a large seaport town.

But who shall prescribe or limit the working of cause and effect?

The Grand Vizier of Bagdad made the purchase of a surpassingly lovely Circassian beauty as an addition to his harem; and lo! little Stillhaven became great.

And this is how :-

The lovely Circassian, "scarce sixteen years old," was presumptuous and ungrateful enough to testify a disinclination for the society of her generous patron, a venerable, indulgent, amorous connoisseur in beauty, not above seventy at most. Deaf to all coaxing, proof against petting, indifferent alike to honied words and jewelled offerings, the captive beauty dared to have a will of her own: she sulked.

rebelled, and, finally, harsher measures being threatened, she became obstreperous and violent, and so worked herself into a fever, as many a

beauty has done for less cause.

A fever under such circumstances, and in such a country, is no joke, more particularly when we take into account that irritant—a prior engagement (which there certainly was). A host of duly qualified doctors was gathered about the fair patient, and each having a vivid idea of the sack before his eyes, in case of failure, vied with the other in remedies.

And so the disease gained ground at a gallop, became infectious, spread through the harem; carried off the ladies in dozens—leaving a sad prospect for the fair rebel when she should recover; and just as that seemed probable, and her lord was rejoicing thereat, the fever carried him off in its course through the city, which it decimated. Of course, there was an English vessel in the nearest harbour, and of course English sailors were running about the town, and as certainly they took the fever; and some died, and some got well; and in the chattels of the deceased, or the blood or atmosphere of the living, the disease was imported, in a modified form, into the seaport town over against Stillhaven.

Numbers fell sick; not a few died; the merchants and well-to-do families were scared; and the mammas fled with their little ones in all directions, seeking purer air, fewer neighbours, and safety from contagion. And it entered into the head of a certain follower of Hippocrates, to recommend Stillhaven to such of his patients as actually did recover, for pure air, sheltered bathing, and, in short, every desideratum of a convalescent, which were, it seems, united more especially in one locality, called "Piert's Rest;" where, by one of those singular coincidences which do sometimes occur, the doctor had some houses, which in an unguarded moment he had been tempted to purchase, and which had often caused the good man to sin, in heartily cursing his own folly, since, being a class of building wholly unsuited to the requirements of the inhabitants, they had lain a dead loss upon his hands, all unoccupied save one, which was tenanted by his aged mother and sister.

If the sweet little village had not been all they represented it—if even it had not been washed by the waves, and sheltered by the rocky shore, and visited by the balmiest breezes till it was the snuggest, pleasantest, healthiest little retreat of any in all England—novelty would have done much with that scared, anxious, town-sick multitude.

But it was genuine; it was all that could be désired, and they only marvelled they had not sooner discovered it. They forgot how fashion had blinded

them.

"Piert's Rest" was filled ere long—the old lady and her daughter in a state of siege, and they were soon "induced by urgent requests of their friends" to "spare" part of their house, where for years they had gone to bed quailing with terror of the solitude and dreariness.

Every available room in farm-house or cottage throughout Stillhaven was occupied by the more fortunate, while numbers were compelled to seek asylum in some less genial spot. So Stillhaven became famous, but not for that season only.

The ladies vowed they had never been so well; the children had never eaten so much, and cried so little; the young folks, to whom the place was endeared by the flirtations got up in the months spent there—for they will flirt amid sickness, ay, and death; and convalescence favours it—they lent their persuasions; and so the husbands and fathers began to see it in a right light.

Ground was let and sold, at wonderful prices; speculative brains found ample field for employment. Here a church, there an hotel, and certainly

a concert hall.

Advertisements brought you face to face with Stillhaven,—the fare to Stillhaven by coach and boat—the air of Stillhaven—the bathing of Stillhaven—the lodgings of Stillhaven—till Stillhaven threatened to become a bore.

Stillhaven was the fashion. Hippocrates blessed himself, and would have blessed the rebellious little

Circassian, had he known all about it.

It is pleasant to know that the spirited beauty got the better of the fever, and, her old lover being dead, made the best of her way to her own land, and the younger one, when — it is to be hoped — they blessed Allah, and fulfilled their destiny.

And this is how it fell out that rents were paid, this quarter-day, right punctually; and the great man's steward wore a more smiling aspect than he had done for many a day; for the good folks of Stillhaven were wont to be slow, if sure, in money

matters.

And, of all others, this day was an excuse for a general gossiping and news-hunting. So much was doing, so much to be done; so many speculations afoot; and the men being all pretty well employed just now, a great many had deputed their wives to take the quarterly offering to the great house which held territorial sway over the larger part of the old habitations.

On such an occasion be sure good cheer was not wanting, nor stinted; nor were the smart village dames at all backward in profiting by the refreshment, doubly acceptable after a three or four mile walk under a fierce midsummer sun.

To become communicative and hospitably inclined, even beyond ordinary, was the natural

result.

So as they returned home in groups and couples, tea-tables were largely spread; and, while awaiting absent husbands, tongues wagged freely of all that had been seen, said, and done—those who had remained at home eager for every scrap of information thereupon.

"Thee should ha' seen Dicky Glossop; eh! he did look soft when steward sauced him for bringing so little. He eyed the money as though he'd a

mind to take it back."

" Poor Dickey! he's never a shilling scarce to

bless hisself: it was a mercy he could bring that past the alehouse."

"They say as Mister Crichton, at the inn, is for taking the alchouse at Piert's Rest and making it

into a grand place."

But all eyes were now turned upon one objectat all times one of peculiar interest in a country village. A well-packed van of goods came labouring slowly up the gravelly road. The furniture, where the coverings permitted it to be seen, appeared good and handsome; at the back of the cart sat a little boy and girl, who were gazing about them with all the curiosity of strangers.

"Who be that, think ye?" cried a gossip, who

had run from her own door to join confab.

"Eh! I canna tell."

"Nor me," said another; "but the things look good, don't 'em?"

All were straining their eyes, and stretching their necks, to follow the progress of the cart.

"It's gone past the Creek," said one, who had crossed the road to obtain a last glimpse; "and there's no houses past there, till you come to Piert's Rest."

"But there be never a house empty in Piert's Rest, and Mrs. Crump was telling me as not a room was to be had even, for love or money."

"Well, she's coming to tea wi' me this evening,

and she's safe to know."

"Here be Master Sandford coming; he'll be like

"Eh, wenches! but it be right warm," said the jolly farmer, as he drew near, abating something of his giant stride, and wiping his head and face, "And who be ye backbiting and evil-speaking of now? Tell us, then we'll know who be good and pretty for one."

"Nay, Master Sandford, its you cart."

"Who be coming, do tell?"

"Is it gentlefolk, Master Sandford?"
"Well, well; ho! ho!" laughed the old man: "this be about the first time in my life as I known a lot o' women folk to be o' one mind. Them things? why, 'tis the new man from Lunnun, as is to set em all right at the buildings yonder; and to finish the church, and set up this grand hall they talks on."

"Eh, sure! is that them?"

"From London!"

"Eh, but they've good things!"

"And where are they going to be?" "At the small house as stands all to itself, wi' the trees about it—there beyond Piert's Rest-

going on to Piert's Creek—hi' Birdiethorn." "Birdiethorn!"

"Th' haunted place!"

"Ay, it will be haunted, I reckon, sure enow, wi' them two youngsters I see behind the cart but now."

"Eh! I would not-see, I would not live in that place—not if they'd pay me no end of money."

"Nor me; why, there's no one lived in it these six years, to my knowledge."

"They'd get it cheap," laughed the old farmer.

"Cheap! my word, it would be dear at naught."

"I wouldn't be in by day; and at night—Ugh!" "They say there's a cave, or such - like, goes right under the sea."

"Ay, and when the smugglers was here!"

"Ay, and in th' old times, when Piert's gang had it, many's the cruel murder's been there, and the bodies got shet of."

"I mind one tale of a lady as was throwed

" Nay, it was the babe !---"

" Nay! the lady, and she rises -"Ay—All-hallows eve---"

" Nay !- 'tis Candlemas -- "

"All-hallows—and the moans—"
"Ay, in the cave——"

"And the name isna Birdiethorn at a'-'tis

Bludiethorn; at least it wur-"

"Mrs. Darby! Mrs. Darby!" shouted the old farmer, with difficulty making himself heard above the tumult of excited tongues. "Your good man be nigh handy by now; him and me left th' Hall together, he'll be here in a crack."

"Eh! sakes, and my fire's out, for sure!" and

away skeltered Dame Darby.

"Here's your master," said the mistress of the house, as a group of men turned the corner; tell him, you and him's to tea with me; Mrs. Crump should be here by now."

"Eh, there's my chap," said another.

" And mine."

" And mine."

The group of gossips dispersed like a covey of

partridges.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the old farmer, as he strode "Talk of ghosts-I wonder now, if all the ghosts, as ever was born or thought on, did a body half the mischief as the blessed tongues o' these women folk. A house, or a human creature, one o' themselves, be all one; they'll not leave it so much as its name, an' they can help it; and, dear heart, I reckon we men folk catches it now and again above a bit, Lord help us! ha! ha!"

[To be continued.]

Ir is a mistaken notion, that strong minds demand less of our sympathy than weak. The character that is strong in power is strong in suffering, and the shrinking sensitiveness of a weak mind bears as little proportion to the agonizing throes of a gigantic soul, as the flutter of the dying butterfly to the fall of the wounded eagle, when the shadow of its broken pinion darkens the mountain side like a passing cloud.

Make truth credible and children will believe it; make goodness lovely and they will love it; make holiness cheerful and they will be glad in it; but remind them of themselves by threats or exhortations, and you impair the force of their unconscious affections-your words pass over them only to be forgotten.

WE should not forsake a good work because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

BETTY WYNNE. BY M. E. G.

CHAPTER I.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

"Where's Harry?"

"Mother, Harry went to Hexham this morning to buy a candlestick that will fasten against the wall at the back of Betty Wynne's bed, and we are going with him after luncheon to put it up for her. He was so sorry when he found she could do so little in the long winter evenings from want of light."

"Dear boy, I am sure any mother might be proud

of him!" said Mrs. Grey.

"And who is Betty Wynne?" asked Mrs. Vivian, a married daughter, recently, with her little

girl, returned from India.

"Betty Wynne is a poor woman living at the far end of Bradley Lane," replied Anne Grey. "She has been bedridden for twenty-two years, and we often go to see her. It is too far for you to walk, Helen; but I will take Lyla there this afternoon, if you like her to go with us."

"Twenty-two years bedridden! I never heard

of her before I married, Anne."

"No; it is at the far end of the parish, and there are not many cottages there, and the few there are, not having very nice inmates, were very seldom visited by any one. It was not I that found Betty out; she was walking in that direction one day about eight years ago; I forget who was with her; Ella Anderson, I think, just after you went away. There was an old man clipping a hedge, or making a ditch, or something of that kind; and she said, 'Good evening,' as she passed him. He let her go on without answering, and then suddenly called out after her, 'Hey! I say—beg your pardon; be you Miss Grey? They tell me you goes about to see poor folks, and maybe you'd call to see my daughter sometimes; she's learnt to read in a dream.' She was half frightened: (he is rather half-witted, and had a very uncouth manner, and at first she was not sure if he were tipsy or crazy;) but he went on telling her where he lived, and that his daughter was bedridden, so she went at once to see her. She gave me such an account of her, that we went again next day taking some things for her. We found her in a tiny room upstairs; the bed touched the wall at the head and one side, at the other side and at the foot was a passage scarcely three feet wide; that was the size of the room. She had been in it fourteen years. Her illness had been brought on by being sent to service at a farmhouse when she was about fourteen. There was a great deal of rough hard work to do, and she was often standing with her feet wet; so scantily supplied with clothes that she put on her clean ones before they were dry. She caught cold and it settled in her limbs, came home, was not much attended to, and it was soon hopeless. Her father had married again, and the step-mother was not very kind to poor Betty; still one cannot lay all the

blame on old Jane, for I suppose there was something wrong in her constitution, poor thing! Her, legs and one arm are all twisted, but she is always happy and cheerful, and delighted to see any of us. When we found her she had no sheets on her bed, only a cotton quilt; no blankets, and no night-dress. They were the first things we gave her, but it was difficult to comprehend at first that any one could have lived fourteen years in that place never having either fire or candle. The long dark hours in the winter tried her nerves, and often she fancied she was not alone; so we took her a candlestick, candles, and lucifers. She can use the lame arm for some things, though she cannot put it in many positions. Then we gave her a Bible, and some picture books with easy words, to help her to read; she had taught herself by dint of great perseverance -as she said, "scholaring wasn't so much thought of when I was a child as it is now,"-and sometimes a neighbour would look in and help her with a few new words, and then she practised finding them out in other places in her book. She had tried to write, but did not go on much with that after we took her wool and knitting needles, and taught her to knit socks, which she sold, and the money enabled her to make herself more comfortable. Instead of getting only the scraps of the family, she bought her own tea, a luxury never before allowed her; a crust in the morning, potatoes for dinner, and crusts again at night; water or buttermilk, her only drink, was all that was ever given or offered her by her stepmother. The father was half-witted and the stepmother ruled him as well as every one else. Betty's brother married, and brought his wife to live there. Ellen Wynne was not over kind either; but the children are now an amusement to Betty, going in and out of her room. Richard got her a smaller bed, for her own was very large; then there was more space gained, and she has a little table with a drawer in it, and my mother sends her her dinner every day by one of her nieces as she goes home from school. She pays her stepmother something towards her living, so now she is more considered than she used to be. Harry thought if she had something to fasten against the wall at the head of her bed, to hold a candle, it would be pleasanter for her to work or read by, as, on account of the position of the door, the table stands in front of her; so he went off this morning to Hexham for one."

"It is quite dreadful to think of any one being in bed all the years I have been in India, and long before I was married!" said Mrs. Vivian. "Take Lyla with you, Anne; but, remember, she is not used to poor people, so do not be shocked at anything she says. Here is Harry. Where is your candle-

stick ?"

"Here it is. Is it not bright—nearly equal to electro-plate, or prince's metal?—which my dear sister is probably not aware was invented by Prince Rupert. I am quite delighted with my bargain! Think of getting this for two shillings and three-pence! I invested the ninepence in cocoa-nut candles: not those horrid dips that make one sick. It is a shame to make cocoa-nuts into

candles, I vow, they are so good to eat. Do you ever eat them, Helen?"

"Yes, I eat anything that comes under the name of fruit; but the inside of the nut when fresh is soft, and can be eaten with a spoon. What you get here are rancid."

"Much obliged to you. Boys can eat anything, you always used to say, Helen; ever since you picked my pocket, and found a half-eaten apple and

"My dear Harry, there were wasp grubs for fishing as well, you nasty boy! I never shall forget putting my hand into all that! and you ate the apple, too!"

"That was only out of bravado. You talked so much about it, and gave yourself such airs because you were going to be married, and George spoilt you so. I would rather have had a clean apple if the truth be told. You never let me know about your marriage till everything was settled, and I did not like it I remember. You know you were always very jolly, and read me books I liked, and suddenly I found you were going off with George to India. It was a regular floorer for me; and now I am going myself, so we may be together, perhaps."

"Perhaps, Harry; but it is very doubtful. People here talk as if India were a small county or parish where you were certain to be close together; very like the man who exchanged from the 71st into the 24th, to be near his brother in the 25th."

"Dear old Helen, what a jolly companion you were in those days,—up to any fun! Anne was always sedate, and frightened out of her wits, lest Miss Buller should call her a tomboy."

"You were a dreadful boy in those days, Harry, always in mischief. Do you remember blowing up the posts of the old swing, and nearly blowing up yourself at the same time?"

"Only singed my hair a bit."

"Only singed your hair! You burnt your hands, and had not a bit of eyebrow or eyelash left, and all your face scorched!"

"Well; I was only trying a mine. I had a lively imagination, and fancied the posts might represent a fort; and I knew I should be a soldier, and wanted to see what I could do. I did not make my train long enough, and so I was too near when my mine exploded—that was all. It taught me a lesson which may be useful to me some day. And as to my eyelashes! please look at them,—as thick and long as the eaves of a thatched cottage! If ever I marry, I shall give my wife the recipe, and hope my boys may take after their father."

"'Pon my word, Harry, you are conceited! Every one says you are the very image of me."

"There's a compliment for you, my dear Helen. I wonder if you would look as well in uniform as I do! How I wish that tailor would send it! I went round by the station just now; but Miles only grinned, and said, 'Not come yet, Mr. Harry.' By the bye, where is Fanny Wilmot?"

"She is in the morning-room, poring over Ormerod's Cheshire."

"What! those three great red volumes? She'll get Blackstone, or Sir Matthew Hale, down next."

"Well; she has found a great deal that is very interesting in Ormerod, I must say. I was quite surprised when she read some little bits. She says it is worth its weight in gold nearly, and that we ought to be proud to have it in the house. She wanted to find Sir Philip Grey Egerton's letter from King Charles I., asking for some money to assist him in his difficulties. She knows the letter is at Oulton, but thought a copy might have been in Ormerod. Here she is. Well; have you been amused, Fanny?"

"Yes; very much. To think how books are wasted on some people, and lovely country, and trees and garden, and all the flowers and birds, because they do not open their eyes! It is quite wonderful. The other day, I heard a lady say she did not know one tree from another when they had no leaves on; as if the leaves altered the shape and growth of the tree the least in the world!"

"Well; some day I should like to hear all your extracts from Ormerod very much. Just the cream, without all the skim milk, is very pleasant."

"I think all the interesting bits might be arranged together and published in a magazine, and then I might get some money for our new church. I do want money very badly, and I should like to get it out of my brains some day. There's Harry laughing at me! Why should I not? Women have done it, and will do it again. Have you written your verses for Aunt Grey's birthday to-morrow, Harry?"

"Not quite: at least no one could read them but me, and we are not to read our own. Helen says she read, somewhere, that no poet can read his or her own productions aloud; there comes a choking, and you are so afraid of being thought conceited, that you murder all your best parts. I am so shy I feel certain I never could read mine; so somebody else is to have the honour. You may, if you like, Fanny: you are so blue; I feel certain you would do them justice."

"Thank you, Harry, for the compliment. How

"The papers are all to be put into a bag, and each of us take one out in turn. Of course you will avoid your own. I hope to have the pleasure of reading Anne's."

"I have got off it altogether. You know, or at least Mamma knows, I never could write two lines of anything in my life; and fancy being put to write poetry! I will make the bag, and hold it, and decide on the respective merits of the productions, if you like; but preserve me from assisting any further. Helen may write two, and give me the credit of one, if she likes; and dear mother is so proud of all our attempts at anything, it is quite a pleasure to see her face."

"Why not ask me to write an extra one for you, Anne? As it happens I have one, a parody on Helen's young Royalist, which would just suit you. Tell me if you like it. "Oh for the days of freedom,
Of the glorious Commonwealth!
Down, down with Church and King!
Here's to mighty Cromwell's health!
Before that pious warrior
Had cut off Charles's head,
Old England had no safety,
At the King's caprice she bled."

"Harry, are you quite, quite distracted? If you would but come a little nearer, that I might pinch you, it would be a great relief to my feelings."

"Perhaps to your moral ones, it might; but certainly not to my physical ones," Harry said, laughing. "But you may be quite easy, my dear Anne: I could not go on any farther. Of all odious characters, Cromwell's is the worst I think: he makes me sick, the hypocrite. Here's luncheon. Hurra!"

"What a lovely view!" exclaimed Fanny Wilmot, as the little party, after climbing up the steep Mill-lane, turned round to recover their breath; "How beautiful it is all down the valley, and how

grand the church appears from here."

"The church is grand everywhere, and the bells are one of the seven wonders of Wales, which we puzzled with the seven wonders of the world when we were children. Positively there is a yew-tree in the churchyard, larger than any other in the whole of Great Britain or Ireland. It is mentioned in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Really Fanny, you need not look incredulous: you will find it under yew; if it will not be beneath you to look for it. That's a pun for Anne; she is so fond of them."

"Harry, you know I think puns are atrocious. If bad, you cannot find them out; and if good, they make you angry. Harry is right about the yewtree, Fan. And there are two old monuments in the church, of the early part of the fourteenth century. One has a shield and lance carved in basrelief on a flat stone; and the other, on the south side nearly opposite, has a knight in mail, under a similar low canopy. His hand is on his sword hilt, which he wears, curiously enough, on his right side; and he seems in the act of sheathing it, as if to signify that his warfare as a Christian soldier was ended. They are both nearly hidden by frightful pews, which some day I hope may be done away with. We must go on with our walk now, and to-morrow you shall go up to the church."

"I dare say you have some wild flowers that will be new to me here. Lyla, will you get me a nosegay? Pick all the flowers you can find, and we will put them in water for Grandmamma, when we

get home."

"Lyla will like doing that, she is so fond of flowers," said Anne, as the child sprang half-way up the bank for some graceful harebells and yellow toad-flax. "When the arum was brought into the drawing-room, I found her by herself, dancing round it in her white frock, clapping her hands, and saying, 'Oh, you beautiful thing, how lovely you are!' We have some wild flowers that are not common everywhere, I believe. One is the great yellow

mullein; and on Caergwrle Castle-hill the cotyledon grows,—that is very pretty We have found some of the curious orchises too, and the real deadly nightshade. My mother wanted to root it up; but it is so handsome, and there is no road near the field where it is, so we persuaded her to leave it."

"Where is Caer-what did you call the castle?" "Caergwrle!" exclaimed Harry, "pronounced Kurgurluy, but spelt by the amiable Welsh, to puzzle the Sassenachs, Caergwrle. There it is. You catch a glimpse of the ruins now between those trees. Edward I. and his Queen stopped there, during the royal progress into Wales, when he was on his way to Cærnarvon, to do the poor Welsh with a prince who could speak no English. The castle took fire the very night they were there, and the Queen was hurried down the hill into the village of Hope; called, in consequence, "Queen's Hope," to this very day. There, upon the left, is Bryn-y-Ochin, a very fine mountain amidst our other molehills; and at the foot of it is a place spelt Cefn-y-Bedd, which a lady frightened a real Welshman by pronouncing "Seven in a bed." It means the "Ridge of Graves," so we may suppose a battle took place somewhere near there once upon a time. Have I not given you all this information remarkably well? Nearly equal to Murray's handbook I vow. If you are sufficiently grateful, I will give you some more, I am so fond of the dear old place! When we get round that corner, we shall catch a glimpse of our river again: it is quiet enough now, but you should just see it after a sudden thunder-storm or rain in the hills. You could scarcely believe it to be the same. famous 'Hallelujah' Battle was fought on the banks of it a few miles higher up, near Mold, and they say numbers of the heathen were drowned in their flight. A guide-book facetiously remarks that the Alyn would not drown a mouse; but in a flood no man could stand against the stream, except, perhaps, Sir William of Deloraine, and his dapple grey steed. Do you like ghost stories, Fan? and will you promise to believe this one? Well; I will try you; and mind you do not believe anything Anne says to its prejudice.

"Miss Clough told us the other day of the gold armour that was found near the 'Hallelujah' battlefield. She and her sister were passing a field, called the Ghost Field, in which some men were digging for gravel, and they called out to her that they had found a big blue stone, like a tombstone. Miss Clough went to see what it was, and, on lifting the stone, there was a beautiful gold cuirass, quite bright and elaborately worked. By it was an earthenware urn, in which they suppose the burnt bones of the once stalwart warrior had been deposited, and there was also a quantity of curious beads, some of coloured glass, others white, with variegated spots. The cuirass was so large that it must have belonged to a huge man. It is now in the British Museum; but before it was sent there, many little bits were broken off in memoriam, and made into rings, &c. Wise heads differ as to its being Roman or English; but it is curious that years before it was found the name of the field in Welsh was "The field of the Gold Knight," and it was called the Ghost Field. Children called it the Fairy Field, and would not go near it after dusk; and one man Miss Clough knows well, who frequented a public-house beyond it, used to tell his wife she must come for him, as he was afraid to pass the Ghost Field at night, for he always saw a very big man in gold, running round a haystack, and he was afraid he would get hold of him. The old woman thought this was only a drunken fancy of her husband's; but when the gold armour was found, just where the haystack had stood, she was firmly convinced that he must have seen the ghost of the Gold Knight."

"And pray, since the armour has been deposited in the British Museum, has the big man left off

running round the haystack?"

"I do not intend answering that question, which is remarkably like one of Anne's. I thought you were too romantic to press a good story too far, Fanny. Still there is no mistake about the cuirass being found, and every one knows that the field bore that name, and always will of course. But there is poor Betty's long stove-pipe, right a-head of us, between those two large oaks."

"Aunty, I am tired, and I do not want to go

any farther."

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"What is the matter, Lyla darling? Does your boot hurt you; I think you must have a stone in it. There, it is out now, and we can go on. You would not like us to turn back, when we are so near the poor sick woman; she would be so glad if she could walk, Lyla."

"Is she pretty, Aunty? I don't like ugly people at all. I told Sarah yesterday she was very ugly, and I did not like her; but she said I was very rude,

and must not speak so."

"No, Lyla, because we cannot make ourselves either ugly or pretty; and it is not kind to hurt people's feelings. Sarah is so kind and good that

you ought to be very fond of her."

"She is rather cross sometimes, Aunty Anne, I can tell you. Just because I said, 'Take off my boots this minute! What's the use of servants if you don't do what I tell you?' she put me in the corner. I always used to say that to my Ayah, and stamp my foot if she was not quick; and when I rode on my pony in India, old Ayah used to walk by me, and a man walked on the other side, and another behind the pony; and if I said a word, they obeyed me at once, and called me 'the Judge Saheb's daughter,' and made me a low salaam, just as they did to Mamma. Sarah ought to call me Miss Vivian; but sometimes she only calls me Lyla; and when I told her how I used to be treated, she thanked her stars (I don't know what that means, Aunty), there were no black people in England: and she said my mamma would get no servant to stay with her if she spoke like me. But Mamma never does, and she never did either to old Ayah. And Ayah cried a great deal when we came away from India, and I was sorry

afterwards I had not said good-bye and kissed her; but I was looking at the ship—it looked so strange on the great water—and never thought of her any more. You are not going to this nasty little house, Aunty?"

"Yes, Lyla; and I want you to see Betty, the poor sick woman, for a few minutes. Mamma wished you to see her; and then you may come down and wait in the lane picking flowers, if you

like, till we come out."

"How do you do, Jane, to-day?" Anne Grey said, addressing the old stepmother as she entered. "And how is Ellen and your new grandchild?"

"I'm but poorly, ma'am, myself; got a cold, I think, in my bones; very bad I was last night, to be sure: could not sleep for coughing—my breath so short—and aching so bad—pains all over me. Ellen laid up. I'm just worked to death by day, and gets no rest at nights. Poor folks mustn't complain—just scratch on as they can."

"The cold winds are nearly over now, and I daresay you will soon be better when the warm weather comes; though I hoped you would not have been so bad, with the nice flannel jackets my mother

sent you. How is Ellen?"

"The flannel is well enough, though I've seen better: she's well enough, is Ellen. She's upstairs, ma'am; not been down yet. I've all to do myself, and I'm almost done, I am."

"And the baby—is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl, ma'am, another girl. We had enough already. 'Another mouth to feed,' says I to Ellen. Well, to be sure, poor folks mustn't complain!"

"We are going up to see Betty. I hope she is a little better than when I was here last time:" and up the steep narrow stair the four went to Betty's room—the room she had never been out of

for twenty-two years!

Can any of you, my young readers, imagine for a moment being confined to your warm, pleasant nursery, for one year? or to your own room? You know the delight with which a girl looks forward to being promoted from the nursery to a small room of her own, near Mamma, in which she can hang her pictures, and keep her treasures safe from all the little prying fingers, that have sometimes unwittingly done mischief upstairs. Suppose she were told she would be obliged to stay there—her own dear nice little room; stay in it for three years—five—ten years?

Betty Wynne had been in her small, wretched room, without even seeing a fire or candle, for fourteen years. The last eight years (since Mrs. Grey and her daughters had found her out) she had been more comfortable: but, still, what would it appear in point of comfort to any of you? Do you remember, when you had the measles, how tiresome you thought it to be kept in one room, away from your brothers and sisters, though you were not very ill, and were not many days in bed, and the door was open into Mamma's room all day. And when the doctor said you might get up and come into Mamma's room for a change, how you wanted to go to the schoolroom or nursery, because it was

so dull, though every one was kinder to you than ever. You had new books to read, and a new paint-box, very little medicine to take, and most of the strawberries were brought to you. It was early in June, and there were not many ripe; but I am sure Mamma never ate one herself, that you might have more, and yet you can remember saying you hated being ill, and it was very hard keeping you in that room, when you were well enough to go about, just because the little ones had not had the measles. You forgot all that time the little ones were not allowed their favourite game at play in Mamma's room, and that you had Mamma almost

entirely to yourself.

My dear children, next time you are ill, think of Betty Wynne. I am not telling you a pretty story to amuse you. I am telling you of a real woman, who lived near my house, and died in December, 1859, after being confined to her bed nearly forty years. We could not feel sorry when we heard she was dead. It must have been a happy day for her. I never saw patience like hers; and she scarcely ever complained, though her poor back made one's heart ache, it was so sore. A little girl collected money enough to get a water-bed for her, which greatly alleviated her sufferings during the last two years of her life. The relief it gave her she expressed by saying, "I know now what it must be to be in heaven,—what Lazarus felt lying in Abraham's bosom."

"Well, Betty, how are you?" Anne Grey said,

taking the thin white hand in hers.

"Eh, Miss Grey! I knowed your step, ma'am, as soon as ever you opened the gate. I am so glad to see you, ma'am, and Mr. Harry, too. He will be going soon I hear. Little Jane said, when she brought my dinner from the hall, the servants told her Mr. Harry was soon to start. It will be a sad day for you and Mrs. Grey! How is Mrs. Grey, ma'am?"

"My mother is very well, thank you, Betty. This is my cousin, Miss Wilmot, and this is my little niece, whom I told you had come all the way

from India."

"Eh, dear; and Mr. Harry's going there, too! How long will it take you, Master Harry? I've got a picture of a ship in one of my books, and it goes along the water like a duck, they tell me. Ellen's got a nephew, who's been in Liverpool, and he told me about the ships, and he says some has chimneys and goes with wheels turning round like the mill-wheel."

"Yes, Betty, they go by steam; like the railway trains; which you can hear, though you have

never seen them."

"No, Mr. Harry, I've never seen them, I never shall. I don't mind not seeing that sort of thing; but sometimes I long to see the cows and sheep, and lambs running about; and apples growing on the trees—they was beautiful. But I can see that poplar tree as I lie you see, and I can see the stars at night, and eh, I am glad when the moon shines."

"Are you in much pain to-day, Betty?"

"No, Miss Grey; I'm very comfortable. I've everything to make me comfortable. I often think

of those years when no one knew of me, before she ever heard of me that's gone to her rest, above the blessed moon and stars. I think of all she did for me, and you too; and I'm thankful, eh Miss Grey, I am thankful to be as I am. Look you, ma'am," she said to Fanny Wilmot, "I never had seen a fire for twenty-one years, and I said one cold day to dear Miss Grey last year I never should see one again, and, would you believe, within the week Mrs. Grey sent me that stove, and Ellis Roberts came and put it up for me, and it does look cheerful, and keeps me warm, and keeps my dinner warm, and the children come in and warm themselves. I am comfortable; thank God for it!"

"Well, Betty, I thought, the last time I was here, you would do better if you had a candlestick against the wall. You would be able to read or knit better with the light at your back, I am sure; so I have brought you this as a keepsake; and I've nails and a hammer, and I will put it up for you myself. Let me see where you will have it, so that you can light it without any fear of setting yourself

on fire."

"Eh, Mr. Harry; thank you, sir! I do call it good of you, indeed I do, Mr. Harry, to think of me that way! God bless you for it! I think a deal more of your putting yourself out of your way to come here than I do of Miss Grey. Not that I don't pray God to bless her night and morning, and many times in the day; but it seems to come natural like to her; and for a young gentleman like you to think of such as me, it is good. Isn't it good of Mr. Harry now, Miss Grey?"

"Yes, Betty; it was a very kind thought, and he went to Hexham this morning to get it. Now let us see where we had better put it. Lyla, you hold Uncle Harry's nails for him; you will like to help in putting up Betty's candlestick, won't you?"

"Yes, Aunty; but I shall be very glad to get out into the lane again, though I won't go by myself; for my flowers are all withered, and I'm tired of being here." Her aunt looked grave for a moment at the child; but Betty said, "It's true, Miss Grey. I'm not like anything she's ever seen before, and sickness has to be learnt; it doesn't come all at once to any of us, least of all to a child. May she be long before she knows it: it's a hard lesson at first! Miss Vivian dear, when I was a little girl and could walk, I used to be sent to carry dinner twice a-week from the big house in our village to an old woman who could not get out of bed. I little thought then what was to come to me. Will you bring me a flower from the hedge next time you come with your aunt to see me?"

"You may have these if you like, for they are quite withered, my hands are so hot, and I don't

want them," said Lyla.

"Thank you, my dear; they're very sweet. I'll put them in my mug on my shelf. Miss Grey, you know who gave me that mug, and she used often to put a flower in for me, and say, our Lord had bid us consider the lilies of the field, and not fret, for He knew all we wanted, and it would all be right in time! and sometimes I would fret, and one

day I said to her, "I've been eighteen years in my

bed now, and I'm ready to go."

"No, no, Betty," she said; "you're not ready yet. When we are ready, the Master will come and call for us." And she read me in the Bible of the man who had an infirmity thirty and eight years, and sometimes I think perhaps I shan't be ready before that, and I try not to fret, but be thankful for what I am now, to what I was before she came to see me. I thought she was like an angel that day, indeed, Miss Grey, when she came so quiet up the stairs. The door was open, but she stopped and said softly, "May I come in?" She'd got a pink gown, Miss Grey; I'd never seen one like it, and afterwards she gave me some bits for my patchwork quilt, and it's been washed often,-a pink gingham it was. That's a bit, Miss Grey, and here's another; and in her gown she'd got a big white lily. I hadn't seen a lily since before mother died. I was about ten. We'd a bit of garden and a cow then, and I could go about like any of them, but I was always small; and the summer mother died, I know I watched them tall white lilies come into flower; and one day I called to her, " Mother," says I, "I'm as tall as the lilies." And mother came to the door and looked at me as I stood by them, and she shook her head, and she said, "You're very small, Betty, very small, and very young to get on as you best can; but He cares for the lilies and sparrows, and He will take care for thee too." Then her cough came on very bad. I remember I got my face and pinny all yellow with the powder in the lilies. Mother died that summer, and I had never seen a lily since till that day when Miss Katherine came in so sudden. I hadn't looked at anything like her for fourteen years, Miss Grey; I don't know that I ever had; but, anyhow, for fourteen years I'd only seen father and my stepmother, William and Ellen, and neighbours, poor people like ourselves: so when she came in and stood by me, and said, 'Your father asked me to come to see yon,' I looked at her, and looked at her, and could not speak; and she took my hand, and asked me if I'd been there long; and when I said nigh upon fifteen years, at least it was over fourteen by five months, the tears stood in her eyes. Mr. Harry's like her often; isn't he, Miss Grey? I never shall forget her as I saw her first, that first day, and she said she'd get Mrs. Grey to tell the clergyman of me; she said there was a new gentleman come to help Mr. Trevor, who was very old, and that he would come to see me. I've never wanted for nothing since that day."

"I hope, Betty, you never will again; but it often grieves my mother to think how much might have been done all those years, if she had known of

your lying here."

"Ay, she said so many times to me, Miss Grey; and then she would say, 'Betty, it was God's will, and He was making you perfect; 'perfect through suffering.' It will help to make you patient when you are in great pain, and comfort you to remember those three words, 'perfect through suffering,' won't it, Betty?' And so I say them three words

often when I'm bad, and think on her that was made perfect before me; and, thank God, perfect without much suffering. She didn't want it; no, that she didn't, Miss Grey, dear. How bad I must have been to need all these many years to humble me!"

"No, Betty; I cannot think that. I always feel you will one day be able to say, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in me?' Only be faithful unto the end, and you will

have your reward."

"Please God, please God," said the sufferer, clasping her hands. "Miss Grey, it's called a journey, this world is; and sometimes I think it's like as if we were taking a walk, and you might say, 'Where's Miss Katherine?' and Mr. Harry or some one might answer, 'She's gone on;' that's all: we needn't be frightened to die if we think on it in that way; and then you'll walk on till you overtake her, and then you'll be missed like her. Some walk on quite straight, and soon reaches home; and some stays to play on the road with the flowers and pretty things, and they don't get home till night. I've many pleasant thoughts, like that, Miss Grey, dear, since I've had ladies to talk to, and the clergyman; and since I could read better; no one can tell the comfort that's been so many long hours and days. You both of you helped me and taught me, and all them black letters look like sunshine to me now. I've told you all this many times, Miss Grey; but you're very good, you never tire of me telling you."

"Aunty, I should like to see the little baby you talked about to the ugly old woman downstairs,"

said little Lyla.

"Where is the baby, Betty? Can my little niece see it? It was not in the cradle as we passed."

"Baby's with Ellen, ma'am. They never put the baby in the cradle till after it's been to church." "No? I did not know that. What's the reason, Betty?"

"There's no one to take care of it till it's baptized, Miss Grey; so it's in bed with it's mother till then; when it comes from church, she'll be safe by herself, and then they'll put her in the cradle."

"What a pretty idea!" exclaimed Fanny Wilmot and Anne Grey, together. "I never heard it before. Angels guard it after baptism; till then it is only safe with it's mother! Next time we come, you shall see the baby, Lyla; and you can make some clothes for it if you like, before then."

"There's another saying about babies, ma'am, hereabouts too. The mother bites their nails till they're a twelvementh old; if they are cut before

that, the child will be a thief."

"I wonder what the origin of that can be! Have you any more old sayings, Betty? I like to

hear them."

"Ellis Robert's father is very old, ma'am; ninety he'll be if he lives to St. Thomas' Day; Ellis told me when he put my stove up, he says, old folks used always to say, 'When the snow comes first to the feet of the dead, at the beginning of winter, it will be a very hard one. If it comes from the west it will not be so bad. He said that last year, and it was cold, wasn't it, Miss Grey? I don't think I could have got through it, but for Mrs. Grey sending me the stove.

"We must be going now, Betty," Anne Grey said; "Mr. Harry has put up your candlestick."

"Well, good-bye, Betty; I hope it will make you more comfortable when the long winter evenings come; I shall be far enough away by that time."

"Good-bye, Mr. Harry!" and the long transparent fingers clasped the young soldier's hand, and the large hollow eyes looked up into the handsome young face, so full of life and strength,—such a contrast to the suffering crippled form. "Goodbye, Mr. Harry, and bless you for all the many times you've come to see me, and said something cheery to me whenever you've come; and bless you for this last kind thought for me. It will not be forgotten, Mr. Harry, never! There's more than me will remember it; it's like the cup of cold water, and will get it's reward. I'll never see you again, Mr. Harry; never here. I hope you'll come back safe to Mrs. Grey and Miss Grey, and that I'll be resting under the yew-trees then, please God. I'll not be like this when we do meet again. It will be where all crooked things is made straight, and where there's no need of a candle, Mr. Harry. They need no candle, neither light of the sun. No fire, no candle never no more! but they'll know there and remember how you brought it me when I did need it; and may the true light shine over you and keep you always, Mr. Harry; God bless you, sir! God bless you, Miss Grey, ma'am! Please to give my dear love to Mrs. Grey and thank you many times for coming; good-bye, ma'am, good-bye."

"Harry dear, I am so glad you took it her," Anne Grey said, putting her hand through her brother's arm. Her eyes were full of tears, and Harry made no answer. He switched the heads of all the thistles and nettles along the hedgerow, and tried to whistle; he was rather ashamed poor Betty's words had brought a lump into his throat; but that night when Anne went to his room to read to him, a habit she had kept up from his boyhood, he said, "Read me what poor Betty Wynne said, about no candle nor light of the sun." And when she packed up his bible a few weeks after, she found he had marked that verse, "23rd May, 1856."

"I never saw any one like that poor woman," Fanny said, as they walked home. "So patient and thankful after living twenty-two years in that one room! And we grumble if it begins to rain when we happen to wish to go out! How different she was to the old step-mother! It's a pleasure to go

and see her."

"Yes, quite; and, as you see, I could bear her to talk of things I could not stand from any one else. All she says seems so natural and truthful; none of the artificial ways that even the poor acquire. Occasionally she asks for something, but it is in the simple way a child asks its mother for what it wants; and she is always grateful and contented."

"How was it no clergyman visited her all those years? such a thing could scarcely happen now."

"Our parish was an unfortunate one for many years. The vicar was abroad somewhere, having got into difficulties, and kept one curate to do the work of his large parish. He was here, poor old man, for more than forty years, on a very small stipend, out of which he latterly had to find another curate, when old age prevented his being able to do as much as formerly."

"Aunty, I should like to see the baby; but I do not want to make any clothes for it. I don't like

working at all; I prick my finger so."

"When you work better, you will not do that, my darling, and I am sure you would feel glad when you had done something you did not like, to be kind to the poor little baby. If you gave up a quarter of an hour of your playtime every day,—and you know you play nearly all the afternoon,—you would very soon make a little frock for it, and I know mamma would be so pleased if you did. And, Lyla dear, next time we go to see poor Betty, you shall take her some pretty flowers from the garden and give them to her. You did not mean to be unkind, I know; but I did not like to hear you say you gave her your nosegay because it was withered, and you did not want it yourself!"

[To be continued.]

THE FISHERMAN.

A noble man is the fisherman, A noble man is he; For noble is he who nobly does, Whatever his station be.

God made the earth and all thereon,
The sea and all therein;
The sea is full of treasures rare,
But who shall the treasures win?

Ay, who indeed but the fisherman?
An industrious man is he;
Like a sailor brave, he dares the wave
And the dangers of the sea.

O, I have been with the fisherman,
When the wild winds roared and raved,
And ravenous death rode about in the storm
To forbid our being saved;

Rode about on the top of the crested waves, And gloried in the sight, Of seamen drowned, around and around, To glut his appetite.

Though the seaman's life is a dangerous one,
He must either work or want,
And none but the sick or weakly one
Can truly say "I can't."

O, I have been with the fisherman When morning 'gan to break, And I have seen the fisherman Feel proud of his morning's "take."

Yes, justly proud and grateful too;
For firmly he believes
That he is indebted to Providence
For the blessings he receives.

Brave fisherman, thou 'rt a daring man, And a noble man indeed; I have known thee long—I end my song

By wishing thee God-speed.

W. LEITH BREMNER.

THE HUGUENOT. BY J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it can never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

THESE happy words of the gifted but unfortunate Keats contain their own verification. The passage is, in itself, a thing of beauty, and won a place in our memory from the time we first met with it. Often, very often, has it recurred to our minds, when some novel thing of beauty has presented itself, or when the electric touch of association has called into vivid remembrance the more pleasing results of past observation. And these are not rare occasions. For though in nature, art, and experience, there is much that is painful and repulsive, there is also much that is beautiful and attractive. Few are the minds which do not treasure up, and recall with pleasure, a multitude of pathetic, soothing, or inspiring images and descriptions, around which the genius of some poet has thrown the charmed drapery of his "winged words." The painter, too, by the rich creations of his pencil, has enabled us to form within the quiet chambers of our minds picture galleries where we may wander at our will, making acquaintance with the facts of the dead past, or holding communion with principles which are never old and can never die. More beautiful and precious still, than aught that poets have written or painters depicted, are the multiform strains of Beethoven and Mozart, Handel and Mendelssohn, and the more familiar melodies of lesser name, which, heard and uttered by us again and again, spring to our lips in moods of sadness or of joy as the unconscious musical expression of the soul. But above all that man has wrought are the things of beauty with which God himself has enriched the world. We need not go to distant lands before we can pronounce the verdict that it is a beautiful world. Have we not with our own eyes beheld, in our own land, scenes of beauty which have for a time smitten all grossness out of us, and filled us with pure joyousness and unspeakable yearnings after the perfectly beautiful and absolutely good—scenes which can never be effaced from memory, but which will survive a thousand changes and remain to the end of life? Yes, indeed, and many of them at the bare thought come fresh as ever before us as we write. Sweet glades in shady woods, and green river-sides, and broad valleys where the herds luxuriously pasture and sport, and long ridges and spurs of cultivated hills, with towns and villages nestling by their sides, and rough strong mountains that lift their heads into the clouds, and wide estuaries and curved bays with the sun going down to the edge of the western waves in passionate splendour of gold and red, which flashes back upon the undulating waters, the white sails, and the purple rocks. But where are we going? We must stop the rapid career of our | wicked. He took to caressing them; he pretended

delighted recollection, and at once declare that the picture of which we are going to speak is one of the artistic things of beauty which we most cherish, and most delight to honour. Never do we look upon the engraving of it as it hangs upon the parlour wall, or meets our view in the printseller's window, without feeling it to be such. For to us, and doubtless to most persons, it tells of the moral sublimity which is possible to our nature, and which is realised whenever high duty triumphs over strong adverse inclination, while at the same time it appeals to our tenderest emotions and noblest sympathies. Let us attempt to explain it.

Looking at it simply as a sheet of printed paper the pattern is as follows.—Standing in front of, and near to, a wall overgrown with creeping plants, are two persons, a fair girl and a stalwart youth, dressed in the costume of a byegone age. confront and partially embrace one another. With intent gaze he looks down into her face, which he holds back lovingly with his left hand, while his right arm passes round her neck, and the fingers of his right hand hold, and prevent the fastening of, a white kerchief which she is trying to tie upon his left arm. Thwarted in her wish, it is not peevishness, but mental pain, which we read in her pale upturned face. Thus they stand; their wills at variance, but evidently not their hearts. This then is the pattern, a beautiful one and exquisitely wrought, but not particularly impressive. For what more common as to occurrence, and often as to character, than disagreements even between those who truly love one another?

So far we have merely an agreeable picture without any pretence to greatness, something which a mediocre artist might achieve. But, looking at the title, the whole design of the painter unfolds itself at once to us, and we pronounce him a poet and his work a veritable poem. It is "The Huguenot - Eve of Saint Bartholomew's day, 1572."

"Black Bartholomew" indeed! For fifty years the doctrines of the Reformation had been making way in France, and had attained an amount of acceptance which threatened the subordination and destruction of the Romish Church. The new faith was predominant in hundreds of towns and cities. It ruled whole provinces. It numbered amongst its adherents large numbers of the rich and the powerful, the wearers of coronets and crowns. It was invincible in argument. It defied the sword. In fair collision it could not be put down. But might not other means be more successfully employed? If the leaders could be summarily cut off would not the movement collapse, would not the tide of reformation ebb? These suggestions entered the congenial minds of Catherine de Medicis and her son Charles IX., and formed the nucleus of a tragic plot which fills one of the saddest and darkest pages of history. "In the mean time the King, being satisfied that he could never subdue the Huguenots by force, resolved to employ other methods, more easy, but much more

that he wished to treat them favourably; he granted them the greater part of their demands, and lulled them with the hope of making war in the Netherlands against Spain, which they passionately desired. And, the better to decoy them, he promised, as a pledge of his faith, that his sister Margaret should be married to our Henry, (afterwards Henry IV.) so that by these means he drew the principal chiefs of that party to Paris."-(Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris. Hist. de Henri le Grand.) The marriage took place on August 18th, and on the evening of the 23rd the final arrangements for the massacre were made. Troops were prepared in readiness, and the trade companies gathered in arms by midnight at the Hotel-de-Ville. Their instructions were, that directly the great bell of the palace rang, torches were to be placed in the windows, and chains fixed across the streets, while piquets were stationed in open places to intercept the fugitive Protestants. The agents of death were to wear, for distinction, pieces of white linen upon their left arms, and to place white crosses in their hats. At two o'clock on that sabbath (!) morning, the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang out upon the still summer air, and was answered by all the bells of the city. Then from every quarter of the city arose the startling sounds of strife, the shouts of the murderers, and the cries of their surprised and unarmed victims. Upon those deeds of horror we do not care to dwell. Suffice it to say that for six days the dreadful revelry was continued, and that the number of persons who fell in the capital alone was upwards of six thousand.

Turning again to the picture, we find ourselves now in a position to interpret it. The young man is a Huguenot; probably a person of rank, but certainly one of the proscribed. His fair betrothed is a Catholic. She knows something of the plot, and the terrible risk to which he will shortly be exposed. She meets him at the quiet accustomed trysting-place; she tells him of the design, and plies her appeals with tremulous earnestness. Oh that he would renounce his Protestantism, and make his peace with the Church! No? Then he must, at least, wear the Catholic badge for a while. He will not? For her sake he must. For the sake of past endearments, for the sake of the love which is enthroned in both their hearts, for the sake of bright hope he must. May she not bind her kerchief round his arm? No! With infinite tenderness, and yet with firmest resolution, no! It is a tragedy of hearts: hers, with its love wrought up into agony through fear for the safety of its object; his, majestically decreeing that its real, strong, and faithful affection shall be subordinate to loyal reverence for the truth of God, and the demands of conscience. It is a case where no compromise is possible, but where the joy of life must be, perhaps for ever, surrendered. Look at his face. It wears no sign of anger or of irresolution, but bends towards hers with an aspect of calmness and reassuring love which conceals the grief that must be within. Look at the poor girl. Her countenance is very pale, and full of pain, true

index of her soul. Poor suffering hearts! so young; so loving; once so hopeful, but now so crushed; "smitten and withered like grass!" What was their fate? We cannot leave them where the picture does; we must trace them a little farther, though in mere conjecture. Did he escape? We feel that he did not, for we are sure that

"To tread the paths of death he stood prepared, And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."

and fell beneath the blows of murderous assailants, faithful unto death. And she? Perhaps, in the frenzy of her widowed heart, she plunged into the bloody waters of the Seine.

"Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery Swift to be hurled— Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

Perhaps, like an opening blossom that is stricken by the frost, she pined away and died. Perhaps she sought the quiet seclusion of the convent, consecrating the remainder of her life to works of gentle sympathy and helpfulness. We know not.

Any how they stand for us as real persons, and represent one of those crises of human experience which most deeply probe the heart, make or mar the character, and fix a manifest impress upon the coming years, perhaps upon eternity. And we heartly thank the painter, who, by this exquisite production of his genius, speaks to our soul so silently, and yet so instructively, quickening our reflection and making us think of the moral baseness which can plot a deed of murder, the moral heroism which will surrender life but not truth, the awful mystery of suffering, and the bitter disappointments to which the lives of the purest and

noblest are often subject.

It would be too much to demand that the fine art of painting should always be educational in the highest sense. It exercises a legitimate function when it simply pleases by faithful representation. Flowers and fruit, seascapes and landscapes, pretty girlish faces and forms, boys at rough hearty play, and a host of other simple and natural subjects, faithfully portrayed with accurate outline and agreeable colouring, are worthy of respect and will always find admirers. We would not banish some of them from our home walls. But where children are growing up, and forming their characters for future life, we desire that their education should be assisted by the productions of highest art. And we believe such assistance to be real, though perhaps unconscious. Let parents, then, so far as they are able, provide it for their families. Let pictures such as this, pictures which combine the historically didactic and the morally poetical, look down upon them as familiar silent tutors, putting quiet disparagement upon cruelty and meanness, and evoking generous sympathies and high resolves. For who can say what stern demands the future has to make, what testing times of principle are in reserve for each young soul!

C. H. D.

THE STORY OF ST. URSULA.

DECIDEDLY the best story of the Rhine, and one of the most marvellous in kind! is that of the martyred Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin companions. This belongs to the romantic past. It ought to be of peculiar interest to us inhabitants of Britain, inasmuch as those noble heroines were from our own fair isle.

The story has other claims to attention from us. It is the earliest record of that spirit of female emigration which has taken such a rabid form in these latter days. It is pleasing to find that, sixteen hundred years ago, or thereabouts, young ladies were willing to leave Britain, in charge of sailors, en

route for distant realms and husbands.

It does not do to press the parallel too far, and show how those who went upon this connubial errand fell among savages, and were murdered in detail. We have every reason to believe that those who entrust themselves to the "Mersey," "Black Ball," "White Star," "Green's," &c., lines, will have a safer passage than these aforesaid eleven thousand and one, will meet with more hospitable treatment, and will be able to dwell in peace with the men of their choice.

But, leaving historical parallels, let us return to

tell this pretty story.

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It was our good fortune to fall in with St. Ursula in several places. At Ghent they tell of, I fear to say how many, of her companions' remains. One authority, in 1627, declares that the cathedral of that Flemish town has within its shrines eight of the eleven thousand virgins. Considering that they were all dead and buried at Cologne, one may be astonished to find that so many could get transported so far, or that the good Christians of Cologne would have permitted the sacrilegious robbery. But the story tells us that workmen made a traffic in these relics; and, selling at a cheap rate, got rid of so many, that a Papal brevet was necessary to restrain their improprieties.

Having seen this singular parchment, we may state, that after the preamble of "Boniface bishop, servant of servants, for the eternal memory of the event," it goes on to say, that being told by the magistrates and others of Cologne, that persons did traffic in these bones, he who should do so would be excommunicated. It closes with these words,—"Whoever dares commit this attentate, shall be despised from the Almighty, and the Saint Apostles

Peter and Paul."

We cannot be surprised when informed by the worthy pastor of the church that these relics "have been dispersed out of Cologne, through the whole of

Christendom."

It afforded us much pleasure when at Bruges, to be shewn a splendid wooden shrine, containing the fore-part of the arm of St. Ursula. The chief interest in our heretical eyes lays in the brilliant paintings upon the panels of this fine old chest.

The story runs, that, some four hundred years ago, John Hemling, perhaps the finest of the

old Flemish masters, came sick and poor to the hospital of St. John at Bruges, then the sanctuary of some kind-hearted monks, who paid every attention to the unfortunate artist. He, grateful for their care, and respecting their piety, returned their good will by painting a series to illustrate the history of the saint. These precious gems of art, clear and bright as if executed yesterday, with their multitude of figures and minuteness of detail, form, perhaps, the great attraction of Bruges.

If introduced to the martyrs in Belgium, we may be said to have made more perfect acquaintance

when we reached the Rhine at Cologne.

But we really must tell the story first, and

describe the relics after.

Tell the story,—ay! there lies the rub. When Hengist and Horsa have disappeared with Romulus and Remus from the page of history, and such sad havoc has been made with all our fairy tales of the past, it is no joke to work up materials from old chroniclers. The best, way is not to attempt to reconcile differences, but give the tales as they are told.

Well, then, about this said St. Ursula there are divers stories afloat. But all agree in one thing,—that she was a British Princess, one of the olden time, and that she was murdered at Cologne.

As to the period of the occurrence,—there we are quite at fault. Some of the narratives would lead us back to the middle of the third century, others to the fourth, and the rest to the sixth. But what matters about chronology, now that geology has given us millions upon millions of years we never calculated upon. So rich in time, we will not dispute about the fact that the ladies did come to grief at some period or other.

The version received by the Benedictines, and declared by Godfrey of Monmouth, our worthy old chronicler of the eleventh century, is the most

straightforward.

Maximus, the Roman General in Britain, started for the Purple, and took over with him to Gaul a strong force of Britons. They seized and held the province since called Bretagne. But as they preferred the lasses they left behind them to any of their Gaulish neighbours, requests were forwarded for an extensive shipment of female emigrants from the Oak Isle.

The ladies who then happened to be in single blessedness were regarded as the private property of their papas, as they now are considered by the enlightened continental Celts, to be disposable according to the paternal will. The application, therefore, of the young warriors on foreign service, was addressed to the Heads of Houses, and met

with a prompt reply.

The chief of the British levies, one Conanus, sought the hand of the daughter of a British Sovereign as his share in the speculation. Young Ursula, of course, was a lovely creature, for all heroines of romance are beautiful. Her own will in this matrimonial enterprise was not consulted, for daughters had none in those days, any more than they have in India, Turkey, Germany, France, &c.

So she was duly betrothed to the soldier, Conanus, and received orders to prepare her outfit for the

voyage to the colony.

The shipment was an extraordinary one, far beyond any fleet known in these vulgar modern days, for it consisted of eleven thousand virgins. Need it be said that they were specially selected for their singular personal charms? How the young fellows at home came to let such a cargo of beauty leave their shores is not the least wonder of the story. It is said by some that motives of genuine patriotism possessed them; they believed that such an emigration would be the better for their country. Others assume that they were governed by a greater love to their countrymen across the channel than for themselves. It is shrewdly guessed, however, that the whole was strictly a commercial transaction; and that some negro dealers of the East, hearing of the wants of the domestic hearths in Gaul, obtained specific orders from the young gentlemen in tattoo, with some satisfactory security in hand, and then steamed across to the huts of Britain. There they made bargains with papas, somewhat similar to those made in England at present, and obtained a full cargo.

As to the assertion, that this was very like slavery, we can only say, that the woman's condition was pretty nearly that all over the world, and no distinction was then made between white and black niggers. It is only within the last hundred years or so that Bristol has ceased to deal in the Celtic

lasses of Ireland for foreign market.

Anyhow, Godfrey of Monmouth assures us that the company was collected at London preparatory to embarkation from—not the present East India Docks. He adds that all this was against the maidens' wishes; but we do not know that for a certainty. We pass over the difficulty which the Marshalls and Greens of the period must have had to find berths for so large a number. Still, quietly criticising their acts, we cannot avoid condemning their policy in bringing the ladies all the way to London, giving them so much further to sail, when they could have been gathered quite as easily at Southampton, and be run across into Brittany in one-fourth the time. But, at this distance of ages, we cannot estimate the peculiar circumstances that governed the shipping agents. The geological changes have been so great that we must not speak too hastily of the condition of the Southampton port nearly two thousand years ago.

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our seamen: so they had to coast along to a certain point, and then make a dart across the Channel. Unfortunately, soon after they got out of the Thames they encountered a strong westerly gale. This stopped their coasting, and drove them out to sea. Here we are a little puzzled to trace the voyagers. They do not seem to have been wrecked on the German shore, whither they were driven by the storm; but, out of the vessels they were; and into those cramped quarters, and their sickly associations, the damsels were resolved not to enter again. What was to be done? Jack, as a general lover of the sex, would not like to be unkind to these forlorn young creatures, and was not bold enough to face the united will and force of eleven thousand and one. He was very sorry, and doubtless gave them a good round lecture about their papas, and especially their want of good faith to their husbands elect; beyond this he could do nothing but leave the silly things to their fate. Perhaps he told them the nursery story of the foolish lamb that got prowling outside of the fold, and was snapped up by a wolf.

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How they stared, and screamed, and wept, and scolded, and implored, and prayed! And how the Huns did laugh and grin, and mouth-water at such

an unexpected bon bouche!

They were all conducted in state to Attilla. Of course, he made the first selection, and took the pretty Princess Ursula. But she resented the approach of this dirty Scythian, and refused her hand. All the others did the same to other advancing gentlemen. They, one and all—the eleven thousand and one—declared their intention to immolate themselves on the altar of chastity, rather than surrender themselves to the fate of propagating Hunnism.

What could be done with these "rejected addresses?" As the Huns were not at home, but only out for pleasure, they could not burden themselves with such a number of prisoners. Courte-ously to send them back to their papas, or forward-

them to their betrothed spouses, was not likely to enter the heads of such barbarians. To spend time about courtship, so as to conquer them with attentions, was not to be thought of by men upon whose time politics made such constant demands.

No, no; vexed and irritated at the decline of their friendly offers, the Huns resolved to make use of other darts than those of Cupid's, since they refused his softer ones, and so they quickly

despatched the whole band.

According to history, this would be about the

year 450.

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But then one is puzzled to know why Ursula and the others should have been converted into saints of the church, more than other virgins slaughtered by the savages of that or other periods?

We turn to another legend for explanation. Although no name of a distinguished chronicler is attached to this, and although there are some difficulties in the narrative, still, as it gives a clue to the pious use of the bones, we hail it in preference to the more connected but negative yarn of Godfrey of Monmouth and the Benedictines.

Surius is the authority given for the following account, and the date of his tale is 1111,—almost as

remarkable as the 11001.

Therein we find that Ursula was born of Christian parents, in the year 220. Her father, Maurus, was one of the thousand and one kings in Britain. His next-door neighbour sovereign asked him for his daughter in marriage to his son.

So far, all well. But there were two obstacles in the way of this maiden, then only seventeen years of age; the one was that Prince Conanus was a Pagan, and the other, that she had resolved to

enter a nunnery.

Now, although history does not speak of nunneries so early in Britain, or elsewhere, still that does not invalidate the story of her devotion to single blessedness. As fathers were not then able to understand any clerical interference with their pleasure, it was not to be supposed that the least hope remained for this would-be virgin to retain her virginity. Her only way of escape was to give both papa and lover the slip. She resolved to fly and get to Rome, there to be baptized by no less a person than the Pope himself, (an ambitious lass this princess!) and there to take upon herself the yows.

But though the interested gentlemen were not to know anything about it, the notion got wind among the ladies, the "Tatler" being taken in by all respectable maidens in Britain. A host of Ursula's young friends determined to accompany her. Her immediate private circle of youthful companions made up their minds to give up all thoughts of matrimony, and voted to be nuns. The number of these intimates of the princess was only eleven thousand.

It might seem to be a difficulty for them all to conduct their enterprise with discretion; and,

especially, to raise funds for the object.

But they did—so says the story. The whole got away safely, and not a single postchaise with an

angry guardian was known to be on the road after them. The legend says, that eleven vessels carried them across the Channel. Each would carry a thousand virgins. What a precious freight!

The cynical doubter of this age of Baconian philosophy, will absurdly ask how the craft of the day could have found room for so many young ladies, to say nothing of the vast array of bundles, boxes, bonnet-boxes, &c., &c., the necessary accompaniment of that branch of the public service; yet it is not our intention to answer such quibbles, but to proceed with the maidens.

According to the assertion of the Rev. F. Vill, of Cologne, they all landed safely at Thiel, in

Holland.

In our day the main route to Rome with many travellers is still the same as that taken by the British virgins. They proceeded to sail up the Rhine to Switzerland. This was no easy work; for the tide is strongly set for the sea, and winds are not always favourable. But the voyage, if tedious, was made agreeable by the attentions of the inhabitants of the Rhine, who everywhere most hospitably treated the eleven thousand and one.

They got safely to Bâsle. They doubtless thought it no difficulty to continue their route, and even sail up the Falls of Schaffhausen. But the Bishop of Bâsle, who knew better, advised them to land, and he would show them the way over the Alps,

and take them to Rome.

As we have gone from Basle over the Alps ourselves, and that along the noble Simplon road, we can fancy what a pretty journey these dear young creatures must have had. We had a carriage; they had none. We had hotels at which we got our refreshment, and sleep in a comfortable bed; they had none. Poor things! without shoes and stockings, to expose their tender feet to those rough rocks and the cold snow!

However did the good bishop Pantalus provide them with a night's lodging on that terrible journey? I would like to know what commissarygeneral of England, with all modern appliances and comforts, would like to undertake to convey eleven

thousand virgins over the Alps.

But over they got, losing none by the way, and increasing none by the way; for it is ever the eleven

thousand and one.

They trod the streets of old Imperial Rome. Rather a difficulty this in the era of persecutions. But, according to a sacred painting we have seen, the Pope met the throng outside, and conducted them in triumph to his quarters.

Here, after visiting the lions of the city, they received all necessary instructions for their future virgin life. They were duly baptized; and Ursula had her wishes fully indulged, having been admitted to the Church through that rite by the

Pope himself.

As it may interest some, who think and write much about the Baptismal controversy, to know the manner in which this sacrament was administered at that early date, we are happy in being able to give a luminous description, from a highly inteSo she was duly betrothed to the soldier, Conanus, and received orders to prepare her outfit for the

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How they stared, and screamed, and wept, and scolded, and implored, and prayed! And how the Huns did laugh and grin, and mouth-water at such

an unexpected bon bouche!

They were all conducted in state to Attilla. Of course, he made the first selection, and took the pretty Princess Ursula. But she resented the approach of this dirty Scythian, and refused her hand. All the others did the same to other advancing gentlemen. They, one and all—the eleven thousand and one—declared their intention to immolate themselves on the altar of chastity, rather than surrender themselves to the fate of propagating Hunnism.

What could be done with these "rejected addresses?" As the Huns were not at home, but only out for pleasure, they could not burden themselves with such a number of prisoners. Courte-ously to send them back to their papas, or forward-

them to their betrothed spouses, was not likely to enter the heads of such barbarians. To spend time about courtship, so as to conquer them with attentions, was not to be thought of by men upon whose time politics made such constant demands.

No, no; vexed and irritated at the decline of their friendly offers, the Huns resolved to make use of other darts than those of Cupid's, since they refused his softer ones, and so they quickly despatched the whole band.

According to history, this would be about the

year 450.

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But then one is puzzled to know why Ursula and the others should have been converted into saints of the church, more than other virgins slaughtered by the savages of that or other periods?

We turn to another legend for explanation. Although no name of a distinguished chronicler is attached to this, and although there are some difficulties in the narrative, still, as it gives a clue to the pious use of the bones, we hail it in preference to the more connected but negative yarn of Godfrey of Monmouth and the Benedictines.

Surius is the authority given for the following account, and the date of his tale is 1111,—almost as

remarkable as the 11001.

Therein we find that Ursula was born of Christian parents, in the year 220. Her father, Maurus, was one of the thousand and one kings in Britain. His next-door neighbour sovereign asked him for his daughter in marriage to his son.

So far, all well. But there were two obstacles in the way of this maiden, then only seventeen years of age; the one was that Prince Conanus was a Pagan, and the other, that she had resolved to

enter a nunnery.

Now, although history does not speak of nunneries so early in Britain, or elsewhere, still that does not invalidate the story of her devotion to single blessedness. As fathers were not then able to understand any clerical interference with their pleasure, it was not to be supposed that the least hope remained for this would-be virgin to retain her virginity. Her only way of escape was to give both papa and lover the slip. She resolved to fly and get to Rome, there to be baptized by no less a person than the Pope himself, (an ambitious lass this princess!) and there to take upon herself the vows.

But though the interested gentlemen were not to know anything about it, the notion got wind among the ladies, the "Tatler" being taken in by all respectable maidens in Britain. A host of Ursula's young friends determined to accompany her. Her immediate private circle of youthful companions made up their minds to give up all thoughts of matrimony, and voted to be nuns. The number of these intimates of the princess was only eleven thousand.

It might seem to be a difficulty for them all to conduct their enterprise with discretion; and, especially, to raise funds for the object.

But they did—so says the story. The whole got away safely, and not a single postchaise with an

angry guardian was known to be on the road after them. The legend says, that eleven vessels carried them across the Channel. Each would carry a thousand virgins. What a precious freight!

The cynical doubter of this age of Baconian philosophy, will absurdly ask how the craft of the day could have found room for so many young ladies, to say nothing of the vast array of bundles, boxes, bonnet-boxes, &c., &c., the necessary accompaniment of that branch of the public service; yet it is not our intention to answer such quibbles, but to proceed with the maidens.

According to the assertion of the Rev. F. Vill, of Cologne, they all landed safely at Thiel, in

Holland.

In our day the main route to Rome with many travellers is still the same as that taken by the British virgins. They proceeded to sail up the Rhine to Switzerland. This was no easy work; for the tide is strongly set for the sea, and winds are not always favourable. But the voyage, if tedious, was made agreeable by the attentions of the inhabitants of the Rhine, who everywhere most hospitably treated the eleven thousand and one.

They got safely to Bâsle. They doubtless thought it no difficulty to continue their route, and even sail up the Falls of Schaffhausen. But the Bishop of Bâsle, who knew better, advised them to land, and he would show them the way over the Alps,

and take them to Rome.

As we have gone from Basle over the Alps ourselves, and that along the noble Simplon road, we can fancy what a pretty journey these dear young creatures must have had. We had a carriage; they had none. We had hotels at which we got our refreshment, and sleep in a comfortable bed; they had none. Poor things! without shoes and stockings, to expose their tender feet to those rough rocks and the cold snow!

However did the good bishop Pantalus provide them with a night's lodging on that terrible journey? I would like to know what commissarygeneral of England, with all modern appliances and comforts, would like to undertake to convey eleven

thousand virgins over the Alps.

But over they got, losing none by the way, and increasing none by the way; for it is ever the eleven

They trod the streets of old Imperial Rome. Rather a difficulty this in the era of persecutions. But, according to a sacred painting we have seen, the Pope met the throng outside, and conducted them in triumph to his quarters.

Here, after visiting the lions of the city, they received all necessary instructions for their future virgin life. They were duly baptized; and Ursula had her wishes fully indulged, having been admitted to the Church through that rite by the

Pope himself.

As it may interest some, who think and write much about the Baptismal controversy, to know the manner in which this sacrament was administered at that early date, we are happy in being able to give a luminous description, from a highly interesting old painting, yet preserved in the church of St. Ursula, Cologne, which depicts the ceremony. It shows what the artist then believed to be the accepted opinion of his day. Had the church entertained any view opposed to this, or did the clerical authorities now repudiate the assumption of the practice having been as there so distinctly delineated, we should not have had the opportunity of seeing the picture still hanging in the sacred edifice, in a conspicuous place, the object of devout admiration.

We may observe, in passing, that the pictorial illustration of St. Ursula's baptism bears an exact resemblance, in the leading features, to that curious old print, copied into the Pictorial History of England, which represents the baptism of the Saracenic mother of Thomas à Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury. This still more strongly evidences the mode of baptism of adults in the early ages of the church, and commends itself to the notice of those blind followers of Christian precedents.

The picture we saw in the church was called the baptism of St. Ursula. There is a very gay party present. The Pope is standing beside the huge baptistery, which was no hand-basin. He has around him bishops and other princes of the church, assembled to do honour at the initiation of this beautiful and pious princess from the woods of Britain, and no bad specimen of the angels which good Gregory believed came from the little island.

The ceremony is about to commence. The fair novitiate is ready for the water, and has clearly prepared for something more than a modern sprinkling. She is represented standing upright in the font, with hands in the attitude of prayer, and facing the spectator. But we were sadly scandalized to notice that she is perfectly naked! She has not even the transparent drapery allowed to Venus by artists. Yet as it is so with the dark beauty that cried for her crusading lover, "Gilbert," through the streets of London seven centuries ago, and received baptism before marriage, we presume that was the mode of baptism then; at least, with distinguished persons like those of the daughter of an Emir of Syria, or the affianced wife of a British prince.

Ursula is said to have taken the veil after her baptism, along with all the rest of the eleven

Yet we cannot but think that for these nuns to set out alone, again tramping it over the Alps, and sailing it down the Rhine, was highly indecorous, and even dangerous. Alas! nuns in after ages were not allowed such liberty.

Well, back came the eleven thousand and one over the old Hannibal vinegar route of the Alps, in spite of avalanches and snow-storms. We do feel that the Romans might have made a subscription, and sent them "vid Marseilles," to avoid that dreadful "overland" route. Yet, nothing daunted, these fine, heroic ladies clambered away, and then took their seats in the vessels waiting for them at Bâsle.

The worthy Bishop, who had been their guide

from this city, resolved not to part company, and so accompanied the expedition down the Rhine,

entering with them the city of Cologne.

After this the story of 237 agrees with that of 450, for the whole company are massacred by the Huns. But the romantic part of the affair is that Conanus,—who, by the way, appears never to have seen his betrothed,—is so fascinated with the report of her beauty, as to leave his command, renounce his brilliant position, and go knight-erranting after this errant damsel Ursula. The bridegroom-elect, somehow or other, performed part of the journey with the lady, sharing with the Bishop of Bâsle in the guardianship of this interesting traveller.

We were really somewhat shocked at this part of the narrative, and thought that, while it added to the romance, it detracted from the piety of the adventure. But we were soon undeceived. We were informed that the gentleman in question had released his betrothed from her engagement when he found her a vowed virgin in Rome; and that, urged by her sweet appeals, he had consented to follow her to the font. More than all this, our intelligencer in the church at Cologne assured us that he there and then took the same vows of

chastity.

Yet we cannot say that we were altogether relieved from our scruples even then; we could not but regard it as rather injudicious for the released pair from one engagement on earth, but bound by solemn ties to heaven, thus to be seen travelling together day after day. Having spiritual guidance in the Bishop, she could hardly require the auxiliary

services of her monkish lover.

As we talked on with the worthy gowned attendant in the church, we learned that there were others of the masculine order in the company. But they were all martyrs together, and all converted into saints. The esteemed British hero, Conanus, became St. Etherius. There is no manner of doubt about him, for we saw his identical jaw-bone; at least, we were shown it as such, and paid for it as such. In fact, his skull is there, and not far removed from that of his bride. If in life they could not be united, in death they were not divided.

We were informed that, after the martyrdom, Jacobus, Bishop of Antioch, then at Cologne, and whose veritable skull we were told we saw before us, buried several of the virgins, and engraved their names on the stones. Immediately after this the Huns buried him with the rest, taking the precaution of first removing his head.

The Christians of Cologne, we were told, erected a church upon the site of the graves. And then we were told a roundabout story of the graves being forgotten two hundred years after, and it became necessary for a dove—or, as some say, three doves—to come from heaven to indicate the

site.

The manner in which this was done was as follows:—A certain bishop had long prayed for direction about the position of the martyrs' bodies. One day, when he was at mass, the dove or doves

aforesaid flew upon his head, and then settled upon There the spade revealed the a certain spot. skeleton of St. Ursula.

A number of other remains were recovered also, by supernatural means. Thus a celestial visitation in the year 1423 disclosed a good many. The most notable discovery took place so recently as 1642. This was no less than some of the blood of these British martyrs. It was carefully taken up in 1642, and may now be seen on the high altar.

We were astonished at the vast array of skulls and other bones in the St. Ursula Church. There were 1,760 adorned skulls,—as many as there are yards in a mile. Most of these were provided with a sort of silken frontlet, or partly-covering case. Our guide assured us that every lady now who enters a nunnery is obliged to work one of these pretty embroidered ornaments, having the skull sent her to dress up.

In the choir we counted about a score of compartments ranged around, and each contained twenty-four of these decorated skulls. Underneath these, again, round the choir, were cases of other bones. These were fifty feet long, twelve high, and six deep. We saw a lot of stone cases, every one holding fragments of martyrs. In one box, we were told, there were 462 bones. A number were ranged about the church.

Twenty pictures illuminated the walls. altar-piece was certainly a fine work of art. It represented St. Ursula, pierced by an arrow, in the agonies of death, surrounded by other dying or murdered virgins.

A monument rises in the church, erected to the memory of the British lady. A sculptured figure reclining upon it represents the saint.

We were afterwards introduced into the Golden Chamber, the repository of all the special relics, except the trunks of the bodies of the two lovers and betrothed ones, which are placed upon the high altar. The Golden Chamber is about thirty feet long by twenty broad, with an elevation of forty feet, and is attached to the church of St. Around are splendid busts, enclosing skulls, embroidered with gold. One hundred and twenty are duly named. It would not do to be too curious about the register. Of these thirtythree are overlaid with silver, and have a brilliant appearance. Among these departed we observed, to our great astonishment, a goodly number of masculine virgins. There were bishops, dukes, soldiers, priests, and, oddly enough, a cardinal, and a king of Sardinia.

We saw the reputed skull of the bridegroom, St. Etherius; that of the Patriarch of Antioch, of the Bishop of Basle, of the Archdeacon of the Roman Church, and of four other bishops. The head of St. Ursula was surrounded by a gorgeous crown, set with real gems.

Among the female virgins, so to speak, was St. Benedicta, a duchess of the ancient Britons. This unfortunate lady had her head cut in two. The skull of a niece of St. Ursula was exhibited, bearing a portion of the hair yet. Then there were the

heads of Christina, Benigna, Clementia, Julia, Sophia, Theodora, Speciosa, Catharina, &c., all of

unquestionably Celtic names.

There is one Queen Florentia, who is not made enough of, as she was surely superior to Ursula, -only a king's daughter. Then there are two princesses of Sicily, respecting whose presence with the British virgins we have no information. More than all, we have Benigna, a negress! and Florentia, queen of negroes.

We think that the miracle of recovering so many names is as great as that of the identification of

the persons.

The Golden Chamber is so called from having about six hundred heads adorned with golden embroidery, contained in gilded glass chests, which really have a pretty effect. There are other remarkable relics in this chamber; such as the joint of the finger of the first bishop of Cologne; portions of St. Stephen; a tooth of St. Apollonia, &c. We were most interested in all that pertained to Ursula, and were surprised to find that they had secured there the very arrow-head that killed her! Her right arm was in one shrine, and her foot in another. As before stated, a part of an arm is at Bruges, and the great part of her body in a shrine upon the high altar.

A magnificent crystal vessel was shown us, containing part of the very linen she wore when martyred! A very curious old shrine was next exhibited, which held the very identical hair-net with which the virgin princess bound her golden tresses! This was really singular. But, precious relic! there was the identical betrothing ring of this virgin wife! The church account is particularly unsatisfactory. The reverend author of the statement of relics speaks of "an inscription not yet deciphered, but very likely the names of Sts. Ursula and Etherius." Very likely indeed!

There were, also, in this golden chamber, a few other relics of trifling importance, though of undoubted authenticity; such as parts of a rod of the Saviour, and two thorns from his crown!!! We looked upon these with great interest, as the smiling official appeared to regard them as something rather

distinguished.

Seeing a vase with a bit broken off it, we inquired its history. He said something about Cana of Galilee, which we fancied we misunderstood, from the foreign speech. But afterwards we got the official guide, published by the presiding priest of the church, and, of course, published by authority, from which we make the following quotation respecting this remarkable relic. We are not able to explain the reference to the other five vessels, but must leave all to the reader's ingenuity.—" 60. A water-cruet, used at the wedding meal at Cana, brought to Cologne by St. Bruno. An eye-witness, who has been in Cana, assures us that there are only five of these water-pots, and that the sixth he has seen in our golden chamber is perfectly like the five other pots."

We really never were in such a wonderful chamber before. When we gave our gratuity at leaving, we felt sure that we had seen plenty for

our money.

But, after all, there may be some of our countrymen who doubt the truth of this wonderful and pleasing story. We beg to assure them that one hundred millions of Christians are prepared to believe in it without any evidence whatever, and that the English might certainly take it after a little explanation. We will go into the argument.

To begin at the beginning; there are the bones. They are strong arguments, that may be handled:

we touched many ourselves.

"But are they those of the virgins?" demands the sceptic. "Why not?" we reply. "Who is there to deny the assertion?" A young vagabond, who wanted to seize us at the station, and carry us bodily over the cathedral, and the churches, and everywhere else, for the small charge of two shillings, horrified us with an observation respecting the patron saints of his city. Having, in the course of conversation, quietly expressed our surprise at so many thousands of virgins being martyred there, this unworthy son of Cologne gave a leer, and exclaimed, in his queer English, "I no tink so many virgins in de whole world."

Still, the testimony of such a disciple of a degenerate age is not to be taken into account.

A man of another stamp, a philosopher of European reputation, the leading comparative anatomist, Dr. Owen, is reported to have turned an eye upon these relics. He is said to have discovered among the bones of the virgins a goodly number of the remains of cats, dogs, and asses. However, as he is a philosopher, his word is not worth a moment's regard; for men of his class are always undermining the faith of nations. Besides, after all, it is not what they appear to be, but what they are. They may look like asses' bones, and yet be those of the British virgins.

Some have doubted the fact of ladies from Britain getting down that way; forgetting, by the way, how many are found thence, even now, upon the Rhine in the season. But our clerical author demonstrates his position easily. "At the same time," he goes on to state, "the Saxons occupied Great Britain, and a great number of persons were forced to emigrate on the continent. It is, therefore, of historical consequence that they were

British women." It is settled then.

There is a difficulty about the Huns being there in 237, when Atilla moved from Chalons to the Rhine in 451; but figures are always confusing.

We have evidence in the ninth century of the existence of the main features of the story; and that the bodies buried there were those of the virgins we have the affirmation of a prelate of great antiquity. Bishop Lindanus writes, that so holy was the ground, that it cast out any bodies attempted to be interred in it—even those of very young baptized children—from its resolution to allow no profanity in its consecrated quarter. "This fact," says the modern writer, "was considered to be a manifest sign of the Divine will."

There is an old record of the martyrdom thus

sculptured,—XIMV. This has been rendered by the enemies of the church to mean eleven martyred virgins, instead of eleven thousand virgins. A German Protestant on the Rhine told us that this was the origin of the story of the M., or thousands.

The answer to this quibble is best given in the language of the official Guide:—"These lections are evidently unfounded. Is the number of thousands not in harmony with the enormous quantity of human remains which are deposited in the

church?"

This appears unanswerable, if you grant those bones to be those of the ladies. But collections of bones in churches are not rarities. We have lately seen the remarkable collection of human bones in the crypt of Ripon Cathedral. They belong to several thousand skeletons, and no one now knows to whom they belonged.

In the self-same city of Cologne, there is another vast heap of skulls, &c., in the ancient church of St.

Gereoni.

We did not gather an accurate description of this saint. That he was a Roman appears plainly, from his dress as exhibited in pictures and statuary. There was a resplendent figure, carved out in wood, with very brightly painted dress and armour, in which the warrior looked a very centurion indeed. On the opposite side to him was a similarly adorned figure, but with a negro face. This, we were informed, was a sainted slave attendant of St. Gereoni.

As we could obtain no official record of this exhibition, we were obliged to rely upon the information of our guide. He gave us to believe that Gereoni was the leader of a band of Roman soldiers, sent to the Rhine about two hundred years after the massacre of the British virgins. And there, at the identical place of their slaughter, were Gereoni and his warlike troops, the Black included, admitted to the honours of martyrdom, being slain by the authority of some pagan emperor.

There was some difficulty, again, in reconciling parts of this story. For, taking Ursula's death at 260 or 450, it would puzzle one to find means for the destruction of some hundreds or thousands of Romans at Cologne, for being Christians, either

about 460, or 650.

But let that pass. Here was a church raised to their memory, above a thousand years old; in fact, one authority gives it the fifth century. It is a noble old building, has some remarkable frescoes, and an enormous specimen of tapestry, representing the history of Joseph and his brethren. A font there, of octagonal sides, was declared to be a thousand years old. It was above four feet in diameter.

Not even St. Ursula's church was more decorated with skulls and cross-bones. The sides of the church of St. Gereoni were crowded with the hideous memorials of departed beings. There were three galleries, also faced with skulls in their embroidered frontlets. Tons upon tons of other bones could be had from this true skeleton house.

All these, we were assured, formed the remains

of St. Gereoni's vast company of martyrs at

Cologne.

Now, with our rationalistic tendencies as an English traveller, we could find more ease in receiving this story than the other, because of the group being confessed to be of men. But it did require an awful amount of faith to regard the vast pile of bones in St. Ursula's church as being a fraction only of those absolutely belonging to a company of martyred women and girls, amounting to the number of eleven thousand!

Strange to say, a concession has been really made to the sceptical and enquiring mind of the nineteenth century, in relation to this very story, by

the church authorities themselves.

For ages people were willing to believe that they were eleven thousand, and eleven thousand virgins too. Now they are at liberty to give up the latter, if they will accept the former. So large a collection of bones has been got together, that the number of saints might be taken for granted. But for the sex question, they are free to suppose that a goodly number,—perchance the greater proportion, were of the masculine order of virgins. In fact, the case lies thus: of the eleven thousand virgins, six, seven, eight or nine thousand may have been of our rougher order; or, the sexes may have been pretty equally distributed. We are still to suppose, we presume, that this was a British emigration, and that in that very early day it was the fashion for monks and nuns to roam about the country together in large masses.

That we are not misrepresenting the affair, we quote from the official Guide, by Fr. Vill, pastor of the church of St. Ursula, published at Cologne in 1853, and the profits of which are destined for the church of St. Ursula. It purports to give "historical notices on the life and death of St. Ursula and her sainted companions."

We make a few extracts from this little

Guide :-

"The city of Cologne has chosen them, in order to honour the memory of the Christian heroines as patronesses, and bears in the coat-of-arms eleven (!) flames, by which just as many thousand virgins

as splendid stars are signified."

The distinct reference to heroines and patronesses here satisfies us that the reverend author himself believed in the softer sex of the whole eleven thousand. The same view was clearly entertained by those who sanctioned the sculptured inscription immured in the choir of the church, which is too

remarkable not to be given entire:-

"The senator Clematius left the Orient, incited by radiant visions divine, and attracted by the splendour of the virtues and martyrdom of the celestial virgins, and restored fundamentally this basilic in order to accomplish a vow. If any, notwithstanding the majesty of the church, erected on the same place where the sainted virgins have shed their blood for Christ's name, should venture to entomb other corpses except those of the sainted virgins, he may know that the punishment of the eternal fire will attain him."

We pass by this rather unsavoury anathema of the early Christian church of Cologne, because it was a common feature of ancient ecclesiastics, and they, doubtless, meant nothing by it; but the peculiar prohibition of contact with the bones of these saints, when no such restriction is held with those of others elsewhere, demonstrates the belief, then, of the immaculate virginity of the martyrs pertaining only to the gentler sex,—that they were, in truth, all young females.

Judge, then, our surprise to find the apologist of St. Ursula absolutely venturing an apology, for the assertion of the eleven thousand virgins; and intimating that the difficulty may be got over by supposing some of them to have been men virgins. Here is the passage. It comes in the shape of a direct appeal. "If you shall be tempted to believe that the number of eleven thousand virgins is exaggerated, you must remember that unmarried young men were also comprised among them; for the young men were, also, qualified with the name."

Need another word of ours be added? It thus appears, that it was not enough that aged men, like the Bishop of Bâsle, should accompany these young ladies, but that they should be attended by young men! Of course, there was no scandal in the communion; for these fellow-travellers for several weeks together were alike vowed to celibacy,

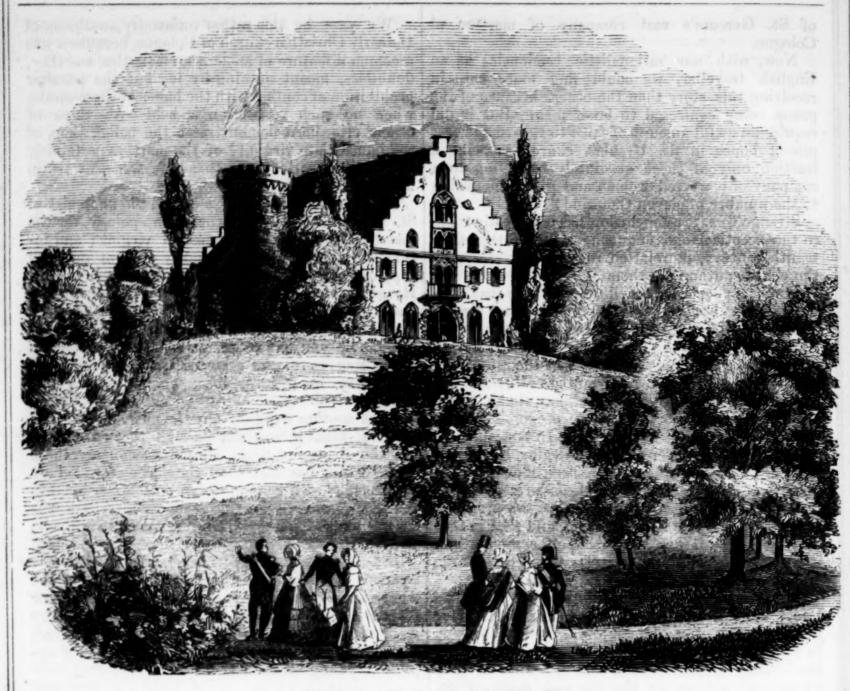
-were, in fact, virgins.

But the sceptic is furnished, alas! with new weapons by this unfortunate concession. If the word virgin be so indistinct, as to refer to male or female indefinitely, may he not believe that they were all masculine virgins,—or men of some kind,—and that the interesting legend is a myth, if applied to young ladies at all?

HOME-TRAVEL. A SONNET.

(SUGGESTED BY THE WORKS OF MR. WALTER WHITE.)

ILL-GUIDING seems to me the fickle hand
That now o'er perilous peaks of Alpine snow,
And now in strange new places to and fro,
Would point the pilgrim's way,—our quiet land,
If giddy souls would wisely understand,
Hath pleasant haunts for all, and they that go
Where now the faintest breaths of fashion blow
Might by their own home-doors rare sights command.
For where the heart leads there true travel lies,
And then do love-links bind us everywhere;
While called at will afore fond-gazing eyes
Sweet thoughts and fancies fill the charmed air;
Till every leaf that trembles in the breeze
Swarms with blithe memories thick as summer-bees.
Alsager Hay Hill.

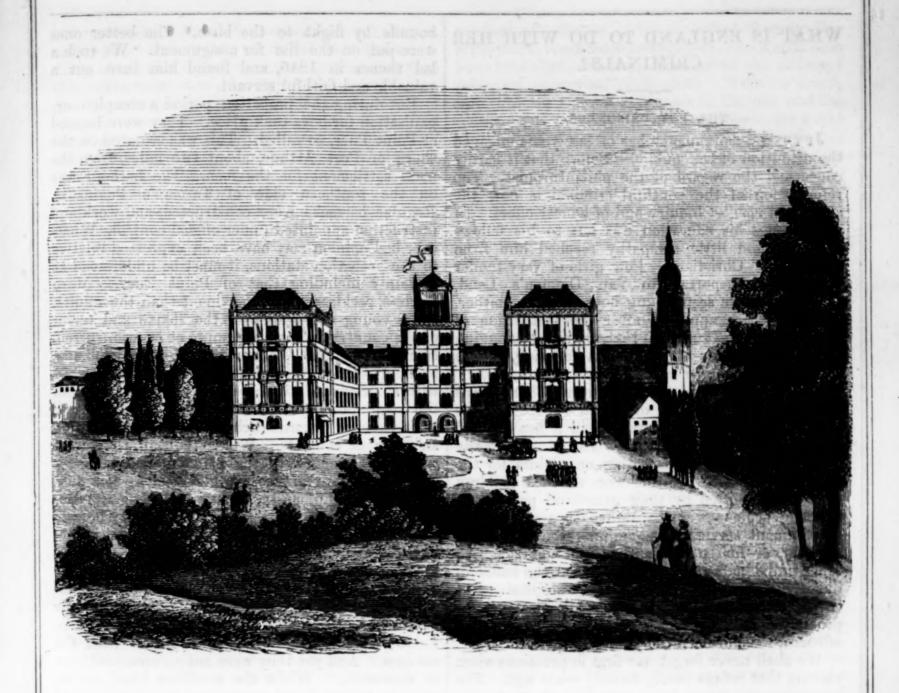


THE CASTLE OF ROSENAU.

WE bury our dead, and with them lay under earth much of the outward demonstration of grief. The symbols of mourning, which were wont daily to excite us to fresh bursts of sorrow, become familiar, and lose somewhat of their ghastly significance. Yet not for that is the memory of the dead less cherished: rather the more eagerly does the heart clutch at every token of the departed which may recall him to us as when he dwelt among us, by which being dead he yet speaketh, and is once more by our side. By knowledge of this tendency, so universal, we have been induced to offer to our readers a slight sketch of two places intimately connected with the life and name of one so lately gone before, and for whom all English hearts will long wear mourning.

The Castle of Rosenau, independently of its extremely picturesque situation, and the beauty of its surroundings, possesses for us a melancholy interest, as being the birthplace of the late lamented Prince Consort. Situated upon an eminence; surrounded by the most lovely varieties of wood and water, hill and dale: rich in historic

memories - now the scene of courtly festivity, now of sylvan retreats — the attractions of this ancien tedifice are not to be lightly enumerated: but to us these are all eclipsed, as we reflect upon the fact, that here the early childhood was passed of a prince in whose future lay reserved for him a destiny so high, and whose duties he so completely fulfilled. Amid these solitary retreats, under the shadow of these ancient walls, he first received those impressions which were to stamp the conduct of his future life; here was sown the seed that was in time to yield that precious harvest which it was, alas! forbidden us to the full to reap; whose richness and extent we failed indeed to realize, till the untimely hand of winter cut short the season of its plenteousness. By those primitive casements the infant prince first saw the light; upon those smooth lawns, beneath those ancient trees, the young Albert gambolled in all the gaiety of youth-here conned the serious task, or planned the boyish frolic. These things pass away, but the fame of the good man dieth not.



THE CASTLE OF COBURG.

Less commanding in its site, though of loftier proportions, the Castle of Coburg, if with more pretension to royal magnificence, lacks somewhat of the quiet simplicity, the home-like grace, which constitutes so great a charm in that of Rosenau. It has been a favourite residence with the family; and here again the historic memories clinging to its walls stir us less than the knowledge that, in all the love and allegiance which he failed not to find in a foreign court, the heart of the amiable Prince ever turned with affection to the home of his childhood, the scenes which his youth had known; the friends who had shared those recollections. Success in the very highest degree, and in a position where it was by no means assured, failed to spoil him. We may be sure that, with the illustrious gentleman

to whose memory these scenes especially belong, time never obliterated the depth of those impressions, and that around the lofty towers of Coburg, or the shades of Rosenau, there ever hung a halo which not all the glory of England's Court could obliterate; that the pæan of triumph never swelled so loud as to drown the sweet low echoes of Auld Lang Syne.

Did space permit, we might enlarge upon the histories of both these interesting localities; but enough has been said, we trust, to awaken the interest of our readers, who may, if they please, with all the zest of a recently-awakened interest, search for the fullest information in the best authorities, of whose learned disquisitions we should reluctantly disturb the accumulated dust.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO WITH HER CRIMINALS?

THE BOY PRISONERS.

JUVENILE delinquency has of late years engaged the attention of the public. Before that it hardly concerned the regard of the philanthropist. The reformation of the youthful criminal is now the subject of earnest inquiry and of honest effort. In olden times his education was left to his fellow-prisoner, and little sympathy reached him from the heart of Christians. Few girls of very tender age were transported to Van Diemen's Land, though we have seen young boys brought thither. More of these appeared after the institution of Probationism. It may be that, from the sanguine expectations of its moral results for men, it was viewed as suitable by lads.

It is many years ago since an establishment was formed for the reception of young children of the prisoner class. It was situated in a healthy and beautiful locality near Hobart Town. Nominally an orphan school, it was rather an asylum for the offspring of crime. Thither were sent the children who were deserted by their unnatural parents, or whose guardians were consigned to a renewal of Government service for some unseasonable appropriation, or for sudden and violent contact with other individuals. Again, it received the babes of illegitimacy from the penal lying-in hospital. But there were also some juveniles placed there for protection and training who, though convicted of offences, were deemed too young for prison.

We shall never forget our first impressions when visiting that refuge nearly twenty years ago. The countenances would have driven Lavater to despair, and the cerebral developments would have given Combe another chapter on irresponsible heads. Never was there a more striking illustration of the commandment wherein the curse is said to follow the sinner to the third and fourth generation. No smile seemed to radiate there. Hardly a laugh penetrated those gloomy chambers. The tiny ones sat helplessly, hopelessly upon the little benches, more like idiots than intelligent creatures. We were oppressed with an undefinable sort of dread at the aspect of that school of infants, and we hastily withdrew from the repulsive sight. Under a more enlightened management, in recent times, that asylum of sorrow and sin has put forth more agreeable exponents.

The reckless and impracticable lads, and the youthful prisoners that arrived from England, were subjected to some sort of discipline at an establishment nearer town. They worked a little upon a farm during the day and received school-lessons in the evening. A religious instructor superintended their moral training. But the system was not good for the boys. The mixture of evil associates was not favourable to moral development. The more daring gave much trouble by their insubordination within and their attempts to escape the

bounds by flight to the bush. The better ones were put on the list for assignment. We took a lad thence in 1845, and found him turn out a valuable and faithful servant.

But during the probation period a complete organisation for boys took place. They were located at Point Puer, so called. This was situated on the shore of Port Arthur, about two miles from the main settlement for the men. The harbour was on the southern side of Tasman's Peninsula. Regular barracks were constructed, and work and instruction appointed under official control. Whatever bad opinion may have been expressed relative to the probation stations, it must be understood as certainly including that of Point Puer. More fearless, reckless, and impertinent than the adults, these young criminals were the shame and terror of the country. Their attempts at open insurrection were neither few nor partial. Punishments, by flogging, low diet, black hole, seemed useless with so desperate a band. Their open breaking of the regulations was of frequent occurrence, and their violence towards each other made this station an arena of combats. Worse than all, they were ready instruments, in the hands of bad men, for the perpetration of the most shameless acts that can disgrace humanity. They had thus a reputation for villany and irreclaimable ferocity beyond what is ascribable to adults, however destitute of virtue. Colonists quite shuddered at the thought of such a mass of corruption being poured out some day upon society. Those who had the moral oversight over them were powerless in restraining their passions, and openly declared their inability to guide or direct these wilder and rougher than the savages. And yet they were not so untameable as it appeared. While the northern blast, in its chilling rigour, binds yet more closely the cloak of vice to the person, the genial beams of the sun of kindness have often been the means of casting it

It is now seventeen years ago, since we had the pleasure of knowing one with the teaching genius of Pestalozzi, and all his simple love for children. Mr. Horne came from the Battersea College in search of health. He was appointed master of the station of Point Puer. Frail in body, pale and worn, without a harsh word or an unkind look, how was he to govern some hundreds of the coarsest specimens of our race? He was in a forest with wolves. But there was a meaning in the story of Orpheus taming the beasts with his lyre, and of the fierce lion yielding to the magic voice of the graceful Una. The good man told us the story of his conquest. He was introduced among them by the official, who exhorted them to obedience, in demonstrating to them the penalties in store should they fail in their duty. Left alone with them, he made an address. His gentle tones and quiet smile brought more attention than withering frown and ferule. They listened in astonishment; this new man told them-them-the outcast boys of the world—that he loved them—loved them—almost; the first that had ever done so, and he a stranger. For a moment, with their low estimate of human nature, they took it for a trick, but there was something about that delicate young man that dispelled this ungenerous idea. Indistinctly and slowly they got to understand what he said and meant. "I will treat you well; will you treat me well?" This frank appeal to that instinctive love of fair dealing, and to that nearly smothered nature of kindliness, met with a response such as surprised the respondents themselves. Yes, they would treat him well—they, the young criminals, he, the master, the

gentleman, the Christian.

It must not be imagined that this was a case of prompt and absolute conversion. Such lads, however honest their intentions, were so morally weak, and so developed in bad passions, that they repeatedly failed in their promise. An able, well trained teacher, he laid his plans with judgment, and carried them out with prudence and zeal. They did not resent his authority, but they often fell foul of the regulations. Their contests among themselves were their chief faults. Our friend had no lash to administer, nor did he shield their errors through weakness. No infraction of the laws of discipline was passed over. His punishments were strict, but humane. His justice was unchallenged, and his patience extolled. A marvellous change came over that rough company of boys. They were subdued. They seemed to catch the tone and expression of their teacher. Their inner nature was reached, and the voice of God within them heard.

Our friend lingered a few months in agony, and was then forced to leave for Hobart Town, amidst the tears of those who had shed so few before. It was our privilege to sit beside the dying bed of this dear fellow, and hear him speak with flowing eyes of the lads he left behind. His heart of love and prayer was true till death for the outcast British

boys of Point Puer gaol.

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

Unhappily crime exists among the women of Great Britain and Ireland in a far greater proportion, relative to the other sex, than in any other part of the world. Even France, with all its moral degradation, has nothing like the amount which disgraces us. It is also sad to know that the very habit of drinking, which is the primary cause of our crime, prevents the success of means for the moral elevation of our female criminal class. With the appalling fact, lately revealed, that, in Scotland especially, intemperance is increasing with the gentler sex, we have little reason yet to expect the removal of this national stain.

In the first vessels which conveyed prisoners to Van Diemen's Land few women were found. It is probable that the accounts which reach England of the utter abandonment of the female convicts at Port Jackson, and the frightful social disorganisation which they originated in that infant colony, operated in checking, at first, the transmission of any

numbers to the banks of the Derwent.

Had inquiry, however, been made as to the

conduct of officials at the so-called Botany Bay settlement, some more satisfactory case would have been made out, and the character of the unhappy prisoners somewhat vindicated. Without doubt, from the low state of education in Britain, and the debased and neglected condition of the lower ranks of society, it may be concluded that the female transports were dreadful specimens of their own sex: and this the story of Elizabeth Fry's visit to Newgate abundantly proves. Still, had something like the appearance of care been adopted in the selection of officers, both in New South Wales and in Van Diemen's Land, a considerable amount of this obloquy might have been avoided. The evil, however, of shipping over hundreds of men to tens of women became of such manifest enormity, that Government felt compelled to add to the convict population of the island some fairer distribution of the sexes.

It ill becomes us now to dwell upon the horrors of the voyage, nor describe the wickedness of the British Government in permitting so little supervision, that from stem to stern the ship was a floating hell. Those who would have done well were left to the tender mercies of an arbitrary captain and his lawless, lustful crew. Upon arrival into port the same license and disorder continued. No adequate provision was made for their seclusion, and none for their moral control. As may be expected, they were parcelled out as nominal servants, but absolute mistresses, among the unmarried officials, and the better class of the prisoners who were then procuring their early emancipation. The tales of unbridled vice of that day, to which we have listened on the island, would not be credited as illustrative of a colony under the sanction of the most Christian of nations. If a governor should say, only twenty years ago, "A. convict woman who comes here virtuous will be a prostitute in a fortnight," what may be thought of the temptations existing when governors them-

selves were tempters?

We pass hastily over this dark age. The remonstrances from the colony reached the ears of the home government, and a better order of things was The women, like the men, were established. assigned to applicants for their services. Some discretion was supposed to be exercised by the authorities in the grant of labour. The woman was to a great extent but a slave to her master or mistress. Unable to quit her employ, her word little esteemed in complaint, surrounded by exemplars of vice, it is no wonder that domestic disorders were encouraged, and her resolutions of reformation were thwarted and overcome. When placed with those who took a kind and proper interest in her welfare, her lot was happy indeed. She found herself removed from a condition of physical distress to one of comfort and enjoyment. We remember the saying of a girl from the dirty wynds of Glasgow, who found herself taken from prison to a respectable situation, as a punishment for her crimes. Her mistress seated her by a pleasant kitchen fire, with a nice tea before her, and with

a smiling face bade her be a good girl and she would be happy. The poor creature looked around in some bewilderment — for the room, kitchen though it was, was superior to anything she had known—and with a faltering voice she said, "Dear me, I didn't think I was coming to this!" Then, the order and propriety of a well-regulated household exercised a chastening effect, while expressions of kindliness would win over a nature long steeped in the revolting selfishness and filthiness of vice, and the voice of family prayer would often subdue a heart long estranged from virtue and from heaven.

THE SUN;

ITS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, AND PROBABLE NATURE.

"That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the volume of creation."—M. F. TUPPER.

As the great minister of light, as the chief source of heat, and as the centre of a system of which our earth forms an atom, the sun must ever create in us an interest not unmixed with awe, and awaken in our minds a desire to know as much as possible concerning him. No other heavenly body has so great a claim upon our interest as he, on whose light and warmth the very life of ourselves, with all mundane creation, depends. The queen of night, Cynthia herself, and the evening sky, "clad in the radiance of its thousand stars," must yield in grandeur to the majesty of the god of day. The stars of heaven are numbered by hundreds; other planets besides our earth are accompanied in their courses by attendant moons; every year adds new planets to our already numerous list-but one sun alone, in its isolated grandeur, rules and orders the revolutions of all; "of this great world both eye and soul." As such, then, the physical character of the sun, and whatever may tend to throw a light upon the nature of so vast and luminous a body, must be a study involving the keenest attention of every one. If the records of Chinese astronomers are to be relied upon, -- a matter open to some doubt,-a large spot was observed by them on the solar disc as early as the year 321. There are several instances of spots having been seen in Europe, with the unarmed eye, in and since the year 807. It remained, however, for the telescope in the hands of such men as Fabricius, Gallileo and Scheiner, to reveal the real appearance and nature of these spots, and to use them for the purpose of determining the sun's rotation and the inclination of the solar equator to the plane of the ecliptic; an inclination which, as most of our readers doubtless know, was determined by Scheiner to be 7°. More recent observation has demonstrated it to be rather greater. It was soon observed by the early scrutinizers of the great luminary, that the dark spots were confined to the equatorial regions

of its surface; seldom or never being seen out of a zone extending 30° on either side of the equator. Our countryman, Harriot, recorded in the year 1610 some observations which he made on solar spots; but no account of them was then published. It was left for Fabricius to have the honour of being the first to give to the world the result of his researches, which he did in a volume published by him in the year 1611. The imperfections in the optical and instrumental part of the science of astronomy, was, as yet, a barrier which precluded the possibility of their making any very minute examination towards determining the physical composition of the sun. Science grew apace under the cultivation of those vigorous minds, and in 1671 we find Dominique Cassini writing thus:—"The solar disc which we see is a luminous ocean surrounding the dark nucleus of the sun; tumultuous movements taking place in the luminous envelope, enable us from time to time to see the mountain summits of the non-luminous body of the sun itself. They are the black nuclei in the centre of the solar spots."

On looking through a powerful telescope, the observer will perceive that the general surface of the photosphere is covered with little specks of lighter and darker appearance, intermingled together over the entire surface. The term faculæ has been applied to these bright specs or lines; and this appearance has been compared, by Sir J. Herschel, "to the slow subsidence of some flocculent chemical precipitate in a transparent fluid when viewed perpendicularly from above." We should mention that those of our readers who have moderate telescopes will be disappointed if they expect to see the appearances we are speaking of; as it is only in an instrument of high power and good definition that any difference can be perceived in the general surface, although, of course, they will be able to see the darker spots, and much that will interest them; but it is only with the better telescope that the more delicate phenomena can be detected. We see, in a telescope, that the spots vary in size, from an almost imperceptible point, to chasms and rents of very large dimensions. For the shapes and sizes of each spot do not continue the same; they are constantly undergoing some change, both in extent and form; at one time, breaking up and dividing into two or three separate parts; at another, uniting, and forming one large chasm; in short, performing the most remarkable changes amongst themselves; presenting indications of a mobility which would seem alone compatible with matter in a gaseous state. We must, however, bear in mind, that we are dealing with a body whose dimensions are so gigantic, as compared with our own planet, and the physical forces displayed there may bear as little proportion to what we can conceive of the power of mechanical forces, as does the one body to the other in point of magnitude.

When viewed under a high power, and with good definition, the spots present three gradations or shades of darkness. First we see the nucleus as it is termed, which is perfectly black, and is supposed to be the actual dark body of the sun seen through the disrupted photosphere or luminous envelope. On a closer scrutiny we shall perceive a lighter shade, or penumbra, surrounding the darker nucleus. The following diagram will illustrate what we mean.



But in addition to the nucleus and penumbra as we have described them, Mr. Dawes has observed a still darker spot situated within the nucleus, which probably is the only portion that should be called the nucleus, and from that gentleman's observations it would appear that the nucleus and penumbra rotated round this blacker central spot; but we shall refer to the rotatory motion in another

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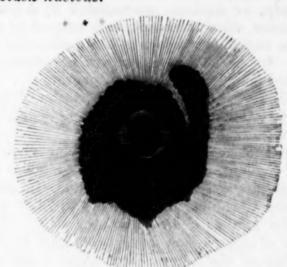
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These spots, as we have hinted, are not only the revelations of the far-seeing telescope, but are frequently discernible with the unarmed eye, either as the sun is setting, or when its brightness is obscured by thin clouds or fog. With regard to the vast extent of these disruptions, the Rev. R. Walker, in his discourse on the sun, read before the British Association at Oxford, June, 1860, writes as follows:- "A single second of angular measure, as seen from the earth, corresponds on the sun's disc to 461 miles; and a circle of this diameter-viz., nearly 167,000 square miles - is the least space distinctly discernible on the sun as a visible area; and spots, whose diameter cannot be less than 45,000 miles, have altogether closed up in less than six weeks!" A spot which was carefully measured at the Cape of Good Hope, was found to be of such a magnitude that if a globe the size of the earth had been thrown into it, there would have been still an unoccupied space of more than 970 miles on either side. Such, then, are the appearances which for many past years have been the subject of the most minute and unremitted observation by some of the greatest of English and Continental philosophers. We shall now proceed to lay before our readers some of the facts that have been arrived at.

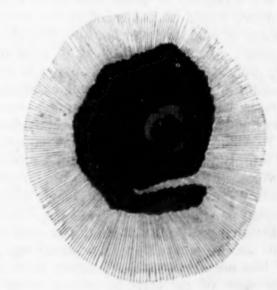
Amongst those who of late years have investigated the subject, Mr. Dawes holds a first place. This gentleman, amongst other discoveries, seems to have established the fact, and other observers have since confirmed his opinion, of a rotatory impulse taking place in some of the spots; the engravings given below, copied from the drawings of Mr. Dawes (in the Memoirs of the Royal

Astronomical Society, vol. xxi.), will serve to make it plain. We cannot do better than to quote the words of Mr. Dawes himself with regard to this very singular spot—"A small portion of the cloudy stratum was very nearly separated from the rest by the intrusion of a narrow wedge of the second luminous stratum, or penumbra. This was situated to the south-east of the true nucleus, its preceding or western edge having an angle of position with the nucleus of about 170° measured from the north round by east. Two days afterwards the same edge was found to have a bearing of 130° or 135° from the north point, having therefore rotated fully 35° towards the east. On January 22nd it had advanced so far that the angle of position of the same edge was about 90°, having varied 80° in five days, and bearing now due east from the nucleus. The next day it had advanced about 20° further in the same direction, making 100° in six days. .

. . . The whole spot had rotated round the small black nucleus."



Jan. 17.



Jan. 23.

If we take the number of spots visible in each year, we find the numbers, as may be expected, vary very considerably; on some days the spots being very numerous, and on others the surface has been nearly or entirely free from them. For example, in the years 1847, 1848, 1849, 1858, and 1859, there was no instance of a single day, on which observations were made, being free of spots; whilst, on

the other hand, in 1855 and 1856, there were as many as 146 and 193 days respectively on which no spots were to be seen. It naturally occurs to the thinking mind, seeing not only the enormous number and dimensions of these solar chasms, but also their variableness, whether, or not, they exercise any influence on our climate, or in any way affect our atmosphere. We must yet wait for further researches before we can positively answer this question; as yet we have not discovered any meteorological phenomenon which in its periodicity answers to the fluctuations of the years of greatest and least spots. It has been thought that terrestrial magnetism is effected in this manner. But before we can safely say what physical phenomena are connected with the outbreaks of solar spots, much more must be added to the stock of data already acquired. From the information which the observation of these solar spots affords, some idea of the constitution of the sun may be arrived at, and may be generally expressed as follows:—The sun consists of a body, or nucleus, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, which atmosphere is subject to violent currents and eddies, which at times allow the darker nucleus to be more or less visible through the disrupted curtain of the photosphere.

We now pass on to the consideration of the two great functions of the sun, its light- and heat-

bestowing qualities.

Light and heat as emanating from their great source, the sun, are inseparable. As far as animal and vegetable existence is concerned, the one is as important to the earth as the other. Let us consider the sun as a heat radiator first. Various degrees of comparison have been used to convey some idea of the intense heat which must prevail at the surface of the photosphere; it is unnecessary to multiply examples. Professor W. Thomson estimates the quantity of solar heat to be equivalent to that which would be produced by the combustion of a stratum of coal, all over the sun, fifty-five miles in thickness! A simile which, if it does not give us a very definite idea, at least conveys to the mind some notion of the enormous heat existing there. Then arises the question, from whence comes the necessary food for supplying this tremendous combustion? The poetic fiction that comets form the fuel supply for the exhausted sun is not tenable. That meteors fall into the sun is not improbable, and possibly may be the source from whence the solar energy is replenished. However this may be, we are decidedly of opinion that the sun's heat is electrical in its character. In speaking of the light of the sun, writers have again used similes, as in the case of its heat, to convey some idea of its power; thus one writer makes a calculation that the effect of the sun's rays upon any spot on the earth's surface, is equal to 14,000 wax candles at one foot distance. Figeau and Foucault calculated that, putting the light of the sun at 1000, the oxyhydrogen lime-light would be 6.85 only. The human mind is perfectly powerless to appreciate the intensity and power of such a light. Not only to that portion of the earth turned towards it,

but to every planet of our system—nay, to the remotest star—the influence of its light is felt. Who shall say where the molecules of light do not float? Is there any limit put on that elastic stream of light which has flooded the fields of space ever since the Great Creator of it and us com-

manded it to "rule the day."

Whilst on this subject we should not omit to speak of the chemical experiments, or rather discoveries, which have been lately made in reference to the constitution of the solar light. It is not our intention to go minutely into the experiments made on this head; but we will briefly mention some of the facts observed. Most of our readers know that by allowing the solar rays to pass through a prism, we do not get a white spot of light, but a long strip, forming a scale of beautiful tints blending the one into the other. In fact we get a representation of the individual colours of which the solar light is made up. This fact shows that all the innumerable variety of colour and shade, which we observe in nature, has its origin in the sun, and is formed by different combinations of the coloured rays of which its light is composed. In addition to the coloured bands, another and very curious phenomenon was observed, viz., a number of dark lines distributed, very unequally however, throughout the whole length of the spectrum, lying perpendicularly to its length. These lines are peculiar to the solar spectrum; they were first accurately described by Fraunhofer, a celebrated optician of Munich. The whole number were ascertained to be nearly six hundred.

Recent experiments have shown that these lines can actually be produced artificially! By the combustion of certain metals with vapours, the lines of Fraunhofer's solar spectrum have been imitated. Thus another science has been pressed into revealing that which had defied astronomy to discover. Philosophers can determine the nature of a mineral from an examination of the resultant spectrum exhibited by its combustion as certainly as if they had it under analysis in their laboratory! If, then, the terrestrial metals in certain combinations give us precisely the same phenomena as are observed in the solar spectrum we may suppose that, in some form or other, such metals have an existence in the

composition of the Sun itself.

There was a time when to enquire into the sublime mysteries of nature would have been deemed presumptuous and almost blasphemous; but we happily live in a different age. We know that to use the mind in thus soaring after truth we mostly honour that Creator who gave us the power to do so. It is in external nature that we can get a glimpse, however faint and imperfect, of what must be the attributes of that Being who is nature's source. It is only in the visible that we can trace the invisible; the higher men's minds aspire to discover the truth here, the more perfect may be our knowledge hereafter—when mind shall exist untrammelled by the infirmities and weakness of the mortal.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

As the dark season of winter gives way before the milder breath of spring, and the depth of despondency subsides into the chastened feeling of regret, so the bitterness of a people's mourning assuages itself in seeking the most fitting mode of expressing their sense and estimation of his worth, whom we have so recently lost. Proposals for memorials of various kinds, to the memory of the Prince Consort, are numerous. Several churches are planning the putting up of stained-glass windows as commemorative tributes; the Lord Mayor, however, claims the honorable precedence of having been the first to propose a national memorial of a lasting nature, and one worthy of the illustrious individual to whose name it is designed to dedicate it. Already £10,000 have been subscribed for the purpose, though the nature of the memorial is yet undecided upon. The Society of Arts, in contributing 1,000 guineas to the proposed monument, express their desire to assist in founding an Industrial University: to the same end; and, as it should seem with far greater effect—that of perpetuating the memory of one, whose life was spent in the promotion of such practical undertakings. Holding in view the character and fame of the departed Prince, we should ourselves feel disposed to reverse the offer made by the Mayor of Manchester, who announces his willingness to give £500 towards the erection of an obelisk or other monumental tribute, but limits himself to one-fifth of that sum should any really serviceable edifice, such as model lodging-houses, or similar institutions, be substituted. Of what would be the result, could the wishes of the lamented dead be consulted, there is, we venture to suppose, little doubt. The late Prince on every occasion avoided public demonstration. It may be remembered that when the Horticultural Society, desiring to commemorate the Exhibition of 1851, requested permission to erect a statue of Prince Albert as most applicable to the purpose, his Royal Highness at once negatived the request, and a statue of her Majesty was proposed to be substituted. Since the death of the Prince, the Queen has signified her desire that the original intention should be carried out; and the Prince of Wales, in a manly and unaffected letter to the above-named body, notifies his intention of being himself the donor of his father's statue.

We learn that the late Prince was a sincere admirer of Raphael, and had for many years been a zealous collector of everything having relation in the smallest degree to that immortal painter and his works. The accumulation thus formed is, we understand, surpassed by none of its kind; consisting of the best engravings after Raphael's pictures and drawings, with photographic fac-similes wherever such were obtainable.

From its foremost patron and promoter, the transition is natural to the Great Exhibition, yet more and more rapidly progressing, as the appointed day of its completion draws near. But the shadow of disappointment falls broadly over the scene of these herculean projects. The Prince of Wales departs in a few days upon a tour through the Holy Land, which will detain him abroad far beyond the period at which the Exhibition is to open; and thus fall to the ground the designs of those who had hoped that the heir to the throne would head the ceremony of its inauguration. For ourselves, we believe the matter to be one of little moment; as a great cosmopolitan rendezvous, the Exhibition of 1862 stands in no especial need of even a royal president to add to the magnificent préstige of its name and purpose.

The past year has been poor in the production of "stars." M. Fechter in the drama, and the pretty, elegant Madlle. Patti, in the musical world, excepted. The lady is reported to be realizing enormous sums in Berlin. Of the merits of the former, opinions are divided; but the adverse criticism appears to be, so far as we have observed, scarcely of a nature calculated to harm the subject of them, or to endanger the well-earned laurels which he has, we prognosticate, only begun to gather in this his native country.

Among our "rumours" of the month ranges one which we would fain hope "fact" may not confirm. The coming season will, it is said, witness "Italian Opera" installed at three of our leading houses, viz., Her Majesty's, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane. It will, surely, not be permitted by our London managers, that foreigners receive the impression of our country being unequal to the production of its own opera; and our visitors will hardly appreciate at their value entertainments which, however exquisite in themselves, will not bear, at least to them, the stamp of novelty.

The pantomimes, at least those of the principal theatres, divide between them so equally the palm, that decided preference is almost impossible: we would, however, put in a cordial good word for one of these, forming part of the entertainment at the Polytechnic, the "Shadow Pantomime;" which, under the efficient and able assistance of Mr. G. A. Cooper, with his iminitable powers of mimicry and comic song, is certainly not last upon the programme of juvenile entertainments for the season.

The Crystal Palace holds its own well among rival attractions, more especially for the original spectacle offered by the adaptation of M. Blondin's peculiar talent. The pantomimic character of the performance, enhanced by the really marvellous display of intrepidity and skill displayed by the agile performer, with the very pretty scenic effects, well deserve all the popularity achieved. The Christmas tree and bazaar surrounding it, with all the usual attractions of the Palace, are sufficient to constitute a visit thither a great feature in holiday recollections; which, to our thinking, is rather detracted from by the addition to the programme of those names one is used to associate only with "music halls," tavern "concerts," and the like. When objects of real art and beauty, with the display of undisputable talent, fail to attract or amuse we are doubtful of the influence of "Aunt Sally," and misdoubt the efficacy of even the "Perfect Cure." One word more as to the accommodation provided. It is hard that season-ticket holders, and those who have paid their half-crowns, should be totally debarred a sight of what is in fact the chief attraction. The case of the children is extremely pitiable; being doomed in hundreds to listen to the echoes of applause vented from ranks of "reserved seats," at wonders which to

them are wholly invisible and unattainable.

Who can be supposed to know London better than Punch? He has surveyed it these hundred years from the corner of every street. He has looked in the faces of all its inhabitants, from the peer to the pauper, from the statesman to the street gamin. Thus qualified, he has abandoned the stage and taken to the platform, laid down the pen and assumed the rôle of lecturer. In a word, Mr. Mark Lemon, the well-known editor of our witty censor of men, morals, and manners, is lecturing upon London. The lectures consist of a series of three, each complete in itself. They are entitled "Old London City Within the Walls," "Old London City Without the Walls," and "London to Westminster." Excellent views, by Messrs. Thomas and Dalby, illustrate the series. We predict for Mr. Lemon a complete success.

The subject of honorary dignities and verbal compensations brings us insensibly to a painful subject, one with which the majority of our readers, we doubt not, is already familiar. The melancholy result of the Australian exploring expedition, with the death of three of the enterprising men composing it, has been made known by the current papers of the month. The sole survivor, King, was found by the party headed by Mr. Howitt, (son of the well-known William Howitt,) and to his relation we are indebted for the account of the sufferings and deprivations endured by his companions till death came to their release. The service rendered to the world by these unfortunate men cannot be too highly estimated. The whole continent of Australia has been explored throughout, the country ascertained beyond a doubt to be one of the most beautiful, well-watered, and of the most valuable capabilities. "Official neglect" is the burthen of the strain echoed in the communications on the subject from the colony of Victoria. As yet we cannot speak with certainty as to the "fact" of assertions which "rumour" freely circulates. The thought is indeed too terrible for contemplation,-that in the moment of their triumph and complete success these heroic men met with a fate which might have been averted. It is but a poor recompense, even to the feelings of family and friends, that the newly-discovered country is to be called "Burke's Land," in compliment to the gallant but ill-

The contributions to literature have not been very considerable during the past month. The book of the season,-and indeed, speaking as to comparative merits, we fear for many seasons to come,—is Mr. Samuel Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers," with which we in our very limited space forbear to deal, further than to urge it upon the attention of all our readers, as a remarkable instance of how a subject among the least promising may be invested by a clever writer with the utmost interest. Mr. Smiles' book is filled with amusing details and facts, not merely valuable to the reader who seeks alone for information, but pleasant and entertaining as affording a glimpse into the manners and customs of a past time; more especially those relative to the tedious locomotion of our jog-trot

Two books of recent date by lady authors lie before us. "The Hallowed Spots of London" we lay aside with a regretful feeling that Miss Meteyard should ever have wandered from those pleasant paths of fiction which "Silverpen" has so largely enriched. When next we meet her, we hope it may be where to forbear remark will not be (as in this case) only less painful than the judgment we should feel bound to record. Mrs. Alfred Gatty in her "Old Folks from Home" has given us a pleasant readable book, the purport of which is explained by the remainder of its title, a "Holiday in Ireland in 1861." We have so long been accustomed to place one lady far pre-eminent in Irish sketching, whether of country or character, that we of course attempt no comparison when we say we are reminded of Mrs. S. C. Hall's vivid word-painting by passages of Mrs. Gatty's book. More especially we recommend to the notice of our "strong-minded" lady friends one in which the author, alluding to the Social Science Meeting at Dublin, says, "To hear a woman hold forth in public except when she is acting, and so not supposed to be herself, is like listening to bells rung backwards; I fall back therefore on St. Paul and Mr. Tennyson (in the Princess), and so let the subject rest." We confess to our inability to view with unprejudiced eyes the production of a lady whose ideas so thoroughly harmonize with our own in a matter daily becoming more prominent, and with a warm recommendation to our

readers to judge for themselves we conclude our remarks.

A couple of very small volumes of small poems at our elbow claim a few words of comment, as being the attempts of untried pens. "Hope On" and other poems, by E. J. Oliver, contain some pieces which lead us to "hope on" in the case of the author, and that time and perseverance may aid him to the production of far better. "The Pilot of Pentland Frith," and other poems, W. Leith Bremner, having attained to the honours of a second edition, will need no word of ours whereby to stand or fall. "Onward and Upward" has quite a ring of the "Charles Mackay" metal about it, and the "Pilot's" is a graphic tale of the dangers of the sea.

The "Proverbs of Scotland," arranged with a Glossary, by Alexander Hislop. The piquancy and smartness of these mostly well-known and pithy axioms do infinite credit to the people whence they, for the most part, have emanated; though, as the editor acknowledges, many of them have been only adopted and naturalized from other lands. The book is well got up, and appears in a

dress highly suitable to the season.

"Young England," is the very suitable title of a new monthly journal for the young, at a price calculated to make it a very formidable rival to toffy and alley tors, which we doubt not, in the present age of progression, it will become. The "Young Naturalist," is a clearly-written and highly suitable article for children, also that on British Birds; not to speak of the "Games," "Forfeits," and "Picture Puzzles." We must, however, draw attention to the "Calendar," in which some slight modification is surely needed. The youngster who, in a sharp week in January, seeks for the blossoms of polyanthus, daisy, or mezereon, will be apt to lose faith in the promises of "Young England."

"Beeton's Illuminated Family Bible," is a beautiful specimen of the style of illustrating so widely in use;

the type and paper are of first quality.

"The Family Treasury" contains some valuable articles; that entitled "Ten Minutes' Warning," by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, is the gem of the number. "Old Barney's Mask," is a sweet bit of simple poetry; and "Old Granny's Recipe for Pickling Grievances," deserves to be "preserved" for the benefit of every household, as a sure remedy, in any of their own " family jars."

We observe that the Musical Times has a series of papers by that gifted lady, Mary Cowden Clarke, containing the "Life and Labours" of her father, Vincent Novello, with a well-executed portrait of the talented

composer and musician.

The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, presents its subscribers with a volume of splendidly engraved plates, from pictures by Horatio Macculloch, R.L.A.; James Archer, R.S.A; Erskine Nicol, R.S.A.; and Alexander H. Burn. The style and quality of these engravings is beyond all praise; and illustrative as they are of some of Burns's sweetest poems, form a repertoire of a nature not easily

" Generalship, a Tale," by George Roy, claims our final notice. In style, this book is as deserving of praise as its subject merits animadversion, which, in our thinking, is to say much. More life-like, racier, more full of homely eloquence, the book could not be: less welcome in its teaching and example may it never be our fate to meet one. Despite all the good lady's attempted distinction between perception and deception, the task she assumes is one of the latter; unmistakeably and unalterably so. "Our John," she reduces to the standard of a poor, befooled, and hoodwinked individual, the puppet of his strong-minded wife. ur

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A FINE SPRING MORNING.



F. Frith, Raigat

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

A FINE SPRING MORNING. BY OUR COUNTRY COUSIN.

I LIKE this now !—Hopkins may rail as he pleases against poetry and all that. (He calls poets pleasant fellows gone mad, -Hopkins does; -don't know clearly "what they are driving at," as he vulgarly expresses it.) Never mind, you poets! you wouldn't have minded Hopkins,-would you, Mr. Thompson? I mean the one who wrote the immortal book about the Seasons, (by the bye, I ought to read it,) not the Mr. Thompson who lives down the road,—singular man that !—O yes! depend upon it there is a spirit abroad in the early spring, which—(or should I say who of a spirit?) who animates all nature with a sort of new life? I am thankful to say I feel it in my bosom—ay down to my toes and fingers' ends-I am sorry for Hopkins! Why, doesn't the Poet Laureate say, "In the spring,"&c.? But then Hopkins doesn't

believe in poets—poor Hopkins! Here comes the sun, I declare! the sun!-Ah, Hopkins, I have seen the "clime of the sun;"you never have. I have seen spring come tripping over the fields in dreary November-bright, genial, lovely November on the "green old Nile!" What does it matter to you whether the sun shines or not!-can't you light the gas? Poor fellow! he doesn't know the value of sunshine. He has never lived upon sunshine for a whole year, in the chameleon country. He has never sat in the shadeless desert in July, and turned up that sketchy and uncoloured picture of a human face to the hand of the great Artist, who has painted the wild groups around him with so much richness of colour, with until our delicate northern skin stood in blisters:yet do I love the sun—and here he comes!—no, gone again, in nubibus! Poor beclouded country! If there were no more light upon thy people from the intellectual and spiritual heavens than falls from thy grey sunless skies, I would have deserted thee many a year ago! Yet, after all, there

is nothing of the kind in the whole world so beautiful as an English landscape when the sun does shine. I will out with my camera, I declare, and have a shot at those cattle, and the farm buildings -no, I won't. I wonder how many a good picture I have spoiled by driving cattle into it! Twenty times have I watched them meditating-(ruminating I think is the word)—motionless as the buildings for five long minutes. Now's the time! Breathless and agitated I plant my camera at a safe distance, so as not to disturb the train of their thoughts. I "focus" the spotted cow: how sharp is the image! how beau-tifully she behaves! My collodion plate is prepared—here goes! Consider the thing! (I object upon principle to a stronger expression than this.) The spotted cow is tossing imaginary dogs! The white one is seized with a violent tickling in the region of the back: her head is twisted towards that quarter, whither her tongue is spasmodically shooting: and the two calves, heels in air, are frisking around the astonished porker! Again I say, emphatically, as I retire discomfited from the field, con-sider the thing!

Ah, Tennyson, my boy!—you who sing, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It may have been so in your time: I dare say it was. But nowadays, young men's fancies, when the air begins to grow balmy, and the trees to bud, turn darkly to the pollutions of nitrate of silver, and the fumes of methylated alcohol. Not content with beholding the fresh beauties of renascent nature openly, face to face, they must needs hide their heads in the deep recesses of those horrid black bags, to see how she looks there! Oh, don't! If thou wouldst enjoy nature,-crede experto,-leave the camera at such a finished glow? True, he laid on his brush home-stroll up among those trees-lie down on the slope-shut thine eyes, and drink in (through thine open mouth of course) great lung-filling breaths of this delicious air. Now open thine eyes: -Is not Nature beautiful? Is not such a moment as this worth living for? Dost thou not tenderly sympathize with the escaped mechanic, who, basking in a holiday sunshine on a suburban slope, wished that "this was called work, and well paid for! Ah, no! it would not do. It is all very well for a holiday afternoon; but—now I recollect jump up! It is only the first of March. The ground is wet as a sop; jump up, and never do such a foolish thing again, as to attempt to photograph cattle, or lie down upon the grass, on the first of March!

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have received an invitation from Hopkins, to spend a week with him in London. He isn't such a bad fellow after all. But I cannot leave the country at this time of year,—so I have sent him a copy of the following verses,—in the first place to "rile" him on the score of poetry, and secondly, to convince him that poets can, if they please, write intelligibly, even to his understanding.

A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME.

I hate the smoke and din of towns ;—a country life for me,

Where quiet neighbours, now and then, come dropping in to tea;

A little freehold mansion,—with some freehold land, of course;

A fast-box for my writings, and a loose-box for my horse;

An orchard stocked with apple-trees,—of peas a pleasant patch,

And let some honest former pear food pleasant ducks

And let some honest farmer near feed pleasant ducks to match.

Let negroes 'mong the sugar-canes still work away like blacks,

And carry still, in hot Brazil,—the coffee on their backs,

And Chinamen lose all their hair, except a bob behind,

In picking tea for you and me, the choicest of its kind.

I hate the smoke and din of towns;—a country life for me!

I love whene'er I walk abroad its images to see.

I like, right opposite my lawn, on a slope as smooth as silk,

To see the sweet-breath'd cattle manufacturing new milk,

And south-down sheep, (though, mind you, I am nothing of a glutton,)

Engaged in metamorphosing the green grass into mutton.

I like, at evening 'mong the trees, to hear the soft

"Coo-coos,"
And, sprightly as the morning breeze, the "Cock-a-

doodle-doos!"
Give me, young West-end noblemen, as much as you

of your fields, and streams, and forest lands; you're welcome to my share

Of the city's dust and noises, of its odours and its shams—

Its Carribean sausages and Scandinavian hams!

I hate the smoke and din of towns ;—a country life for me!

But just an easy distance from a station let it be.
With a Bradshaw, and a poem, and a lady whom I
love,

A great big hole for Wall's-end coal, and a radiating stove.

I want no stately big barouche that's in fashion now-a-days,

But a London-built mail phaeton, and a pair of little bays.

I crave no great fat butler, to get drunk at my expense, But a well-full of fine water,—and a head-full of fine sense.

And if some youthful Genius, in a city's "three-pair-back."

Would please, on some immortal verse, his fever'd brain to rack,

Oh, I'd read it in my slippers, on some long cold winter's night,

With the coal piled up the chimney, and a "moderator light!"

I hate the smoke and din of towns;—a country life for me,

Where quiet neighbours, now and then, come dropping into tea;

Not with pale and haggard faces, newly washed from smoky toils,

But blooming as wild roses, and all radiant with smiles.

Then,—on a sunny summer's eve, to throw the window up,

And many a brimming dish of tea all lazily to sup!
I'd speak a wor dbut now and then, not caring to in-

On the still freshness of the hour,—the country's solitude.

And when the sky grows sober grey—and the teaturns sober brown,

Oh, then !—I'd send the things away, and put the window down!

Look at that stately ship. What a mighty hull she has—three hundred feet long; her masts a hundred feet high. How well set is her rigging, how clearly defined her spars. We may see her distinctly, but not all. Away down under the water, hiding at the ship's stern, there is a little plank that is of more importance than all that so proudly towers on the breast of the billows.

Neither hull, nor decks, nor main-mast, nor mizen-mast, nor bowsprit, nor yards, nor sails, would be of any use without that plank down under water. Suppose that some person, ignorant of this fact, should attempt to guide that ship's course. He would say, in despair, after wearing himself out with fruitless efforts, "What does ail this ship? I have pulled at her bows; I have furled and unfurled her sails; I have tugged at every rope in her, but she will not keep her course. I cannot manage her. She will do nothing right. What can it mean?"

Now, suppose an old salt should say, " Have you tried the wheel?"

"Wheel?" says the man, "what wheel? No; I've tried no wheel."

"Lay hold here, my hearty," cries the sailor. The landsman grasps the wheel, and the little plank below turns two inches, and the ship, though she be ten times as large, and ten times as heavily laden, moves submissively round to the strength of one man's hand.

Now you may tug at your topmasts, or toil at your bows, and you will die with your course all wrong. You never will head for the safe harbour till you take your stand at the wheel.—Beecher.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. V.

THE exclusive rule over the churches of India which the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa claims as the gift of the Pope, is not limited to the Syrian churches of Malabar, but raises constantly recurring collisions with all branches of the Romish church in the East. The French churches have endowments in the funded debts of the British Government in India, and suits in equity are frequently the modes of solution of the ecclesiastical controversy. The government, as in the instance of the Syrians, giving to the congregation the power of determining the relationship of the building. An Irish Roman Catholic priest, ministrant in a church at Calcutta, where this controversy was burning not long since, collected his co-religionists in one of the Irish regiments in the fort, and, under colour of having rendered religious offices to them, having constituted them his parishioners, brought them to the church, filled it to the exclusion of the opposite party, and by voting for the occupying

priest, enabled him to gain the victory.

The missionary service of the Roman Church is governed by the "Society for Propagating the Faith" at Rome, presided over by a cardinal and six ecclesiastics, and in communication with four or six other cardinals located about Europe. It provides collegiate education for its intended missionaries, and sends forth, according to the requirements of each territory, its bishops, vicars apostolic, and priests into "partes infidelium." The bulls of the Pope reserving to this college the full authority over the organization, even though, as in England, the hierarchy of the Roman Church, in the person of Cardinal Wiseman and his brother bishops, had been constituted, so that, while in Catholic countries the appeal between bishop and priest lies to the Pope in countries under the rule of the Sacred Congregation for Propagating the Faith, the pope by his own concession has no authority to interfere. To English ears the announcement of their country equally with India being at this time the subject of missionary enterprise on the part of Rome, and her bishops receiving pay from the Propaganda Society, may create astonishment; though the doctrines of Loyola, that obedience to the Church is to be so perfect that "though our senses should report to us that an object is black, yet that if the church declares it white, it is the duty of a Christian man to believe that it is white," is one which the dignity of the human mind resists; yet in the practice of the priests of the Roman communion there is a lofty spirituality which leaves Protestant missions far behind.

First to penetrate the Himalaya Mountains and explore Thibet; first in the hazardous enterprize of Christianizing China; the priests of Rome diversify their reports of conversions with the marvellous narratives of social and geographical interests; and to their observation Europe is indebted for many

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natural products and processes of manufacture which their adventurous missions enable them to detail. Within a few years past the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons voted its thanks to a Romish missionary in China who had supplied them with the particulars of a new vegetable colour, "la kao," spoken of by Mr. Calvert in a lecture lately given before the Society of Arts, as the most wonderful green ever seen, since silks and cottons preserved their colour in candle-light when dyed with this substance; and the last number of the Geographical Society's Proceedings contains the report of the expedition of Major Sarel and party who are endeavouring to make their way to Calcutta viâ Lassa, overland from Hankow in China, furnished by the resident vicar apostolic of Eastern Sechuen, dated 15th May last; and as significant of Rome's interest in her Eastern missions, it may be noticed that a consistory is to be held at Rome in the coming Whitsuntide, for the canonization of twenty-three martyrs to her faith who have fallen in Japan.

That the furniture of a bishop should be cheap and poor is the decision of the third Council of Carthage; and the itinerant priest of Rome, with his staff in hand, travelling through the jungle with bare feet around the area of his mission, still exemplifies the precept. Unmarried, his relationship is with the order to which he is attached, and his wants are small; for the missions of the Romish Church, her nuns who take charge of orphans, her hospitals, her schools, and mission service in Indiathe Propaganda supplies an annual sum of about £13,610 to its stations at Agra, Patna, Poonah, Bombay, Calcutta, Eastern Bengal, Dacca, Virapolly, Quilon, Mangalore, Pondicherry, Mysore, Coimbatore, Madura, Madras, Hyderabad, Vizagapatam; thus presenting a network of influence over India, available for the purpose of any Roman Catholic power which might contest with England the supremacy in the East, and endeavour to realize the project of Prince Henry of Portugal, whose desire was the extension of the Romish faith through all the nations of the East, and the civilization of mankind. But, though the zeal and self-denial of her priests may be objects of respectful regard, the system of their teaching on the feeble minds of the natives yields results little distinguishable from heathen idolatry. The images of the Virgin, of saints, and the crucifix, substitute the idols of the Brahminical code, and awaken the scorn even of the Mahomedans. Occasional efforts are made by the Propaganda Society to maintain their cause; and the employment of Irish priests, non-distinguished by the natives from English, gives to their ministration all the influence associated with the government power. On this line of action Bishop Middleton remarks "that it is a deep stroke of policy."

They that delight in regarding the connexion between divine and human appointments, may find in the stormy weather of May and June, 1588, a link full of electric influence. The Spanish Armada, which united the forces of Spain and Portugal, was weakened, and after a sharp struggle with the ships of England, under Howard and Drake,

finally dispersed and wrecked. The victory off Calais released England and the Protestant States of Europe from the restrictions hitherto imposed on their voyaging to the East. The open thoroughfare was promptly occupied by companies in Holland, Denmark, and England; and settlements, as well by victory over the Portuguese as by arrangements with the native Rajahs, were made by each

along the shores of India.

The whole progress of European influence in India, whether Danish, Dutch, French, or English, has been built on the model of the plan and measures devised by the great administrators who raised Portuguese power in India. The Old Roman maxim, that the command of the sea is the command of the world, showed Albuquerque the policy of holding the harbours and rivers along the coast under his garrisons—a policy England has vigilantly followed. Under his governorship and that of Nunio, treaties of alliance were formed with native states, anticipating the policy of the Marquis of Wellesley. These judicious arrangements enabled the Portuguese to encounter and defeat the repeated attempts of the Grand Turk to extinguish their existence in India; who for that purpose marched 8,000 troops from Constantinople, and transported timber from the Dalmatian forests across the Isthmus of Suez on camels, for ships to be built on the Red Sea, wherewith to attack the Christians who had tapped the treasures and sources of the Moorish power in Europe. The trial of the chivalrous Pacheco at Lisbon for alleged misuse of his powers in the office of Governor, was the prototype of that of Warren Hastings. The periodical succession of governors which we have adopted; the exploits of Souza, which anticipated those of Clive; the institution of an East India Company as a substitute for the royal monopoly; suggested the like course to the other States of Europe. Even the division of the dominions into three independent provinces,—a measure which hastened their decay, -is revived in the recommended policy of the honourable member for Birmingham; and the defence of Dio is the precursor of the siege of Lucknow.

The heroic poverty of some of her earlier Governors-General, who died without effects sufficient for their funerals, exalted her reputation and furnished their countryman "Camoens" with materials for his epic, the "Lusiad," to which it is said that Milton was indebted for the structure of his two last books in Paradise Lost. The following reproachful lines from the Lusiad, however, show that the Court of Lisbon was not worthy of her sons, and that an inferior race had succeeded to power:—

"Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by me,—
Where'er the Hero's worth demands the skies
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise."

Their example of distinguished zeal for their country's cause has not found imitators among the great and noble Governors-General which England

has produced, nor has the adventurous valour of her citizens wakened into life a recording Camoens; but his prophetic hope seems nearer accomplished under England's rule than under any previous power:—

"Beneath their sway majestic, wise and mild, Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happier India smiled."

In the victory of the Portuguese over the united forces of the Mahomedan powers, impelled from Constantinople, we see the issue of any future attempt to dethrone England from her authority in India. The tenure, however, of Aden and the Island of Perim, whereby to command the mouth of the Red Sea, becomes a matter of more urgent necessity in the proportions in which success attends the Suez Canal.

In the apathy to the affairs of India, beyond a means of patronage to the Court, we see the stage of policy into which the English nation has just entered, and may reasonably expect, unless the present system of home administration be altered,

a like result with Portugal.

BETTY WYNNE.

BY M. E. G.

[Continued from p. 174.]

CHAPTER II.

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

CAMPBELL.

HARRY GREY sailed for Calcutta in the Devonshire, the middle of July, 1856. In spite of all the pleasure change of scene brings to the young,—in spite of all his visions of honour and glory,—Harry's heart was very full as he watched the white cliffs of dear old England grow farther and farther off, and felt he had left all he had in the world behind him. Soon he could scarcely think at all. The wind gradually freshened till it became agale, and, in all the discomforts consequent on a first voyage, Harry took refuge in his berth, unable for some time to move out of it. Five days after leaving Ports. mouth, he was roused by a friendly voice: "Now sir, if you would like to see the last of ould England, you can; the wind's changed, and you'll be all right after this seasoning." Harry leaped out of bed, and in a few moments made his way on deck. There were many more, like himself, gazing on their native land; even when no longer possible, many thought they could see the faint outline still. All hoped the day would come when they might say, "I am going home."

Many on board that vessel, now so full of life and hope, were to go home very soon; but not to the earthly one on which their eyes turned so wistfully, feeling it was now better loved than ever, as it

faded entirely from their sight.

Harry was quite well the next day, and sur-

prised to find he no longer minded the motion of the vessel, nor the tossing about in the Bay of Biscay. The novelty of everything around fascinated him. The following day was Sunday, and being very fine, prayers were read on deck. That is a sight to strike every one; and never, even in the grandest cathedral, can our beautiful service come more home to the heart, than on the deck of a vessel, ploughing her way through the deep blue sea, while the solemn words are said. Nothing visible but the wide ocean and the glorious sky. We feel the truth of the words, "The sea is His, and He made it." It was the 22nd of the month too, and the beautiful 107th Psalm seemed as if purposely selected:—" They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the

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Harry was thinking of those at home, feeling their thoughts were with him, as they too read those verses in the dear old church; and he knew his mother's voice would falter, and her hand shake, as she held the large prayer-book that had been his father's: and Helen, he knew, would look at the old painted window, containing six saints; which, as a boy, he always thought were Henry the Eighth's six wives; and the halo round the head of one always reminded him of Aunt Wilmot in a cap with yellow flowers: how often his sisters had laughed at him about it! Then the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert (Sir Walter Raleigh's half-brother) came across him, encouraging his men in a storm, with the words, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land; And so the day passed on; when he suddenly found every one making their way to the bow of the ship, and the words, "They say there is a wreck," made him follow. There was a vessel at some little distance tossing about uncontrolled; no sails; only the mizen-mast remained. Every glass was directed to it: "Could there be any one on board?" Some thought they could discern figures clinging to the mast. "Shall we get near her?" "Will the captain send a boat?" "Will he want volunteers?" Many were ready if he did. On went the Devonshire, her course a little changed to get in the track of the helpless bark before them. They drew nearer and nearer. No one on board. She sank deep in every wave, and then, rising again on the crest of another, the water poured from every porthole. A sort of awe prevailed on board the outward bound, as they watched the wreck, now the play and sport of the angry waters, that had once ridden as bravely over the seas as their own ship was doing then; down she went, to rise no more they thought in the wide Atlantic; again she rose; and again the salt seas poured from each port. No name, nothing by which she could be recognised. The captain said she was probably an American vessel laden with timber, and that she must have been boarded already, as no vestige of rigging, &c., remained. The Devonshire resumed her former course, and soon the ill-fated vessel was left behind. How Harry longed to know what had become of her once merry crew!

On sped the Devonshire. She is nearing the Line, and the nearly worn-out joke was still carried on, viz., the fastening a fine thread across the telescope, for young ladies to declare they could see the Equator quite distinctly! A few weeks after they rounded the Cape, and Harry saw what waves really are; far above the masts;—surely the Devonshire must be swallowed up! But somehow she rises out of the gulf, and is on the crest of a mountain; down again she goes into the valley of waters, every joint creaking and groaning. Darkness in all the cabins, for the ports are carefully closed. If the ship rolled very heavily, long bags of sand were placed across the dinner-table, to prevent any of the dishes or plates going any great distance from their owners. However, in spite of these, Harry looked up in amazement, when a tongue, which had slipped off its dish, came rolling

into his lap!

And how cold it was! It was like Christmas at home; and, in fact, it was winter at the Cape, for the seasons are reversed in that latitude. Such a bitter wind, and no means of warming himself, except by walking up and down the deck, with the ship so much on one side, that Harry felt somewhat like a fly walking up a window at home. It was soon hot enough, however, and then came the shark-catching. They had been unlucky on the other side of the Cape, and caught none; but one evening, after being becalmed for some days, there was a cry of "A shark! a shark!" which put every one into a delightful state of excitement. The monster soon swallowed the bait thrown out, and there was a cry of delight, as the enemy was at length hauled up on deck, splashing and struggling, I was going to say, kicking; an accomplishment, I suppose, fishes are not equal to. In the stomach of the shark was found a felt hat, which had been dropped overboard that morning; the owner little expected to see it again! No land was sighted till they neared Saugor Island, whose chief inhabitants are tigers. Still land in any shape looked beautiful to eyes so long accustomed to nothing but water, and in a few days the Devonshire landed her passengers in Calcutta.

Harry had a letter to the Principal of Bishop's College, from Helen; she had told him to go there. The burial-ground was the only one in India which never made her shudder; beautiful it was, so well cared-for, calm and quiet, surrounded with beautiful trees, shaded from the glare of the burning sun; no rank tall grass between the tombstones, in which Helen said she always felt there must be snakes. And there was the little tomb to the child of one of the late secretaries to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The little fellow used to follow his father into the chapel every morning, and sit perfectly quiet during the service. He was not long ill; children never are in that climate: and one morning he knelt up in his little bed and said to his mother, "I believe in the communion of saints:" they were his last words; he laid his head on his mother's breast, and, folding him in her arms, she sat guarding the empty cage, unconscious that her little bright bird had flown. A few months after, a long grave was made near the small one, for one of the brightest and best of India's clergy; and this time the boy's mother mourned alone.

There were so many strange sights to be seen in Calcutta. The water-carriers going about with the skin of a goat sewed up, full of water, on their backs, the neck of the animal held under one arm, watering the roads, or filling the great earthen jars, for the bath. The grooms running alongside of the carriages, calling to every one to get out of the way. Black faces everywhere was strange enough: then the strange dresses, strange sounds, strange flowers, strange birds, strange animals, strange everything. However, Harry was not long in Calcutta; he was ordered almost immediately up the country to join his regiment, H. M.'s——; then at D——

There were two young boys like himself, who had been his fellow-passengers in the Devonshire. They travelled together as far as Benares, where they separated to join their different corps. They never The cloud that had been gathering over India, burst over the heads of the unsuspecting English within six months from the day when the three young soldiers parted. They had visions of honour and glory, of fighting some day and somewhere-every young soldier has; but the fearful reality exceeded all their dreams. Harry was fortunate in finding his regiment at the station of which his brother-in-law, Mr. Vivian, was the magistrate; most of his spare time was spent at George Vivian's house, where he was often amused by seeing and hearing his native officials transacting business with him. The first day Mr. Vivian found it rather difficult to preserve his usual gravity at the unfeigned astonishment of his young visitor, when one of his countless servants entered, put his hands together, muttered something unintelligible to Harry, and a native, with a large red turban, white muslin dress, and, like the rest of his countrymen, without shoes or stockings, made his appearance. With a profound salaam to his master, and a slight one to Harry, he squatted down on the ground, unfolded a huge bundle of papers, and began reading in a voice,—as Harry wrote to his mother,-very like the cackling of a hen when disturbed on her nest, swaying himself backwards and forwards all the time.

"There the nigger sat for about an hour, my dear mother. Occasionally George interrupted him with some question, or order, and then the cackling continued. Then George looked at some of the papers himself, and wrote on them—he can read all the different lingoes quite well—then signed his name some hundred and fifty times. The hen gathered up his papers, made another low bow to George, and a small one to me, which I endeavoured to imitate George's ease and dignity in returning, and he retired. Then we proceeded to breakfast. Such a breakfast! small round pieces of venison, cut into the size of a florin, and put on a stick like those sticks of sweetmeats you used to have at dessert, covered over with a mixture of red pepper and cheese, and a slice of green ginger

between each. A large dish of rice, covered over with fried onions and hard-boiled eggs, fish, and two or three different kinds of fruit on the table. I cannot say much for the fruit. I was dreadfully disappointed at being asked if I should like some gooseberries, and having round balls in a thin husk, like winter cherries. presented to me; nasty things, almost made me sick. I am called the 'little gentleman,' when with George, he being the 'great gentleman,' on account of his high position here. Considering the difference in our height, it tickles my fancy rather. He lets me ride one of his Arabs; such a little beauty he is; and we have many a charming gallop together. I always spend Sunday with him, and he has made me join the choir. This is one of the few places in India, he says, where there is any attempt to have decent singing. Helen began it. There are a good many ladies, a young artillery officer, Thomson of my regiment, some clerks, and some of our men, and you cannot think how well it sounds alto-gether. The clergyman is always present when we practise. He keeps them to the chants and music Helen left for them, so there is no fear of their getting into those dreadful psalm tunes that repeat the words. Don't you remember Anne's favourite, 'Bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow, bowels of compassion?'

"My Colonel has given me a week's leave, and George is going to take me about forty miles off for some shooting, just at the foot of the hills. I hope we shall fall in with a tiger. I shall leave my letter till we

return.

"Sunday, January 11, 1857. My week is finished, dearest mother, I am sorry to say. Such a grand week we had of it, and positively got a regular man-eating tiger! I will tell you how it was. We did not get much sport at the place we went to first, so George settled we should go on about twenty miles further, and a tent and servants were sent on overnight. We had no sooner cantered up the ground next morning than the men who have charge of his guns, &c., told him there was news of a tiger. We were just going to breakfast, which was uncommonly welcome, when we heard a great wailing and howling outside. This was made by some people from the neighbouring village, beseeching the great gentleman, (who was such a famous hunter, that even the news of his approach would frighten the monster,) out of his great mercy and kindness to his slaves, to come and shoot a tiger. He had taken away their buffaloes and cows for a long time; and to that they had submitted; but this very morning one of their women had lost a goat, and followed it a little way into the jungle. She was scarcely out of sight, when they heard a shriek; they were certain she had been carried off; 'and now,' they said, 'we are none of us safe; for, once having tasted human flesh, nothing else will satisfy it.' Giving the poor wretches some money, we swallowed our breakfasts as fast as we could, and set off. We soon reached the spot where the poor woman had been last seen, and followed the supposed track; we each had a double-barrelled rifle, and five or six of George's men were armed too. On we went slowly and cautiously; I expecting every instant to hear a roar, to see two big eyes rolling like the slide in the magic lantern, that always frightened us when we were children. Suddenly one of the men called out that he had found marks of the track of the beast. We followed it very carefully, examining all the bushes on either side. George told me I was on no account to fire, until I really saw the tiger, and, considering I might not know him when I did see him, he thought I had better wait till he gave the word of command. Well, on we went; there were marks which the men felt sure were those of the tiger; but we none of us spoke loud, and moved as quietly as we could. Suddenly there was a rustling

among the bushes. Now for the rolling eyes, thought I. George had his rifle ready. A crackling among some low boughs; and great bounds, one, two, three, just in front of us, something dark among the bushes for an instant, and a beautiful deer bounded right a-head and away, far into the jungle beyond. I felt so glad I had waited for George's order; if I had fired, the report would have frightened away our more important game. On we went in the same quiet style. I was thinking too much of the tiger to notice the different shrubs and flowers, but some were beautiful. There was a sort of low stunted tree, covered with great long bunches of scarlet flowers, looking like red velvet; and some tall trees covered with flowering creepers up to the top. There were wild peacocks too, screaming away; Helen used to like the noise, because it reminded her of home; and green parroquets. All at once the man a-head stopped short, and, turning to George, pointed to something. There, on a low bough, was a bit of a woman's dress, evidently torn off as the horrid beast carried the poor thing through the prickly bushes, which were becoming thicker and closer together as we advanced. You cannot think how the sight stirred us up. On we went more quickly than before, but still keeping a good look-out. Presently we came to what I then thought a horrid sight, but we had a worse to come. There was a small pool of blood, and a long lock of black hair. A little further on, we came to a piece of open ground, and there we found the poor thing herself, not far from a very large tree which stood near the centre of the open space. One leg was quite eaten off, and her neck and shoulder terribly torn. The back of her head was much swelled, so we hoped the beast had killed her almost immediately with a blow from his paw, and that she had not lived through all that long age of agony, as he rushed off with her to where she now lay, quite dead. She had a pretty face for a black woman; small features; a great many ear-rings in her ears, and bright-coloured bracelets nearly up to her elbows, one large one above the elbow; a necklace round her neck, and a large heavy bracelet, like silver, on the poor ankle that was left. George arranged with his men the plan for action, which he explained to me. They said the tiger was certain to be in the neighbourhood still,—that he had most likely gone down to a small pool of water near, and that he would return to finish his horrid meal. We were therefore to conceal ourselves in the jungle, leaving the body as it was, between us and the water. We cleared a small space with long poles before each of us, so as to command a view of the bit of open ground where the poor thing lay, and there we waited. It seemed to me a long time; I suppose it must have been a couple of hours, when our men gave a low whistle like a bird, which had been the signal agreed upon, if they thought the tiger were returning. I am sure he might have heard my heart beat! I could not help having an uncomfortable idea he might take us by surprise in the rear, but our men knew better. In a short time we saw the bushes all moving to our right, beyond where the woman was lying, and in a few minutes out he came, partly concealed by the large tree. A magnificent beast he was. Just as he appeared, a stone on which I had been standing, slipped and rolled down, carrying my sherry flask, jingling with it; fortunately I did not go too, nor my rifle

'Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum,' said the Tiger,
'I smell the blood of an Englishman.'

"He gave a great roar, and bounded forward, one paw on the body. 'Fire,' said George. He had told me to aim at his white breast, or behind the shoulder.

We both fired. There was a tremendous roar, and on he came straight at us. We fired again. George took another rifle from one of his men, and settled him. He fell within a few yards of where George stood. Such a shout of joy our men set up! He was an enormous animal, and beautifully brindled. The villagers, who hadbeen following at a respectful distance, soon came up, on hearing our guns and the shouting, and you should have seen and heard their extravagant thanks to George, and then their wailing over the poor woman's body. They carried her away to burn the remainder, (almost as well have let the tiger eat her); but the Hindoos always burn their dead. They have a peculiar melancholy song they sing, as they carry the bodies to the appointed place. You can see one from the verandah of George's house, and I always go out to look at them passing. Women arecovered with a red sheet, and men with a white one. Of course the tiger will be skinned, and I am to have some of his claws. The natives set them in silver and wear them as ornaments.

"We are busy now, expecting the Commander-in-Chief here for a few days. All the love my envelope will hold to you, my sisters, and all friends, from your affectionate son,

"HARRY GREY."

In February, Harry's regiment received sudden orders to march to Lucknow, which they reached late in March. Everything then was tranquil; no signs of the coming storm, which was to make desolate many happy homes, after long months of heart-breaking anxiety. Harry thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as Lucknow, when he first looked down from the roof of the Residency, which stood in a beautiful garden, filled with flowering shrubs and trees, and commanded an extensive view over the city, with all its white marble palaces and gilded domes, surrounded by gardens, and woods of dark green trees.

Three months after, the flowers were trodden underfoot. The trees had been cut down, and piles of shot and guns had taken their place.

In May, 1857, the mutiny commenced; the Native regiments, rebelling against the English Government, and murdering their officers, with their wives and children. Those in Lucknow followed the example set them at Delhi and other places. Most of the Sepoys in Lucknow became mutinous, and burnt the houses of their officers, some of whom were murdered. They then left the city, to join the mutineers outside. The small garrison of English, with the natives who remained faithful, were collected together in the buildings deemed most secure, and, though partially relieved on the 26th September, sustained a siege from the 31st May till the 22nd November, when the army under Sir Colin Campbell arrived. The details of the siege of Lucknow are too well known to be recapitulated here, even if space were allowed for so doing. We must, therefore, pass them over, and beg you to listen to the glad sound of the heavy guns under Sir James Outram and General Havelock, advancing, as was mentioned above, to the relief of the gallant little garrison. They had not been able to send any letters since the commencement of the siege, and now Harry Grey gladly took advantage of a few minutes' leisure to have a letter ready for the first opportunity.

" Lucknow, September 24th, 1857.

"I am safe and well, thank God! I know how glad you will be to read that: and I know how very anxious you have been about me, and about George. I have heard nothing of him as yet, poor fellow, but trust he may have escaped. We are certain of relief now. A messenger managed to get in with the good news that a large force under Sir James Outram and General Havelock is rapidly advancing, and heavy fring has been heard sings vestarday. You cannot

now. A messenger managed to get in with the good news that a large force under Sir James Outram and General Havelock is rapidly advancing, and heavy firing has been heard since yesterday. You cannot imagine the delight with which we are looking forward to their arrival. We have been besieged since the 31st May, and all the garrison have had their share of privations and suffering. The poor women and children have made our hearts ache. Several have been killed by shot coming in through the roof or through the walls; and many, many, have died from want of food and fresh air. Except some attacks of fever, I have kept wonderfully well; I have not a scar to show you, though many poor fellows have fallen by my side. One of our chaplains was killed; the other was quite overworked, and asked any of us who would to help in visiting the sick. Thanks to dear Anne,-who often took me with her to the cottages, when I wanted to go fishing or ferreting,-I did not feel so awkward at it as I should otherwise have done. Weldon, a fine young fellow in my regiment, said he would sooner face the enemy than take his Prayer-book into hospital. It was soon a great pleasure. The poor fellows are so grateful to all their officers! I feel certain they would follow meanywhere; they are fine fellows, and no mistake! To give you an idea of their kindly feelings: I went to the hospital one day, taking two fresh eggs a lady had kindly given me, and some tea, for some of our poor sick fellows. They would rather have had tobacco, but I had not that to take. I gave the eggs to Ryan, of my company, a very fine, handsome fellow, six feet three, and stout in proportion before the siege, but dreadfully reduced by fever, from which he was just recovering. 'Ate them, Mr. Grey,' the poor fellow exclaimed, 'wid all them poor women and children! I'd sooner sit on them, like the poor animal that laid them. Och, Mr. Grey, sir, thank you all the same; but they'd choke me, they would. I'll give them to Mrs. Campbell; she's a pretty cook; if she'd anything better than balls and ould leather to cook wid. She'll make a pudding, or a something for some of them sick children; they'd be a dale better in another world, the poor little crayturs!' Whilst I was there that day, a poor fellow, who was very near his end, said, 'I'd like a prayer, sir, to help me the road I'm going.' I knelt down by him, and had scarcely done so, when a round shot came in through the wall, and passed from one end of the room to the other, just a little above our heads. Had I been standing as I was a moment before, I should not be writing now. I shall read the last chapter in the Bible to-night,-Betty Wynne's chapter; Anne knows what I mean. I have

gone straight through the New Testament-I wonder

if I shall live to read it through again! I feel as if

getting out of Lucknow would be almost heaven, after all we have gone through. We expect some sharp

fighting when the troops arrive, and I have not had a

scratch yet! Dearest mother, what a scrawl I am

writing, and yet I know how glad you'll be to see my big hand again. I have had no home letters since I

left George, but I heard from him of your all being

well before the siege began. I must be off. Good-bye.

This unfinished letter poor Mrs. Grey received with the following:-

" Cawnpoor, December 5, 1857.

" MY DEAR MADAM,

"I hasten to fulfil my promise of sending you the particulars of your gallant son's death, of which my former letter gave you merely the melancholy announcement; and I also inclose the letter I alluded to, but which I was unwilling to trust until our postal arrangements were more to be relied on, than was possible in the hurry and confusion consequent on our evacuation of Lucknow, and the hasty march to this

"You are aware we were partially relieved on the 25th September, by Sir James Outram and General Havelock; but it was not until the next day that the rear-guard of H. M.'s 90th, with the sick and wounded, were able to effect their entrance, and a small detachment of our regiment, with Lieut. Grey and myself, were sent to guide them to the Residency. They passed in with most of the sick and wounded; when a large building, which probably had been mined during the siege, and considerably injured by the storm of the day before, fell. The ruins of this entirely filled up the street, and the last twelve or fourteen doolies* (in which the sick and wounded were), three officers of different regiments, and about thirty of our corps, including Lieut. Grey and myself, were completely cut off from the advanced party. Owing to our having had some difficulty with the natives who were carrying these doolies, we had become separated from the main party, so that the fall of this building was not so fatal as it would otherwise have been at the time, though the cause of grievous loss afterwards. It, however, at once exposed us to the enemy, who, pouring into the neighbouring houses on each side of the street, kept up a murderous fire of grape. Many of our men fell under it, as did some of the natives who were carrying

"Our small party, now reduced to about twenty, took refuge in a stone building under a gateway, from which we kept up a continual fire on the enemy. Some of us were excellent marksmen, and kept the assailants at bay; but their numbers increased every instant, and they kept continually calling to each other to break the doors, for there were but a handful of Feringhees (Christians). Every shot of ours told, and they dared not approach; though continually reviling us, and endeavouring to stimulate some of their number with spirit enough to close in upon us. We felt certain when the advanced party reached the Residency relief would be sent to us; but the fear was, that we

the sick and wounded. The rest threw down the

doolies, containing our unfortunate comrades, and fled.

might be overpowered before it arrived.

"Grey, from a loophole, seeing two of the enemy stealthily approaching one of the doolies, called for a volunteer. Private Ryan, of his own company, instantly responded, 'Ready Sir;' and he and Grey rushed out through the terrible fire they opened upon the two gallant fellows, reached the dooly in safety, though the balls fell thick around them, shot the two scoundrels, and carried the wounded officer (Captain Clayton, Royal Artillery), safe to the gateway, from which we had been anxiously watching for their

"The voice of a poor soldier from the next dooly imploring us to save him, as more of the enemy commenced creeping towards the unfortunate wounded,

* A dooly is a very light sort of palanquin, with thick cotton covering at the top, and curtains, in which the sick and wounded are carried.

roused your gallant son again to the rescue. It was useless trying to dissuade him, though several of us, and Ryan, poor fellow, did his best. 'Och, Mr. Grey, Sir,' he said, 'Sure, let another private and me go for him. Sure, and arn't you worth ten of us poor Irish boys? Me and myself will make two, Mr. Grey, and may be you've a mother at home, Sir; mine's dead and gone; Heavens be her bed!'

"Grey paused a moment; but the cry, 'For God's sake save me, my leg's broken!' decided him.

"'As I hope for mercy, I cannot stay here and not try to save him,' he said; 'and I'm not so goed a marksman as Wyndham, and many of you, so I'm best spared. Now for it. Are you ready, Ryan?"

"'I'm beside ye, Mr. Grey. So help me God I'll never leave ye while there's breath in my body. I'll never forget ye when I was bad in the hospital. Now boys, let us out; I reckon ye'll not keep us waiting

long when we get back !'

"At this moment the enemy seemed to have withdrawn, for the firing was much less hot. We soon discovered, by the cries and groans of the poor fellows, they were murdering them in cold blood. Their cries, and the feeling that our own end must be a similar one, unless speedily relieved from the Residency, drove us to desperation. We almost thought of cutting our way through them, but not one of our small party would have lived to tell the tale; besides, we had several wounded among us; it was perfectly impossible.

"Grey and Ryan reached the nearest dooly, lifted the wounded man out, and half-carrying, half-leading him, commenced their retreat to our place of refuge.

"We watched them, breathlessly, gallant fellows! They were within twenty yards of our gateway when Grey was shot. He staggered a moment, and Ryan seized him. One of our party, Captain Mackenzie, exclaiming, 'That noble fellow must have help!' rushed through the door we were just preparing to open for their return, reached them, and would have taken Grey; but Ryan said, 'Take the other, Sir, and welcome.' Mackenzie, accordingly, relieved him of the soldier they had saved; and Ryan, a very tall and powerful man, lifted his young officer in his arms, and carried him among us. He laid him down, stripping off his own jacket to make a support for his head, and we gave him a little of the water we had providentially found in the gateway, which revived him. 'Thank you, Ryan, thank you,' were his first words; and, a moment after, 'I hope I've done my duty, and that some one will tell my mother I did.' 'Och, Mr. Grey,' Ryan said, 'ye'll live to do your duty again. Don't spake about your mother; I know what ye mane when ye do that, Sir. But its no such thing; ye'll live to tell her all about it, and see her poor ould eyes blinded a'most to hear of it all. Sure I'd like to send the villain that shot ye to a hotter place than this, could I but set my two eyes on him; I'll shoot every black face I see, and then sure there can't be no mistake!'

"It was wonderful to hear even an Irishman talk in such a way at such a time, when a few minutes might be all that remained to any of us. The poor fellow, with his warm Irish heart, would not believe his young officer was mortally wounded, though his face showed

it plain enough.

"When relieved at the loophole, through which we kept up a continual and, fortunately for us, a fatal fire, I knelt down by him, and told him the General must know by this time we had been cut off, and that succour must soon reach us. He looked up and smiled. 'Give me a drop of water, Wyndham, if you can spare it, there's more wounded than I.' We gave him some; and then he said, 'I was writing home yesterday.

You'll find it, Wyndham; send it to my mother with my love; my last love tell her. I might have got the Victoria Cross, perhaps—I hope Ryan will. My last and best love to my mother and sisters—you won't

forget, Wyndham?

"Hour after hour passed. Our ammunition was nearly expended. No sound of relief approaching, we almost gave up all hope; and the enemy, knowing we could not hold out much longer, crowded on to the roof; as if waiting till hunger, thirst, or desperation, made us abandon our place of refuge. Some of our number had been wounded; including the two rescued by Grey and Ryan, and three sick, who had got out of their doolies and made their way into the gateway with us, and poor Grey, we had nine stretched on the ground, or sitting up supporting themselves against the wall. Some of these poor fellows were becoming quite delirious. Grey was lying as Ryan had placed him, passing away as gently as a child; Ryan had not touched a drop of his own share of the precious water, he kept moistening poor Grey's hot lips with it. I watched by him for some time, but he did not speak, and seemed in a sort of stupor. Overcome by fatigue, I dropped asleep, standing leaning by a loophole, when suddenly my arm was touched by Ryan.

"' Whist,' he said, 'whist, sir; Mr. Grey's speaking. I hear them, they're comin' now,' he said, and I can hear nothing at all, at all, sir. Och, Captain Wyndham, I might have known, when he began to spake of his mother, he was never to stand on his feet again! Sure, there's no sound whatever, barring them haythen on all sides; but maybe he's so near heaven, he's heard something that's beyond us entirely.' I went to Grey; he did not appear to recognize me; but as I was bending down over him, one and all of us started with a sudden shout of joy, at the sound of heavy firing near us, and in a moment after the regular tramp of soldiers gladdened our longing ears. A sound as welcome, was that of the enemy retreating pell-mell from the roof, gateway, &c. Even the faces of the wounded looked different to what they had done,—an expression of hope

was upon all.

"At the first sound of the relief, Ryan had flung himself down by Grey, exclaiming, 'Och, Mr. Grey, them's our own boys!' Then, taking a handkerchief, he called out, 'Give me the rest of the water, will ye, sir, to cool his head wi'? We'll soon be wanting for nothing, and needn't save it.' Dipping it in, he bathed the burning forehead, stroking back all the long fair hair, as tenderly as a woman might have done, with his large rough hands. The cool water revived him, and he looked up again with a smile. 'God bless you for it Ryan!' were his last words.

"It makes my heart full now to reach that scene. Poor Ryan, with his Irish impetuosity and sanguine temper, was full of hope immediately at his returning consciousness; and, holding some water once more to the parched lips, he exclaimed, as the steady tramp of the troops sounded nearer and nearer, 'Och, Mr. Grey, them's our own boys coming, sir! We'll get the doctor for ye in no time. Our own boys, Mr. Grey; och, our

own boys come at last!"

"Just then the gateway was forced by the detachment sent to our relief, and, opening our barricade, a rush of cooler air was admitted, and in a few moments the wounded were carried out by some of H. M.'s 32nd. Ryan had raised poor Grey's head on his knee, to let the fresh air blow upon him, and still kept repeating, 'Ye're safe, Mr. Grey, ye're safe—our own boys has come, sir!'

me a drop of water, Wyndham, if you can spare it, there's more wounded than I.' We gave him some; and then he said, 'I was writing home yesterday. "He was safe—quite safe—no one could look at his young face and doubt it for a moment. The smile had scarcely died away. I closed his eyes, and we bore him

away with us to the Residency. Poor Ryan, with the tears streaming down his brown face, insisted on being one of those who carried him, though, like the rest of

us, he was almost exhausted.
""Sir,' he said to me that evening, when we had laid your son in his soldier grave, 'ye'll never know the good he did among such as me. He was as bould as a lion; and we could not help but mind him when he spoke to us in hospital. I never heard a bad word from his lips, never; nor no one of us never did; and somehow the very look of him strangled them when they was all ready on the tip of my tongue. Och, sir, his poor mother will have a sore heart when she gets the news; but there's many a one, wid her sons alive, might envy Mr. Grey's mother—him that lies here. Axing your pardon, Captain Wyndham, sir, I'd like to know what it was he heard that time. I don't feel sure at all, at all, it was our boys he was dreaming of when he said, "They are coming!" I think by the look on him at the minute, the angels was whisperin' to him. Maybe he's nearer his mother now than she thinks of, except in her drames. I'd like to think he remembered Ryan now and again, if it would not be throublesome. He never minded the throuble here, so may be he'll not be above it up yonder, and spake a word for me when my own marching order is sent.'

"I have given you Ryan's own words, having devoted my first leisure moments to writing an account of the whole, knowing how valuable it would be to you; and I think the devotion and warm feeling evinced by the poor fellow will be more soothing to you than any other tribute to the memory of your son. There can be but one opinion of him, young as he was. The siege has shown what men really were, and he would have been a splendid soldier had he been spared. Believe me,

my dear madam,

"Faithfully yours, "A. G. WYNDHAM, Captain H. M.'s -

During the spring of last year Fanny Wilmott paid another visit to her Aunt; and one evening, sitting out on the lawn, under the large ash-tree, whilst Lyla was running races with the large Newfoundland dog, she suddenly asked, "And how is

Betty Wynne?"

"She died last winter, and was buried on Christmas Eve," Anne Grey said. "A wonderful life hers was. I must confess to a great deal of selfishness in visiting her. Her patient contentment was always worth much to witness; and I have often gone to see her when feeling discontented with myself and others. Some circumstance of her position was sure to be turned into a motive for gratitude, when to me there seemed but little to call forth the feeling. I remember once being with her the day of the club, when there is always a band and dancing on the village green, and we heard some of the neighbours passing the cottage - young girls who were laughing and talkingand Mary Millington, a nice, pretty girl, ran up to see Betty, and show her her new dress, not knowing I was there. Mary's mother was very kind to Betty latterly, and with her when she died. 'Well, Mary,' Betty said, 'so you're off to the dance. Take care of yourself, my girl; eh, it's more difficult by far for the like of you to think what's to come after this life than it is for me: lying here I've little else to do. Don't be very

late, Mary, coming home; and don't let Ned Finchett walk back with thee: he'll be as much at the Griffin as on the Green, I'm afraid, and no fit company for you, Mary. I'm glad you came in, Mary; it's kind in you to remember me this evening, and a pleasure to see you so fresh and happy. I hope you'll have a pleasant evening, Mary, that I do.

"Quite a change came over her poor old father. When I first knew him, he was very rough-tongued; but latterly he was quite different, and when one of his accustomed rough sayings, or worse, escaped him, he would turn to her and say, 'Eh, Bess, but ye said I must na' say that.' We were all away when Betty died, and when I came back he told me in his own simple way about her. His expression was, 'She died in no time. Margaret Millington made her very comfortable, and made herself a bit of a bed on the floor, and slept beside her; but she was up to give her a bit of something then: and she said, "Father, said she, "ye've been my father here all this time." "Yes," says I, "we've stuck together." "We have," she said, "but ye've done with me now, father. The Lord will be my Father in Heaven." And then she said a very pretty prayer for Mrs. Grey and all the family. Ye was all away from the hall then, every one of you, and she knowed that; and then she said, "Margaret," says she, "lift my head up a bit," and she put it like on the pillow, and she just turned her face to me, and died. I never saw anything like it in my life, never!' You remember the candlestick, Fanny; you were with us when it was fastened up," Anne Grey continued. "She told her father to give it me when she died. Miss Grey'll like it, she said, I know she will. And tell her, eh it will be nice to need it no more. I needed it longer till Mr. Harry did. Father, tell her, tell Miss Grey, not to fret that he's such a far way off, and not under the yew-trees in our own churchyard; for she knows, better than I can tell her, 'In His hand are all the corners of the earth."

> "We sail the sea of life, a calm one finds, And one a tempest—and the voyage o'er, Death is the quiet haven of us all." WORDSWORTH.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES;

AND THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF THEIR OFFICERS.

What is a Joint Stock Company? In its pure and simple form it means a combination of persons for the accomplishment of some defined object, which would be beyond the reach of either of them individually. They accordingly subscribe, in proportion either to their respective means, or to their confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking, and are thus enabled to achieve results proportioned to the magnitude of the enterprise they have in view. An adequate amount of capital is subscribed for and paid upon, and the company starts with every chance of success, at least so far as funds in hand are concerned. This is, in brief, a representation of a bona fide Joint Stock Company. In too many cases, however, the opposite rule is followed, and companies are started upon an amount of capital which might easily have been advanced out of his own pocket, by any director worthy of the name. It is a mere farce to get up a company to do that which any single subscriber could accomplish better out of his own individual means. Companies cannot, in the very nature of things, be so effectively managed as private firms; and therefore, unless the undertaking is something beyond the fair reach of a person possessing capital, it would be better to conduct it as an ordinary individual would manage it, instead of being hampered with the fetters and restrictions of joint-stock law.

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We now advance to the question, How are Joint Stock Companies originated? The answer to this is again very simple. In a bonû fide case there is a kind of spontaneity about the affair; for a number of persons come tacitly to the same conclusion about the matter at the same time; and the result is, that the subscription list is soon filled, and a number of shareholders brought together at small expense. In such cases as these, there is usually some wellrecognized necessity for the formation of the new company; just as, when the great fire took place in Tooley-street, and the existing fire offices in alarm raised their rates of premium, the wharfingers, merchants, and others, immediately banded together, and formed new fire offices, for the purpose of competing with the old offices, and keeping them in check. In a great proportion of modern instances, however, the objects aimed at have been widely different. The point sought to be attained has, in too many cases, been the securing of a large mass of money, in the shape of fees, to the "promoter" or "promoters." The "promoter" is a worthy who is eternally casting about to see what project he can start next. It matters but little whether the company is one which is really wanted by the public; all he thinks of is how much he can make by it. But in order to this, he must get together a board of directors sufficiently well known to induce shareholders to join. It matters not whether they can pay much themselves; but they act as admirable decoy ducks to those who, with money in their pockets, but no high-sounding titles, can deposit their hundreds or thousands in the

This leads directly to a third question: - Who are the Directors of Joint Stock Companies? In strictness, they ought to be at first the men holding the largest stake in the company with which they are identified. Apart, too, from the interest upon their invested capital, which they receive in common with the other shareholders, they should receive such fees for their attendances as will insure their giving up other engagements to attend to their duties at the board. Shareholders must look this question fairly in the face. Men with the

talents necessary to conduct large undertakings, and properly to superintend a large staff of employés, are not easily found—and when found are sure to have other valuable appointments; some of which must be given up if proper attention is to be given to the affairs of the company. This fact is too often overlooked, and the consequence too often is that the board is only filled by gentlemen of leisure; which, in nine cases out of ten, means gentlemen whose time has no value in any practical line of business. Such men make the boardroom a club, and are ready to do the bidding of any secretary or manager. If this functionary is honest, the company does very well; but if otherwise, he is soon tempted to work the company to his own advantage, and, it may be, to his own as well as the shareholders' ruin. Business men are the only proper parties to conduct business, and we repeat that " men of executive talent command at all times a high price for their services."

Our leading idea, in short, is that in choosing directors, those persons should be selected, who have given evidence patent to the public, not only of their special aptitude for business, but also of their special acquaintance with the peculiar objects for which the company is formed, or about to be formed. If it is a mining company, for example, the best board of directors that could be formed would be one composed of practical men, who have had large experience in mining transactions. And so with respect to other classes of companies. We do not need the "upper ten thousand" to act as directors; and it is a great misfortune that English people have such a fancy for great names on boards of direction, instead of relying upon persons who, with less dash about them, would really serve them better.

Another point of moment is to take note of the quarter in which the appointment of directors is virtually vested. Too frequently it rests almost entirely in the hands of the manager; and although, if the manager really has the interests of the company at heart, the evils of his interference in the appointment of directors may be but small; yet, as a rule, the decision should be left, not merely nominally, but really, to the votes of the shareholders. They are, in fact, the company, and should have uncontrolled power in the election of their representatives. It is to the interest of a shrewd manager to get his own nominees appointed; and therefore care should be taken that he does not exercise an undue interference in the

The next important step is to ascertain the attention which each director pays, or is likely to pay. to the interests of the company. The ready prima facie test of this in a company already established, is the "Directors' Attendance Book." This book will show at a glance which of the directors are most frequent in their attendance at the board meetings. But this, after all, is not a complete test. In some cases it may be the result of a conscientious attention to duty: in others it may be the token of an eagerness after fees. In either

nomination of directors.

case the calibre of the man can be measured by a little inquiry, and his merits ascertained accordingly. Care must be taken to note whether the fee per attendance is moderate or heavy, considering a man's others sources of income; for a vast deal turns upon

this point.

Another matter worthy of observation is the number of directors on the board. board is a great evil. Even in a money point of view the increase of expense by the simple accumulation of fees is no small tax on the funds of a company. But, leaving this point out of the question, there are many mischiefs attending a large board which do not attach to a small one. A board of thirty directors, for example, is almost certain to split itself up into sections at variance with each other; and a clever manager, by "pitting" one section against another, can very generally carry his point. But in another view it is equally objectionable. With a large board, all sorts of committees are sure to be formed in reference to the most trivial matters; and what with board meetings, committee meetings, directors constantly dropping in, the minutes of meetings, reports, &c., the manager or secretary is always engaged, and the customers who call at the office can scarcely ever receive that amount of attention which they are entitled to. We drop this hint to directors, because there are too many of them who are constantly taking up the time of the secretary upon frivolous matters, and thereby wasting time which might be otherwise more valuably employed.

Our own notion is that, as a rule, a board of five directors, with a quorum of three, is, except in very large companies, as manageable a number as can well be chosen. They will get through the business in half the time that a larger board would take, and finish it off in a more business-like manner. Of course, we do not lay this down as an inflexible rule, but we certainly would exceed this number as little as possible. Seven, probably, would be a very good number, and it might be urged that its adoption would leave a greater certainty of forming a quorum, but we would decidedly

not have a higher quorum than three.

A great deal of discussion has from time to time taken place, as to the proper persons who should be the auditors of a Joint Stock Company. On the one hand, it has been contended that the Auditors ought to have a stake in the capital of the Association, and be, therefore interested in its prosperity, as shareholders; on the other, it has been maintained that the audit should be conducted by persons totally unconnected with the company; with the further stipulation, in many instances, that the auditors should be public accountants. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. The advocates for the introduction of public accountants as auditors, affect to point triumphantly to the fact, that non-professional auditors are frequently passing accounts which are egregiously false, whereas a professional accountant would have detected the erroneous matter at once. This, however, is running on a little too fast, for public

accountants themselves sometimes make mistakes in their audits; while, on the other hand, a non-professional man, feeling a grave responsibility thrown periodically upon him, takes nothing for granted, as an accountant in many instances would, but searches rigidly into every item, and will not sign the balance-sheet until he has satisfied himself that every item is correct. Furthermore, the auditor who is a shareholder is, in all probability, a person in a higher grade of society than the officials whose accounts he comes to audit, and, therefore, keeps them in wholesome awe of him while the audit is proceeding. But if the system of professional auditing were to become general, the principals would have no time to attend to the duties themselves, but would have to entrust their performance to their clerks, who would of course be persons of or about the same rank as those whose accounts they came to audit, and a degree of familiarity would soon spring up between the two classes, which would be a great obstacle in the way of an efficient audit. The shareholding auditor, too, has an interest in protecting his capital, and therefore looks closely after it; the professional accountant has no interest in it, beyond pocketing a large amount of fees: the prosperity of the company is, to him, quite a secondary consideration. But in truth, this question of audit is the most difficult problem in the whole range of joint stock practice, and it still remains unsolved. The grand difficulty lies, not so much in devising a scheme of audit, as in finding a supply of really efficient auditors. An auditor to be really efficient must be the equal, at least, in point of ability, with the biggest rogue on the premises. But if he is, then the fear is that they may turn out to be both rogues together. On the other hand, if the auditor is really an honest man, the chances are, that he may not be a match for the skill which may be brought against him, and may thus be hoodwinked into passing accounts which ought never to have been certified to be correct. A man who combines the qualities of superior ability and superior honesty, is the sort of man for an auditor. But such men are not as "plentiful as blackberries," and in this, as we said before, lies the grand difficulty of the audit question. It is a very easy thing whenever a catastrophe occurs, for people who never audited an account in their lives, to pronounce ex cathedrâ on such an important matter, and to suggest remedies which are totally unavailable in practice. Why, the very duties and powers of an auditor have never yet been properly settled, either by Act of Parliament or by the general assent of society. There is a vague notion affoat, that the auditors are the people who are to rectify anything that may have gone amiss since the previous audit, no matter whether it relates to matters of account or matters of policy. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the powers of the auditors extend thus far. They may criticize the accuracy of the entries of the amounts received and expended, as long as they please; but as to the policy or impolicy of the transaction which led to either of those entries, they must, if they do not

wish to get themselves into hot water, remain perfectly silent. An auditor, in fact, occupies a very embarrassing position. If he exceeds his powers in zeal to save the Company, he is sure to receive anything but a cordial greeting when the annual meeting takes place; if, on the other hand, he keeps within his powers, the while perceiving that the concern is going to destruction—then when the crash comes there is a great outery made, and the question on all sides is asked, "What were the auditors about, to allow such a thing to take place?" So that in either case the unfortunate auditor is sure to be in the wrong. In fact, his is "the most

uncomfortable berth in the ship."

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Of one thing there can be no doubt. An audit ought to be effectual and complete, otherwise it is sure to prove treacherous. A periodical audit, at intervals of six months or a year, is of very little service, either in checking fraud, or in improving the policy of the company. The mischief has been done long before the auditor makes his appearance, and then there is but little help for it. An audit to be effective should be continuous—a condition, however, which can only be met in large companies. In companies of any magnitude, however, the auditor or auditors ought to be part of the regular daily working staff of the company. They ought, also, to receive a salary equal to that enjoyed by the secretary, and ought to have power to move about from one department to another without previous notice, and at irregular intervals, so that the clerks should never know when their books would be examined. A railway company, on a large scale, would save by this process more than the extra salary paid to the auditors, and would have the satisfaction of knowing, de die in diem, that the affairs were going on satisfactorily. Of course, in smaller companies this plan could not be carried out; but still in all cases the auditors ought to have the power of dropping in as often as they found it convenient, and looking over the books, without being supposed to be doing anything offensive. An audit, in fact, ought to be done in small pieces, and not in one large lump.

We have already alluded incidentally to one important functionary, the manager, or "secretary." The power of this officer for good or evil is immense. He it is who, above all others, can make or mar the company; and if he is bent upon aggrandizing himself solely, he is sure to bring the association to ruin. Before identifying himself with any company, therefore, an intending shareholder should weigh well the character of the secretary, and, if it is a new undertaking, ascertain whether it has been got up by him in his own behoof, or whether it really possesses features sufficiently new to justify the formation of a new company As a rule, no new company need be formed to transact precisely the same kind of business as that conducted by other companies already in the field. If the existing companies prove inadequate to the demand, or supply it in an inefficient manner, then, indeed, a case is made out for new companies; but not otherwise. Generally speaking, new com-

panies nowadays are started by persons who hope to receive the appointment of manager or secretary; and, as they usually contrive to get extensive powers conferred upon them by the deed of settlement, care must be taken, before joining a new company, to ascertain not only what those powers are, but whether the party is worthy to be entrusted with the exercise of them. Apart, too, from the legal powers which the manager may possess, he possesses moral powers over the board of no mean order. The directors, as a rule, adopt his suggestions, and thus he possesses almost absolute power. The character and tendencies of the secretary thus become material elements in determining the chances of the permanent success of

any Joint Stock undertaking.

The amount of capital subscribed for and paid upon, the number of shareholders, and the amount per share into which the capital is divided, are, again, all material points in the investigation of the probable condition of a company. In the first place, the ultimate amount of capital, if all the shares were called up in full, ought fully to equal all that the company is ever likely to require: in the second place, the amount paid up per share ought to be sufficient to provide for all the exigencies of the company at the outset, with a margin for unforeseen contingencies. Then, again, the position and money power of the several shareholders is a point worthy of grave consideration, for there might be a large list of names upon a deed, and yet three parts of the subscribers be totally unable to meet the ultimate liability involved in their respective signatures. The amount per share into which the capital is divided becomes here an all-important question. In by-gone times the custom was to have shares of large amount,-£100 per share for example; but in the present day it is not uncommon to have shares as low as £1, while £10 per share is regarded as a very respectable amount indeed. And in this particular we are disposed to think the modern system is the more safe and correct one. It is better to have a contingent call of £50,000 dependent for its realization upon 1,000 shareholders than upon 50. A broad basis is what is required, and this can only be obtained by a large body of shareholders, each holding a moderate number of shares; a number upon which he can reasonably be supposed to be able to pay any demand likely to be made upon him in respect of them.

One very curious point in joint stock practice is, that shareholders do not, as a rule, attend the periodical meetings of a company, unless there is a chance of a row. If, in their opinion, everything is going straightforward, they do not trouble themselves to attend; or, if they do, they are only too happy to hear that the company is progressing favourably, and that their dividend is all safe. If, on the other hand, a wail is heard from the directors, and a prospect is held out that the usual dividend is not forthcoming, there is straightway a great outcry, and the shareholders are at once all on the qui vive. A small meeting of shareholders may be

a great evil, but it is always an indication that the management of the affairs of the company has given general satisfaction to them as a body; while, on the other hand, a large meeting is generally indicative of dissatisfaction in some form or other. There is nothing, therefore, to induce directors to endeavour to form a large annual meeting, unless they have reason to believe that they are likely to be outvoted by a strong party on the other side.

The broad simple truth is, that a Joint Stock Company ought to be reduced, in identity of management, as nearly as possible to that of a private firm. The additions to the list of shareholders should be regarded as merely so much aggregation of capital, and the management should be entrusted to as few hands as possible, subject, of course, to periodical supervision. On all grounds large boards, divided management, &c., are to be deprecated, and the best mode of conducting a Joint Stock Company is to have a small compact board of thorough business men, with an efficient secretary, and then there is little fear but all will go well; even though the capital may not look so large, upon paper, as that of othercompanies which come before the public with larger boards and greater pretensions.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO WITH HER CRIMINALS?

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

THE employments at the factory are various. Cloth and other useful articles have been manufactured, and the clothes and linen from the hospitals and gaols are cleansed there; hence arises the common remark of "three months to the wash-tub."

Having discharged the obligations of the law, the factory residents are removed to a subordinate place of punishment, but where they are open to re-engagement in private service; this establishment usually went by the name of the "Brickfields." It was, if possible, a worse place than the other. Relieved from some compulsory labour, with little relaxation of discipline, but still consorting in festering masses, the women had more leisure for the indulgence of vicious conversation, and more opportunities of self-abasement of soul. The greatest deprivation endured by some of this class was the loss of their pipe; most ingenious were the plans laid, and most indefatigable the endeavours, to procure the solace of the weed. While men will subject themselves to the lash and the cell for having a piece of tobacco while on probation, the women were ready to sacrifice anything to possess the beloved black stick. Sometimes it is secreted on their persons, in a manner not to be discovered by rigorous search, and sometimes, by promises and conjurations, the convict constables are bribed to furnish it. At the Brickfields it is conveyed to them by various artifices, especially to those in some mysterious manner provided with cash, though obtained in defiance of regulations. The tobacco theory is an important one in the life

of a convict of either sex. And yet we have known women from the Brickfields, when away from the dreadful associations of the place, where the public opinion was made by the most reckless and vicious, become decent and well-behaved. Some, however, from a love of that abandoned society, enjoy themselves so well as to quit that asylum with regret, and lose no time in the commission of some offence which shall reconduct them to that charming abode. We can assert, from our experience, that it requires no small courage to go to that hiring depôt, stand the gaze of a number of these unblushing damsels, and make the selection of a help. At our first visit our evident confusion produced no slight merriment in that modest rank, and provoked witty sallies at our expense; a hasty and unfortunate choice was the consequence. The lady, a huge Irishwoman, with the neck of a bull and the voice of a navigator, proved so idle at work, and so devoted to tobacco, drink, and society, that we were glad to return her to the paternal responsibility of the authorities. In some cases, however, these Amazons of muscle and passion prove very useful to others, and settle down in the community. When taken into the bush, away from temptation, and in the region of hard work, they are found industrious and hearty, and finish by a consistent marriage.

No female convict, however, can have a partner, in the legitimate bonds, excepting she has served a certain term of service, and has been recommended on the memorial to the Comptroller-General. Few refusals are given, as it is desirable to see the ladies matched off as early as possible. Their word is taken as to the non-existence of any previous union; and, where inclination serves, that word is afforded without many qualms of conscience. It little matters; for, as a rule, both men and women, even at the expiration of their time of bondage, neither return to nor send for their partners in the home country. The law, of course, does not knowingly sanction this abuse, and cases are known in which, where doubts existed, letters were sent to England by one of the contracting parties, with a view of

ascertaining the facts.

Marriage is, in the majority of instances, a means of reformation. It may be otherwise with those who are by that act placed more readily within reach of the drink. Some eighteen years ago a housemaid of ours was married to the gardener, a man certainly old enough to be her father, and a very slow coach in manners and movement. The Scotch lassie had been a diligent and sober servant, and we honestly signed the memorial for her union.

We soon discovered, however, that her sole object for consenting to the man's request was an impatience of the restraint of her state of bondage. She desired the *fling* of that freedom she would enjoy if under the protection of a husband, though legally not entitled otherwise to its exercise. Immediately after marriage she broke the pledge she had signed in our house, raged as a riotous drunkard, was seen at all hours in the company of other men, and finished by being sent to the Factory, having got into trouble in one of her drunken freaks.

Many, however, do become reformed. The influence of Tasmanian Temperance Societies has been very effective in bringing about this result. In association with those institutions are good and zealous men and women, who visit the homes of the inebriate, and induce them not only to abandon the cup, but attend a place of worship. A more thorough change of life has followed the adoption of total abstinence, in that the voice of the preacher has completed what the advocate of Temperance had begun. We may be pardoned mentioning the name of one lady as most prominently identified for thirty years with the reformation of female convicts. Mrs. Crouch, a member of the Society of Friends in Hobart Town, is endeared to the memory of these fallen ones as their faithful, loving friend, their sister and their mother.

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The growth of comforts in married life, especially in a country where industry and prudence are so rewarded, is one element of social progress. A comfortable home is an ameliorating influence, which tells most favourably upon our wives. The birth of children has an additional reformatory and a conservative effect. The mother will, for the sake of her offspring, exercise a self-restraint, and practise virtues to which she had been a stranger. The public schools receive her children for instruction, and the Sabbath-school is open for their religious training. Thus it may be seen that women once abandoned and vile are changed into happy mothers and good citizens. As Roman virtues sprang from a band of malefactors and slaves, so have we known domestic happiness and social order to arise from the chaos of British convictism.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE AND EMANCIPIST.

There were three degrees through which the convict passed before arrival at perfect freedom. He became a Passholder, a Ticket of Leave, and an Emancipist. The written pass was essential to the movements of the first stage. Properly speaking, the man could then hold no property, being dead to the law. Yet there was a symptom of approaching liberty, in the permission to enter private service, and to receive wages. He was, however, subject to the Comptroller-General, and could be at any moment sent whither that functionary pleased; and for even a slight infraction of the regulations of penal discipline he was liable to very summary treatment, as if he were at the despotic feet of any regal tyrant.

The ticket of leave gave a man liberty, for the first time, to work on his own account: to set up business, contract debts, and hold moveable property. He was still far from being out of the domain of discipline. The suspension of his ticket could readily take place, and he be again consigned to the rank of a passholder. To obtain his measure of freedom, it was requisite that he specially memorialize the Government, and obtain the written recommendation of respectable householders. Unfortunately, it was generally believed that a crown piece expedited the transmission of the document,

and that other coins of the realm facilitated the progress of the application. This was certainly the case in the olden times.

The ticket-man was placed under the surveillance of the police; he could only reside in one fixed district of the colony; he must appear once a month to answer to his name on the roll at the Police Office, unless a certificate of release was specially obtained. This standing in the area before the Court-house, a spectacle to the eyes of all comers, was a grievous penalty to the man of education or of feeling. Frost the chartist, Mitchell the rebel, with banking and clerical transports, had to endure this humiliation, and, as gentlemen, to stand the rude stare or ridicule of those more degraded than themselves. We had once in our nominal service a gentleman of birth and education, a collegian of some reputation, who was so unfortunate as to be separated from a wife to whom he was tenderly attached in the mother country, and to be condemned to wear the chains of servitude. When in probation, his quiet and agreeable manners commended him to the attention and respect of officials, and his intelligence and piety gained him friends, who spared him much personal shame upon the station. Recommended to us more for care than service, he was an inmate of our family and sat at our table; for, conscious of his integrity, and sympathising with him in his trouble, we believed it right to shield him from want and from further humiliation. Nothing was felt by that young man so bitterly as the exhibition of himself at the muster-roll, and for nothing did he appear so grateful as to our successful pleading to procure his exemption from attendance.

It was as a ticket-of-leave that the Irish rebel made his escape from Tasmania. Some, before their emergence from that state, have realised considerable fortunes; though, from the insecurity of their civil position, they never appeared in a prominent character. We have known them as editors of papers, and as preachers in the pulpit.

After serving a certain period, according to the length of his service, and that without getting into trouble, as it is called, the ticket-of-leave would petition for his emancipation. As an emancipist he was free from the vexatious interference of the police, having all the same rights and privileges in the island as one arriving free into the colony, and being at liberty to remove to any country but that from which he was transported. An English emancipist might reside in France, and look at the cliffs of his native shore. Only at the termination of the full years of his term of sentence was he free, indeed, to go where he would.

The emancipists, as may readily be imagined, formed formerly the great majority of the free people of the Australian colonies. Before immigration began, they were almost the only free persons. In the older settlements, therefore, of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, the early settler were of this class. Each received then so many acres of land for himself, and so many extra if having a wife and family. This was granted to

furnish him with the means of existence, and give

rise to the future employment of labour.

Another class of partial freemen were imported into Van Diemen's Land. As if we were not sufficiently burdened with crime, and as if the convicts themselves were not tried enough with competitive labour, the British Government precipitated upon us colonists batches of Pentonville men, commonly called the Pentonvillains. They had received in that model prison a delicacy of physical care that rendered them by no means fit for the Bush. Punch certainly exaggerated the story of their tender nurses; but, certainly, England's sudden affection for her criminals had something of the ludicrous to us, living in a convict colony, and acquainted with her woful neglect and cruelty before. More than all, they were schooled and trained with great assiduity. Pious men held long conversations with them in the silence of their cells. Communication between the prisoners was prevented, for their mutual touch was moral pollution. These were the men, after such careful treatment, who were thrown, to finish their education, amidst the foulest associations, and left to battle for life with nominal freedom.

Though, like others, denouncing the act as impolitic and unkind to the exiles and colonists, our sympathies were drawn out toward them; we rescued one poor fellow, recommended to us by the surgeon of his ship, and received him into our house; he had held a situation of some repute in London, where he left a wife and a large family. We are sorry to add that he made an ill return for our kindness, through the violence of passions which

again led him astray.

A strong and successful resistance was made in other places against the forced immigration of these Pentonville men. About fifteen or sixteen years ago Cape Town for weeks blockaded the port against the ship which the English ministry had sent there. Adelaide resented the attack upon its honour and virtue as a community of free people. Those of Port Phillip were equally indignant; and though, for a time, they were forced to yield, a repetition of British injustice was not attempted there. But it was otherwise with poor Tasmania; nothing remained there but submission.

While, as colonists, we felt the arbitrary conduct that thrust upon us, already so overcharged with crime, an increased burden of vice, we were not indifferent to the difficulties of statesmen, though many fervently wished that England might have experience of the blessings of ticket-of-leave men, in order to have some sympathy for the families of settlers at the other side of the world. That experience has since been obtained; and the greatest foe of the probation system, the most energetic denouncer of British cruelty to colonists, must have been quite satisfied with the revenge. But had not the ministry thus overwhelmed the island of Tasmania, the evil would not have been so bad for the convicts themselves, however the colonists might have suffered.

As the emancipist class emerged from bondage,

a social collision took place. The free by arrival, and the free by servitude, took opposite sides in the struggles of colonial politics, and regarded each other as antagonistic in person and in interests. Business talents and favourable circumstances had raised some to a considerable social eminence for wealth, if not always for intelligence and character. Some grew in educational and moral standard as they advanced in social position; while others, especially those making fortunes out of spirit-dealing, did not evidence the gentleman and Christian, when they assumed the dignity of landlords, and claimed the status which riches so often confer.

Governor Macquarie, who reigned for twelve years at the early part of the present century, from an honest desire to raise the class for whose particular benefit, as he said, New South Wales had been settled, invited wealthy emancipists to his table, and promoted some to the bench as justices of the peace. This excited the ire of the old officials, who regarded the elevation of such parties as an infringement of their own exclusive rights and privileges. An angry correspondence took place between the governor and the colonial chaplain, the Rev. S. Marsden, upon this question, and some rather ungentlemanly recriminations were charged upon both parties. The case was referred to the Home Government, but the policy of General Macquarie was recognized generally as being sound and kind.

Upon the arrival of Governor Brisbane, however, about five-and-thirty years ago, the other party gained the ascendancy in the councils of State, and a consequent depression of the claims of the emancipists took place. Gradually, the thing righted itself; and, after a while, appointments were made to persons of both classes, without much reference to antecedents, if the present character and posi-

tion were thought satisfactory.

Then, again, much of the old class feeling disappeared with the advance of emancipists into seats of honour. From a natural feeling of conservatism, though quite satisfied as to the justice of their own selection, they were not found so anxious for the promotion of others of the exconvict order, giving a preference to the really free, with whom they were more solicitous to mingle, and with the members of which they were anxious to form matrimonial alliances, so as to mitigate the stain of convict origin attached to the birth of children. On the other hand, the free proper were not indisposed to pay court to wealth, though associated with the chains of the past, and not unwilling always to object to a marriage that brought dollars, even though with a blottedescute on

At the present day, from the greater infusion of free immigration, and as the transportation scheme to the old Australian colonies has been abandoned, the lines of demarcation will eventually disappear, especially as the children of the union of classes rise to honour and justly-merited esteem in the community, and one brotherhood of feeling and in-

terest will be established.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADEN POWER."

[Continued from p. 167.]

CHAPTER III.

"Childhood, happiest stage of life Free from care and free from strife; Free from Memory's ruthless reign, if Fraught with scenes of former pain; Free from Fancy's cruel skill, Fabricating future ill; How thy long-lost hours I mourn, Never, never to return!"—Scott.

THE cart kept on its leisurely course; over the small bridge which spanned the "Creek;" through the beautiful and more exclusive quarter of "Piert's Rest," with its mingling of quaint farm-house and ancient stone buildings, modernised and beautified by the taste of wealthy occupants, with now and again a cottage orné half buried in trees, and pleasant glimpses here and there of flower-beds, rustic arbours, and all the belongings of wealth and luxury. But all seemed slumbering under the sultry rays of an unclouded summer sun. A straw hat, a green parasol, a white dress, did occasionally gleam out from the thickest of these shady coverts; where some fair reader had, perhaps, stolen away to enjoy a favourite book; but these were rare objects: all was so still, the lazy wash of the waves upon the beach, at some distance from this point, might be distinctly heard.

Even in the fields, which lay on one side of the road for a short distance, the haymakers had rested from their task and slept under the spreading tree, whose leaves seemed to share their slumbers, so motionless was the air.

The driver of the cart plodded heavily along; and, for all that one could see to the contrary, he and his horses might have been pursuing their journey in a state of somnambulism.

But there were two, at least, who were, to all intents and purposes, wide awake to every beauty of the scene, to every feature of the country; so new, so beautiful to them; fresh from a large and busy town.

The children, who occupied the seat at the back of the van, were a boy of about nine, and a girl some four years younger. His arm was round her, and her straw hat, which she had taken off in that buoyant feeling of freedom which the first breath of country air imparts, lay on his knees. Their young eyes were busy in observing, their little tongues in eagerly noting to one another all they beheld upon their slow and pleasant progress.

"Look, Rose, look there! there's pears on that tree; look, how thick! and oh, look at the cheries! all ripe and red; oh, Rosey, it is beautiful! isn't it?"

"My Phil! my Phil! fowers! fowers!" cried the child, clapping her tiny hands and pointing to a flower-garden they were passing, rich in summer

"Oh, and see the hay, how nice it smells! look, Rosey, the men are asleep under the trees; and look at the dog! look at the dog, Rose, lying on his master's coat to watch it! like a picture, isn't it, Rosey?"

Again the child clapped her hands; then, sliding one arm round her brother, she looked up into his face with a laugh of the very fulness of delight.

They had now left behind them the fashionable portion of "Piert's Rest;" the road bore inland, the coast running high between that and the beach; with an almost imperceptible ascent it led on through the picturesque and open country.

Here, too, were the shops, which had sprung into existence upon the improved fortunes of Stillhaven, and which were dependent more particularly upon the patronage of "Piert's Rest," affording an odd contrast, the expensively-finished plate-glass fronts and well-appointed fittings of the eager speculators, with the primitive establishment of the old resident still keeping his ground with stubborn belief in his aboriginal rights; while, to judge from appearances, the whole town might have been garrisoned for a twelvemonth from the accumulated stores of these sanguine dealers. No less singular was it to note how the old and new met here, as it were, upon neutral ground, and setting forth their several claims:—here a handsome piece of wide solid pavement with a massive lamp set up in front, a fashionable scraper and mat at the door, and a brass plate, maybe, bearing the name and calling of the occupant: there the gravelly walk with its fringe of straggling weeds, and a venerable tree or two still left standing in front of the doors of these quaint tenements with their diamond-latticed panes, half hatch, and thatched roof, causing a twinge almost painful to a thoughtful passer-by unconcerned in the question of the gain to be derived from the uprooting of these ancient drowsy remnants of the past.

And now the driver of the cart, waking, as it might be, out of his walking nap, stopped, simultaneously with his cattle, before one house, a corner one, it seemed the last of this outlying suburb.

There was a row of fine elms before the door, beneath which stood a horse-trough, coeval, it might be, with the seedling-time of its venerable neighbours, and at the end of these a tall sign-post bearing a sign, of which all that could be made out was the faint semblance of a face and two fierce-looking eyes, and the words—more to be guessed at than read—" Piert's Rest."

A bench and table stood before the door, which, wide open, gave to view a spacious apartment—half bar, half kitchen—where, even at that season, a fire burned clear and smokeless in the grate, and upon the settle aside sat a man smoking a pipe.

At the door a stout pleasant-looking woman, in snowy-white cap and apron, was scattering some grain to a well-conditioned tribe of chickens; at sight of which a flock of pigeons, which had been sunning themselves on the thatch, condescended to lounge down and invite themselves to a share.

A large white cat lay stretched upon the bench

at the door, unmindful of the wiles of her two hopeful offspring, who alternately gambolled and

fought beneath the seat.

It was a picture of perfect repose rarely seen in an atmosphere wont to be tumultuous and impure; for "Piert's Rest," though spoken of as "alehouse," fell short in none of the requirements of a liquor-seller's. You might get there "as good French brandy as ever was tasted;" and I make no doubt but its roomy cellar, more resembling a smuggler's cave than a spirit-vault, would not have refused a bottle of wine at a demand.

But so still, so tranquil, even to the two green leaves just dropped from the old elm, toying in the clear water of the trough, which the thirsty horses eye so wistfully, even to the bed of pinks beneath the side window, giving out their sweet fragrance,

all breathes of innocence and peace.

"Eh! sakes! who would ha' thought o' seeing thee, John Bowden; why, is't thee or thee's ghost!" said the smiling landlady, looking up, as the cart stopped at the door, and the driver laid down his whip and threw his hat upon the bench.

"Why, it's nigh two years since I set eyes on thee, lad; and how hast fared the while? Eh, thee looks hearty for sure, but a bit tired out. Sit thee down now, sit thee down; and what'll thee

take?"

"Nay, I'll not sit down, Mistress Mabberly; for, do you see, I mun be jogging; these here's to be at Birdiethorn yonder, and its nigh sundown, and I looks for the master hisself along every minute. I will but gie' the beasts a sup, and take a sup mysel', for I'm fair dry, I am so."

"Ay, sure!" said the jolly landlady, and, popping in and out again with a movement quicker than could have been expected of her bulk, she presented the carter with a jug of foaming ale, in which his whole visage was quickly hidden.

"Eh! that's good!" said he, with a sigh of gratification, as he wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his smock-frock; and proceeded to bestow upon his

horses their privilege likewise.

"Dost say these be going to Birdiethorn?" said the dame; "then I shana' be sorry to see the place like life again; it has been fair lonesome and dreary these five, ay six, years, since the choleree took off the poor Captain's family: there's been a deal of things said this way and that again the place; but I never give no heed to it myself. Well, well, the changes a body do see! Why, thee'd scarce know the place down yonder as thee come through."

" Nay, I didna', for sure."

"Eh, it's naught to what they be doing up here, a bit on—new houses, and shops; and a grand hall and a new church is laid out, they say. Ay, well; give me the old church, John Bowden, as I were christened and married in, and my mother afore me; and where my dear man, God rest him! lies now, where I hope to lie wi' him; I'll set foot in none o' their new churches, not I!"

As the good woman raised her apron to her eyes, to brush away a tear—not an unfrequent tribute

to the memory of her lost helpmate—she caught sight of the children, and in a minute was at the

back of the van.

"Eh! sakes, John Bowden! why hadna thee said these pretty ones was here, now? Poor lambs, they're fair broiled, I know, in the sun all this while! Bless thee's sweet face!" (kissing Rose:) "thee'll have a sup of milk." And almost as she spoke she disappeared in the house, returning immediately with a large mug of milk and a piece of cake for each. Then, with smiles and kind words encouraging the very shy children to accept the welcome refreshment, she stood with an arm round little Rose, still chatting to Bowden, who, having replenished the jug, was in no hurry to move.

"It fair wearies me to see naught but changes and changes in th' good place, John Bowden, where I ha' lived now nigh forty years; I'm fair heart-sick, and it's like I'll be the next change mysel'. Thee'll not find owd Piert's Rest an' thee comes

this road another twelvemonth time."

"Nay, nay, Mistress Mabberly, thee dinna tell

me true!"

"True enough, true enough, John Bowden: they're agate o' making this poor owd place a grand inn, or such like, and let 'em—i' God's name, let

'em!"
The old dame's eloquence could go no further; she was silent. By this time the ale was finished, and the horses, which had revelled in their less dubious draughts, now raised their heads, with a snort; while the water streamed from their panting nostrils in little showers, they shook their huge necks, tossed their manes, refreshed, and quietly

At that moment a horse and rider came slowly up the gently ascending road; the latter, as he passed the little group, nodded to the old landlady,

and she returned a very frigid curtsey.

"That's him, John Bowden," she said, as the rider passed on; "that's him as will ne'er rest till he gets old 'Piert's' into his hands. That's Master Crichton, as owns the biggest public-house in a' Stillhaven; and they tell me he is opening a new one up yonder, the other side o' th' town at Greenharbour. He's a finger in well nigh everything as is afoot, and has put down more money than e'er a one for the new church at Piert's Rest; and yet they say he lost a fortune in Liverpool, and hadna a penny when he came out. He's been here times out o' mind, and he's set his heart upon this; so let him have't. I doubt it'll ne'er do better than it did wi' my poor man. But he's gone; and it's but lone for me; and I'm not what I was; and the bit o' time I am to be here, I'd be like to rest me. Well, good-bye, John Bowden; thee'll look in as thee comes back. Here's Dickey Glossop, same as ever, having his nap in chimney corner; he'll be waking in a bit. Take care of the little ones. Good-bye, darlings."

The good dame shook her band to the children, who had been absorbed in contemplation of the real live chickens and pigeons, pecking and flying about —not hung up by the heels with bloody heads and ruffled feathers. The cart creaked, and then moved on more briskly; the water in the old trough settled away into its former tranquillity, and the two little leaves slept upon its surface. The pigeons resumed the operations of the toilette, their gratulatory notes soothing the old cat into resuming her slumbers once more; and old "Piert's" was still again.

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The brow of the hill once turned, they moved along with something more of animation; the horses seemed to have made up their minds to see the end of this journey before night; the driver whistled a cheery tune, with whip-cracking accompaniment; for the ale was strong, the journey nearly over; and he had visions of a supper that night, of which, for old acquaintance sake, Dame Mabberly would bear the cost.

They had just left the last little cottage and garden behind them, and were in the open road, when a tight little horse and chaise came up and passed them. The occupants waved a hand and a whip in answer to the children's shout.

"Mother saw us," said Philip.

"Faver shook him's whip at me," laughed little Rose.

Here the new road branched off, and far before them they could see the white masses of buildings in the new town.

Still following the old road, they again descended a somewhat abrupt incline, and at a fresh turn, the open space of the wide sea was before them, flashing, dazzling, glorious, in the setting sun. The boy uttered a shout of delight, and the tiny child clapped her hands, and almost sprang from her seat. The tide was coming in; its low steady plash sounded upon the hollow beach below them; here and there a boat, with its white sail, rested like a smile upon the face of the beautiful waters, and the patient sun, hasting to lay him down, seemed yet to linger, and lend a brighter glory, ere quenching his beaming coronet in the cool waves.

But a minute only this scene was before them, as the little cavalcade followed the track of the chaise. The road was narrower; on one side a low fence separated it from an orchard, whose well-aden trees called forth anew the admiration of the children. On the other a rocky wall, clothed in parts with verdure, rose far above their heads.

"Up to 'e sty," said Rose, looking up in awe.

"Ah! but I can see how you can get up; I know,
Rosey, we'll get up to the top some day; and the
sea is the other side, I know," said the boy exultingly.

Then came a straggling row of low irregular dwellings, the most ancient of the village—old "Piert's Rest" par excellence; then one or two of loftier pretensions, and then, standing a little back from hand or foot of irreverent passer-by, yet with its wide porch and flowery turf, a blessed welcome to weary - foot wanderer, stood the old grey church.

With its well-worn path, its ever-open gate, its air of humble sanctity, of meek holiness—with its

moss-grown headstones, its neatly-kept graves, or its weed-grown hillock—the last resting-place of the remembered and beloved, the forlorn, the uncared-for, or vicious. Oh, the keen lessons, the eloquent mute sermons that old grey church bore to all who would read! The grey moss-covered walls, the four worn steps descending to the body of the church, wore a garb of sanctity unattained by sculptured dome and pillared portico. The white daisy and pale primrose blossomed in the tufted grass, the unseen violet filled the air with its perfume; only the sound of the shrill grass-hopper broke the silence, as the cart moved heavily along.

And now, on either side the road, the trees growing thick and high, the branches met and interlaced overhead, the cart moved slowly over the mossy ground; from the green banks the gay dragon-fly flitted away through the twilight, and the grasshopper plied his merry music invisibly.

Emerging again into the evening sunshine, the little cavalcade slackened pace as they passed an opening affording another view of the sea, now calm as a lake, across which the sun was throwing its farewell beams; and turning a corner of a jutting rock, clothed with verdure, stopped in front of a small house almost entirely surrounded by short trees of the most luxuriant and thickest foliage.

Even before in sight of the dwelling, the song of a bird had reached them, and now, as they drew up, where the chaise had stopped before them, a nightingale, visible in one of the thickets of the bushes, poured forth its sweet tones undismayed; while in the furthest recesses of the mimic wood, the minor choristers of the night brought in their humbler strains to swell the twilight hymn.

They were at Birdiethorn.

"Here we are! this is home, Rosey," said the

boy, scrambling down headlong.

"Come on, Rosey, let us see the garden—oh! such a beautiful garden!—come along—" And away ran the children, hand-in-hand, through the house, the door of which stood open, and round to the back.

"Oh, mother! here's such an arbour out here!" cried Philip, returning in a while; "I found it, mother, covered with white flowers like wax, and roses too, mother; and you can hardly get in for the briars and weeds—"

"Cherries, mother, real ripe cherries!" said

Rose.

"And, mother, do you know where this door leads to?—right into such a nice place, all stone, and windows with such tiny panes, and all green over them; and a stream of water along the bottom—."

"That is the dairy, my dear."

"Oh, my Phil!" cried Rose, again running in; "come and see, such a many fowers!" and she pulled her brother to follow her to the garden. But in a few minutes both children again entered breathless, eager to relate the wonders they had discovered.

" Mother, father, there is a little gate at the

bottom of the garden, right behind a great tree; but I can't open it."

"And, mother, do come and look at the next room; oh, such a funny cupboard right in the wall!"

"The sea is the other side the rock—I can hear it," said Philip. "I should like to get that door open—have you been upstairs, mother? oh, there is such a nice little room out of the big one, just do for Rosey!"

"Will it, Phil? oh, I will see it;" and away ran

Rose.

"Isn't it a dear home, Rosey; better than Brown-street—eh, Rosey?"

"Yes, Phil; oh yes—oh yes!" cried the child,—clapping her hands.

"Philip, my boy, you might help father to bring in some of those things from the cart; the man is anxious to be gone."

"Yes, mother, that I can;" and away sprang the

boy.

The cart, disburdened of its load, went lumbering off down the soft mossy road; the boy assisted his father in carrying the lighter articles of furniture, and as the last were deposited within the house, little Rose toddled in, her lap laden with flowers.

"I so tired, my Phil," said she, as she sat down upon the steps at the back door, and rested her head upon the shoulder of her brother, who untied her hat, and relieved her of her sweet burden.

"Won't we have nice games here, Rose, eh? and I will make you such a garden; and we can sit out in this porch, and I read to mother while

you dress your dolls; eh, Rosey?"

They gathered round the table to their first meal in their new home, while the stars came out in the deep sky, and the sea washed in monotonous measure upon the beach, behind the rock that sheltered the little house. Now and then a droning beetle, or bewildered bat, would tap upon the window, or momently entangle itself in the thick creeper which half covered it; and the children would look up at one another, and laugh at the total absence of all other sounds, so unusual to their town-bred ears.

Later in the night, Philip stood with his mother in the outer porch, which a young moon softly lighted with her first timid rays. The boy held her hand, and as he looked up in her face—

"It will be a nice home, won't it, mother?"

"I hope so, my child," she said, gently.
"We shall be very happy, eh, mother?"

"I am sure I hope so, dear. Yes, I trust and think we shall."

Philip looked up still anxiously to her face: she smiled down upon him, and stroked his head; then, as his father came out to the door, she bade him say "Good-night," and go to bed, for there would

be plenty to do to-morrow.

Soon all was still, but the soft plash of the restless sea, and the murmur of night, which is never still. The timid moon grew less faint, as she looked down into the sweet depths of the shadowed earth,

and on the quiet waters which courteously mirrored back her pale face and starry throne. In the wild nettle and tangled thorn, in the wax-like jasmine and soft rose's bosom, droned the night beetle, and the harmless bat winged through the stilly hours on his mysterious errand. The ghosts—if ghosts there were—who haunted Birdiethorn, did their spiriting gently, for untroubled and serene, the summer night passed away, and yielded up its last breath in the pure embrace of the young blushing morn.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME.

"There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues, never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

SOUTHEY.

While the delighted children continued to improve their acquaintance with the new home—making the acquaintance of every glorious insect, bird and flower of their little paradise, and deepening in love by acquaintance, not weary with satiety;—while the father took place among his new companions and fellow-workmen—by his undeniable and superior skill and taste to gain their admiration or their envy—village tongues were not idle: a theme so rich had not been afforded them for many a day.

The strangers, who had come upon them so suddenly had commenced their campaign by taking possession of a dwelling in which, scarcely one of them but would have forfeited her ears rather than stay a single night—and so pleasantly and calmly tenanting it, as though audaciously setting all legendary fears at nought. There was something in this, to begin with, not at all calculated to allay the envious misgivings with which they had heard of the arrival of the new man from London.

"Never heard the like, I didn't," observed the indignant Mrs. Crump, with a toss of the head—"As though ne'er a soul could do ought but comes fro' London. I'd soon shew him different, and make him glad to go back again."

"It's easy talking, Polly," said her more placid

husband

"I'd let him see I could do, as well 's talk. London, forsooth! I'll lay he's just as stupid as may be."

"Nay, nay; he's none o' that. This Master Steyne's a fine chap at the work—he is so; and as for them stone carvings, why there's none can come up to him: we couldn't be without him now; but it's the being put above us like, that comes over me. We've been at work as many months as he has weeks, and he's like he might be master a'most."

"Shouldn't be master o' me, I reckon!" said Mrs. C., with another shake of her head. "I'd bring

him down a peg, in his airs and bounce!"

"He hasn't no bounce neither, Polly, for the matter o' that; the master comes and stands alongside of him when he's at work, and looks on and talks to him, and asks him this and that: but Steyne makes no more on't than nothing, and is just as ready to do a fellow a good turn, or to wink at a blunder, as e'er a one."

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"He's bewitched you all, I think, but he won't me, I know, nor his wife neither, a stalking madam, with her proud brats. Mr. Thom might be ashamed——"

But Crump had escaped the remainder of a storm, which, he knew by experience, would rage with violence so long as he ventured to stand before it.

A neighbour or two fortunately coming in at the moment, afforded Mrs. Crump an opportunity of pursuing the theme, and much amiable discussion ensued as to the merits of the new comers; the superiority of their furniture, the taste displayed in such arrangements of the little household as were apparent, and, above all, the astounding fact that Birdiethorn possessed a "pianey."

"A pianey!"—every eye was turned upon the informant—"Yes! or an organ. We were walking up past there Sunday evening; when on a sudden comes music out at the open windows at Steyne's, playing hymns and singing, for all the world like a church."

"Well, well, now! for a working-man to be at his piano and singing—eh, dear!" Mrs. Crump raised her eyes and hands in consternation.

"She seems proud to my thinking," said another gossip.

"Ay, and the children too; they don't mix with the rest and rough it as children should. They were with my boy the other day, and he took a bird's nest; you never heard the to-do as young Philip made about it, he says."

"A bit spoiled I reckon-"

The conclave was suddenly broken by an exclamation of "There she comes!"—and the gossips huddled back just within the porch, as their new neighbour passed on her way home, accompanied by her children.

The moment they had passed, every head pro-

truded, every tongue was busy.

"Well, now, she might put her children into something better than those white blouses and belts," said Mrs. Crump, whose mania for finery amounted to a vital principle. "With her pianys and sofys, she might let them be decent."

"That girl is a real beauty!" said one.
"Rather pinkey and whitey, isn't she?"

"It's well to be Mrs. Steyne, to walk abroad and take it so easy, I think."

"They go every evening up to the New Town to meet him."

"All among the men?"

"No, not all among the men, neither!"—burst in a boy who had been lying on the grass unheeded —"for they sit down in the churchyard at Piert's Rest, a wait for him."

Mrs. Darby bade him hold his tongue, and on his replying somewhat saucily, dodged after him with views of assault, which she achieved so unexpectedly that the rest laughed.

"Ah! you needn't talk," said the urchin, pre- at her feet.

pared for retreat; "Phil's mother's a deal better than any of you. You'd better come and get father's tea, and don't hit me again, else I may tell about what I found in the cellar."

He darted off, pursued by his enraged stepmother, leaving her dear friends to deal with her

individual case discreetly as they might.

Meanwhile, unconscious of the observation her movements had attracted, Mrs. Steyne pursued her walk, every pleasure enhanced by the delight and enjoyment of her little companions, as they jumped and ran before her.

People are apt to talk of children's faces all bearing a certain resemblance—of their wanting character. Surely this is a mistake. Tiny, as each feature, may be the tint and outline of propensity and passion, but as certainly making part of the miniature man, as hereafter, when fostered or suppressed, stunted or in full bloom, as circumstances shall determine.

In the large dark blue eyes of little Rose, in her happy joyous face, there was little to be read but the unalloyed gladness of very existence; the delight of mere life itself; which is, in fact, the chief charm of childhood to those who have outlived even

the memory of such a sensation.

But the glow of enthusiasm, which could light up that baby face, told of a keen appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or art; such an intense admiration of loveliness, to the total oblivion of every other quality and charm, that, in one so young, was remarkable. All "beauty birds," flowers, pretty children, had an attraction for little Rose, which, to the fancy of those who doated on her, seemed as if, beautiful herself, she claimed kindred with the very spirit of beauty.

This and the most unselfish love for the only friends she had ever known—sole germs of character yet apparent in their unrestrained expression served but to render more lovely the little face for

which kind nature had done her utmost.

The children, reared in that privacy of home which is attainable only in a great city, were shy and retiring, and, failing the attempt to become playfellows with the village children, had returned to their own companionship with apparently renewed satisfaction. At home, as children never fail to be, among fields and trees, they had already made themselves familiar with the neighbourhood, and now darted hither and thither, happier in the knowledge that their mother was at hand, leisurely pursuing her walk, and enjoying their happiness.

"Mother! mother!" cried a little panting voice, "come and see! My Phil have so hurt his hand;

oh! what shall he do, mother?"

Mrs. Steyne, hastening towards them, found Rose lamenting over her brother, whose hand, puffed and inflamed, told a tale in connexion with a huge bed of stinging-nettles half-way up the bank.

"He was getting me flowers, mother," said Rose, just ready to cry, as she chafed the wounded hand, unmindful of the bunch of fragrant blossoms at her feet. But Philip, whose favourite reading lay among the ancients, had doubtless in his mind the example of a Socrates or a Scævola, as he assured Rose, with a smile, that it "didn't hurt much," and would soon be "all right," then hastened to gather up the flowers he had persevered in obtaining.

But the little girl's interest in them was gone, and she now walked quietly by her mother's side, still insisting on nursing the swollen hand of her

favourite.

"Suppose we have a race, then, Rosey," he said;
"I'll give you up to the old oak there. Go on Rose. I'll say when."

Looking back to his mother, he nodded-" I'll

let her win, mother; eh?"

His mother smiled at him, and looked fondly after the good-natured lad as he ran, with an elaborate pretence of immense effort, to overtake the little figure in advance; which, with streaming hair, and hat upon her shoulders, was straining every nerve to triumph in the race. Which she did, and in high exultation ran back to her mother, followed by Philip, who was stopped half-way by a lad rather bigger than himself; with whom he remained in conversation, till his mother came up.

"Who is that, Philip?" asked Mrs. Steyne, as

the boy left them.

"It's Will Darby, Mother; I like him better than any of them."

"I don't," said Rose: "he hit my Phil."

"Ah, but I hit him first," said Philip; and then, in answer to his mother's questions, he went on to tell how Will had laughed at him for not liking to take birds' nests, and said all the London boys were noodles and cowards; how Philip, to vindicate the honour of his native city, had struck the asperser; how a fight had been the result, and Will had the best of it, and then begged his pardon, and said he was sorry, and how all was made up, and the boys had been the best of friends since, and no more birds' nests were taken.

Then followed the mother's gentle reprimand; and the subject dismissed, she bade them hurry on,

lest their father should be waiting.

The children scampered off, and, loading themselves with flowers as they went, soon reached the turn in the road, where they usually awaited their father. Learning from those of the workmen they met, that he had not yet left the buildings, they ran on up the new road which led to them, leaving their mother seated upon the mossy roots of one of the ancient elms which shadowed the old churchyard.

Breathing the pure country air, soothed by the sounds of peace and loveliness, those many nothings which make up Nature's sweet voice, to which she had so long been a stranger, the good mother, resting her head upon her hand, her gentle face turned upward, sat musing for a while upon a past, where Memory, to be faithful, could not be kind; then, seeming to dismiss those pictures with a sigh of relief, she smiled, as the future, led in by Hope, appeared, and Fancy's brightest forms came trooping gaily before her. For the material is but sub-

ject to the immaterial world of thought and mood; and the dusky sad old churchyard became a paradise of delight and joy, under the sunshine of her pleasant visions; which the voice of her little daughter did not disperse, but rather confirmed, calling to her from the gate, where she sat perched on her father's shoulder, laughing like a fairy, while Phil followed, loaded with his father's tools and his sister's hat.

A good-humoured looking man, in workman's dress, walked by the side of her husband, to whom

he introduced her by saying-

"I've brought Mr. Crump home to have a cup of tea with us, Harriette. You see she's such a wife, David, as won't take offence; do what I will,

she's never put out."

Poor David muttered an indistinct compliment, as Mrs. Steyne shook hands with him. Had it been interpreted from within, it is likely the sense thereof would not have been particularly pleasing to Mrs. Crump. The good wife hurried on to make her preparations, which were all complete when the little party entered the house. And a more tempting spread, or one more calculated at once to gratify eye and palate, never was beheld since sweet mother Eve ministered to her lord in Paradise, and the first guest on record.

In the parlour of the little cottage, whose window was half covered by the honey-dropping cobea, the Virginian vine, and the China rose, making the flowing net curtains almost a superfluity, the tea

was laid.

That window looked upon the garden, with its clustering flowers, not set in formal beds, but here and there, as if their own fancy had sown or planted—the roses, the lilies, the bright stock, and richly-scented pinks, fair daffodils, and haughty petted tulip; with its humble plots of herbs, whose fragrance went so largely to make up the rich incense that floated on the evening air, all unacknowledged by the gratified sense, even as the labour of the humbler brethren and sisterhood ministers to the luxury of the more fortunate, unnumbered in the list of bounties.

The little arbour, now almost hidden in the climbing plants which covered it; the cherry and the plum trees, still rich in treasure; the mass of thorn and willow and mountain ash behind; and lastly, the grass-covered rock which formed the background to the whole,—it was like a pleasant picture set in a frame of flowers. The day had been hot; but the little room was cool and shady. The furniture, if somewhat above what the village housekeepers could boast, was neither showy nor expensive. Some few articles of ornament and taste there were, two or three sketches in watercolour neatly framed, a shelf of books, more valuable for the contents than the outside; and, on the mantel-shelf, a handsome timepiece, and two small but beautiful figures, carved in stone, Steyne's own work. Near the window was a small couch, on which was thrown a cover of the same texture as the curtains. It was not much, certainly nothing to justify David Crump's look of awe, as he came in with the tread of one entering a sanctuary, and paused again inside the door, and waited to let

Steyne pass him.

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Why, books are cheap enough, and the furniture is but plain mahogany and green baize, man; and the carpet is drugget, and these are but evergreens and seaweed in the grate; and those cloud-like curtains, and the sofa cover-oh! if you did but know the paltry sum they cost in Tottenham-courtroad! and that glass vase, too, with the flowersa few flowers are soon gathered. O David, take heart, man! No, do not look at the woman who is taking her place so quietly at the table. The charm is not there; for, see you that print gown, good Mrs. Crump would not wear it to wash her dishes in; and she spent more than the worth of four such dresses upon those last beads and bracelets of hers, or in your smart new waistcoat-piece, red and gold, which she chose. It is not in the face, either, gentle and smiling as it is. There are shadows round those large dark eyes, and an earnest wistful look, which will but trouble you, who have conned your lessons in the broad blood-full face of your louder half. Take courage, then, David. All that money can buy you have in your home; that which you feel here, is what money never yet bought.

If one, looking out from the window of the shady room into the sweet and pleasant garden, had chosen a fitting group to complete his picture withal, he could not have lighted on one more apt

than that which is now before us.

Steyne had thrown aside his white cap, and seated himself on the couch, inviting his friend to do the same, in a way which showed it to be no holiday usage, but for the welcome rest of each day's close. His broad forehead, his thick curling hair, and smiling blue eyes, would have spoken anywhere to his relationship with the child now prattling upon his knee. But the golden hue of the little head was wanting in the man's hair, which was heavier, duskier; and the smile on the full lips, which might have been, a long time ago, sweet and trusting as that on the baby mouth, dwindled, even while you gazed, into an expression, half of weakness, half of falsity. Yet he was handsome, sterlingly so; and the white blouse-common to his craft—which he wore, set off his wellmade muscular form to the best advantage.

His wife sat opposite, in that simple dress of striped chocolate and white, a small linen collar and cuffs, a narrow band of black velvet round her throat, and a ring with one stone above the wedding ring her only ornament—her dark hair turned back from her forehead, with a head-dress of black lace—like her gown, the work of her own hands.

She had never been a beauty, not even pretty: the deep thoughtful eyes, and the pale face, and the earnest look—all which her boy inherited—came into no style or order of beauty. Perhaps her face had not been always pale, nor the shadows around her eyes so deep; and there were lines in the face now which had been wanting ten years ago: still those who loved Harriette Steyne must love her for other cause than beauty.

But as she sat now smiling and happy, and, in her simple attire, truly gracing the humble table, she formed a pleasant object in the picture—the more, perhaps, as a contrast to her light-hearted,

handsome, careless husband opposite.

For David Crump, with his broad, good-tempered blank-page face—how well he filled up the space between, and looked the astonishment and admiration it would have puzzled him to put into words, and listened to the merry prattle of little Rose, who, now her shyness had worn off, did not fail to inform him that—"Mover made this bread, and the butter too; and I helped mover to pick these strawberries and 'ere was plenty more tream in the dairy room!" While all the exploits of "my Phil," were dilated upon, with a zest and amplification which amused and surprised no one more than the reputed hero himself.

The happy meal over, Steyne sat down before an unpretending little piece of furniture which almost escaped observation in the corner where it stood, and opening it, commenced playing, with much skill and more taste, some fine old church music. After a few bars he struck up with the words: his wife joined in, and, in softer tones, the children

united their treble voices.

The sweet music swelled upon the evening air, drifted out upon the wide sea—who knows how far —by what echoes repeated? Perhaps where listening mariners breathless catch the strains, and straightway sullen seals shall become warbling syrens; and adown the village, where amiable dames, unconvertible, by any stretch of fancy, into syrens, will sneer:—

"H'm, there's they Steynes at their pianey, in-

deed!"

Even the soul of poor David swelled, with a feeling which was new, or at least very strange, to it. Maybe he had felt something akin to it when he believed his Polly to be an angel sent down upon earth for his especial beatification; but, eh! that was a long time ago.

It was with this feeling that he expressed his surprise and his pleasure right heartily, as his friend

rose from the instrument.

"Oh! that's nothing; you must hear my wife play." And she, sitting down in her turn, lent her own very sweet voice to complete the melody. She played with evidence of greater practice than her husband.

"There! that's something like now, isn't it?

Why, she taught me."

"He made it himself, sir," said Mrs. Steyne, as Crump approached to look more closely at the instrument.

"Made it ?-you did ?"

"Oh, ah! I made it in my leisure, when we were first married."

"Why, it's quite out of your line."

"Oh, anything's in my line that I give my mind to: at least it was then; I don't know that I could do it now."

"I am sure you could, George, just as well as ever," said his wife.

"Well, perhaps I could," said he, laughing, and evidently gratified at the words of praise, familiar

as they were from her lips too.

"But see you, old fellow; here's what I can't do, nor you neither, I'm thinking." And he led Crump round to look at the drawings upon the wall, among which were the portraits of his children. "These are hers: she did all these; and then she talks about me."

He looked round, but his wife had left the

room.

"She hasn't always lived in a village, has she?"
"Ah! Crump, she's a wife of a thousand, she is.

"Ah! Crump, she's a wife of a thousand, she is. Suppose we go and finish our strawberries in the garden. Here, you young crickets, come and carry out the cream; and, Rosey, bring mother's workbasket. I know she'll not sit without something to be busy at. And I've got a London paper somewhere. I'll read to you. By the by, too, Crump, I promised to make that job of the cornice work clear to you, so I did, and we sha'n't have a better time."

The sun was setting, and as they seated themselves in the little arbour, the unwearied inhabitants of the myriad homes around them were pouring out their little souls of song, till the rocks behind re-echoed, and it seemed as if voices from afar came upon the air, joining in the uni-

versal bymn.

Gradually these too were silenced, yielding the palm to the bird of night, who alone remained, discoursing of the bounties of earth and heaven, rounding each softer cadence to more perfect praise.

"Eh, but you have a sweet place here, Mr. Steyne! you have so; and you beautiful creature's

just the queen of it," said Crump.

Rose was perching behind her father, resting her head upon his shoulder, twining his fingers in his hair, relating wonderful secrets in whispers, and now and again receiving from him the biggest strawberries as they came to view.

"She's a happy little mortal. Aren't you,

Rosey ?"

"There I've read all there is to read," said Steyne, as he folded up the paper; "and she can't bear to hear anything about London. Can you, Harriette?"

" Never mind me, dear," said his wife.

"Well, I never care to see it again; I'm well enough here, for the matter of that, and they were never well there."

"We couldn't do without you now, Steyne;" said the free-hearted Crump; "and I will say, though you did put my nose out, I'm not sorry you've come."

Harriette looked up so gratefully at the honest fellow as he spoke; and Steyne's pleased look of gratified vanity increased as David continued—

"You must have served under a first-rate master, you must so, Mr. Steyne: you're but young, so to speak, now; and them things as you turned out for them pillars is grand, and no mistake."

"Why, you see," Steyne began-when a loud

burst of laughter, and the entrance of his little son into the arbour interrupted him.

"Mother! father! do but look at Rose! she has dressed up, and there she is looking at herself, and calling it—' beauty thing.' Do look! oh, she does

look so pretty!"

The glass door of the dairy was turned back; and there, as in a looking-glass, the child stood admiring with the most perfect simplicity what indeed was truly worthy of admiration. She had slipped off the holland blouse, and appeared in the little frock of light blue muslin which she wore underneath. Her head was wreathed in flowers, ingeniously twisted and fastened upon a spray of clematis, of which the straggling blossoms hung down upon her dimpled shoulders, mingling with her fair curling hair. Her waist was circled by a similar wreath, and on her feet she wore the "Sunday shoes" of blue kid, which the urchin had substituted for her ordinary leather boots.

So she stood, gazing in profound unconsciousness, till a hearty laugh from her father aroused her, when she turned, and, running to him, jumped into

his opened arms.

"Isn't it pretty?"—she asked, gazing into his face, with such utter absence of restraint, such thorough childish naïveté, that it provoked another laugh, from all but her mother, who said rather gravely,—

"The flowers are, Rose."

"It's all pretty, darling; of course it is, my precious!" said her father, kissing her; while honest David patted her little hands, that clasped her father's neck, and muttered something about

"angel" and "beautiful."

"Why, you haven't shown this gentleman your dance, Rosey. You must let him see you dance. I'm sure he never saw such a little dancer in his life." And her father set her down, and, moving the table in the arbour, made a space in front, for his child to exhibit; saying, in answer to the mother's faint remonstrance, "Let her be, Harriette; let her be. The child's right enough; she's no more pride of herself than the flowers that grow have."

He then whistled the tune of a dance not long introduced in London, and the child began. How she had learned it, unless by watching strolling performers from the window, none of them could guess; but she danced with a lightness, with a native taste and aptness, which was wonderful. The little attitudes and interpolations of her own, were constantly varied, and her little feet, apparently untiring, increased in speed and dexterity. Philip looked on, his pale affectionate face radiant with admiration: and Crump positively grew poetical.

Her father ceased whistling, and the baby performer as suddenly ceased, and, running up, hid her face in his; but, the minute after, she received the caresses of Mr. Crump, who, lifting her on his knee, loaded her with praises; and the friendship was complete.

"I can sing a song, too, I can," said the young

aspirant after fame, lifting her innocent face to the broad one of the honest carpenter.

"Eh! so you can, Rosey; sing away my fairy!" said her father; and the little creature sang sweetly, and with few errors, that never-to-beforgotten melody, "Home, sweet Home."

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The nightingale even had taken farewell of evening; the stillness was so perfect that the whispering of the never-silent sea beyond was distinctly heard; and with the last words the little singer uttered, almost in a breath, "I so seepy," she said, and looked round to her mother, who had risen to take her. The last "good-nights" were being uttered, when a shadow fell across the arbour, and, as they looked, a man on horseback rode slowly by, at the side of the garden.

He had passed some little distance, when he turned back, and approaching the garden fence, said, slightly lifting his hat, "I believe Mr. Steyne lives here."

Steyne replied it was he. "My name is Crichton," said the other. That Steyne knew, and he

"I shall be glad to have some talk with you, when you have time to spare," said Crichton. "I want to consult you about some alterations."

A time was named, and the rider passed on. "That will be about the new public-house he's going to build, or alter, I suppose—old 'Piert's Rest' yonder," said Crump. "He owns two o' the biggest in the place you know a'ready, and he's about buying the old house; but Dame Mabberly's a rum one to deal with; she don't stand out about money neither, but about the name of the place. She won't part with it, unless he'll give it her down in black and white, as that he'll alter the name. She's been there, and her husband afore her, well near upon fifty years; and she says it's safe to be a different place to what it was in their time, and she don't want to see th' old name took to. So

he'll have to give in, I reckon." "He's pretty free with his money: he laid down more to the new church than e'er a one, except the bishop."

"Ah! he's a queer chap. He was worth his thousands, they say, and ran through it all in horseracing and horse-dealing, and, when he started again, hadn't a penny to bless himself: but he's got on. His wife had money, they say. Eh! she is a nice creature too. But he don't stick at nothing to make money. He serves in his own bar as often as not."

"What does he want with me, think you?"

"Oh! he'll have heard tell of you, of course, and he wants to get you to plan this new house of his. And a first-rate thing for you too, Steyne, if you do. He and Moffat, the man as laid out his two other places, could not hit it at all, somehow; but between you and me, I think Moffat got too fond of his drink."

"Shall we walk round the garden? She will be down directly, and we'll have a bit of supper."

" Ay, with all my heart!"

The little heads were by this time resting upon

their pillows. The prized wreaths lay withering upon the quilt, where the fairy hand had kept its

hold upon them to the last. The mother's heart, which never failed to be troubled at these little displays, fearful of their effect upon the future of her child, calmed, almost to smiling at her own uneasiness, looking at the sweet trait in the baby-mind, this dawning taste of the pure and beautiful, and the simplicity which made the flowers and the wearer one, and would as readily, she knew, have adorned the most lively playmate, and claimed admiration for her.

"Mother, you seem vexed, when I tell Rosey she's pretty," said Philip. "Why it's the truth,

mother; and we must tell the truth."

"If your sister were ugly, or crippled, like poor Ritter, you would not tell her of it; would you?"

" No, mother; because it would hurt her." How could the mother hope, or care, to make the boy comprehend that it was more likely to be hurtful to hear constantly the more pleasant truth?

"Besides, she asks me, mother: she says, 'Ain't she pretty, Phil?' when she looks in the water ponds, and laughs at herself, and nods as if it was another little girl; and I can't tell her a story, mother, can I?"

"No, my dear."

"You haven't kissed me, my Phil," called the sleepy voice from the little cot in the closet, and, half disrobed, the boy hastened to fulfil this pleasant duty.

"Tell me a story, when mover's gone down," whispered little Rose, with her arms about his

CHAPTER V.

£. s. D.

"Thou senseless stock! because thou'rt richly gilt, The blinded people without cause admire, And superstition impiously hath built Altars to that which should have been the fire." SIR R. FANSHAWE.

"I CANNOT see it in that light, I must say." "Well, sir, you see, Mr. Thom-it was through his brother I came down at all. He'd seen me work in London, and when he was going to build down here he sent for me, when I was badly enough put to it, and introduced me to Mr. Vickers and the other gentlemen; and it does not seem quite the thing to me to quit their work just in the thick

of it." "I suppose they found it to their own interest, Mr. Steyne, to employ you?"

"Well, sir," said George, his gratified vanity

smiling, "it's likely they did."

"Of course they did, Mr. Steyne. I tell you candidly I never saw such finish, and such purity and taste of design, combined in the work of any one man; the only pity is that you should not take rank in the higher branches of art. You are in fact more statuary and architect than mason."

Steyne flushed scarlet, with some other emotion

than gratified vanity.

"Now if your services are worth so much to them, why, of course they can afford to pay you well. I would not have you lose by me at any rate, and I think I'm not far out when I guess that what I have offered you is half as much again as you're to have of them, even at the new work."

"Well, sir, not far short; but there is to be a rise

when we begin the church."

"I don't say but I'll rise too, if satisfied; which I know I shall be. But I beg your pardon, Mr. Steyne, upon my word; what will you take?"

" Nothing, sir, thank you." "How am I to interpret that, now? Wine, brandy, rum, whisky, or-no, not gin; you are not

for gin, I know."

Steyne laughed, and, in the face of another rather fainter refusal, a bottle of wine and glasses

were on the table.

"Better never was uncorked, I know, even in the days of old Piert himself, that the folks here swear by pretty nearly," said the publican, as he

filled to himself and guest.

"It's all very well talking of honour, and what is right and due to friends, and so forth," he went on; "but as I say to Mrs. Crichton, what does it all come to? what does anyone think the better of you, or care for you, if you want the one thing

needful?"

"Look here now!" and he took out a handful of the circulating omnipotence, in the three metals. "If we speak the honest truth, Mr. Steyne, don't we know in our hearts that there's no friend like that? Talk of your genius! where's the genius that can get along without it? Talk of your talent! why what talent comes up to the talent of getting and keeping fast this precious commodity? Talk of your aristocracy—the aristocracy that you Londoners are so proud of !-my word, the true aristocracy is here, sir, here!" and he slapped his

"There's a good deal in it, sir," said his guest-

meaning the argument, not the pocket.

"There is all in it, sir, depend upon it-all! take my word for it. I do not speak without knowledge; I have proved it both ways, and be sure I have not forgotten. My father was a Bolton man -came into Manchester without a shoe to his foot; though he wasn't without the price of a pair either, and, as I have heard him say, he did not go long barefoot. But, shoe or no shoe, whatever he put his foot on seemed to be luck to him. He built up a fortune of something about a hundred thousand, and his son unbuilt it, in about the quarter of the time it had been built."

"Some men are born lucky, sir," remarked

"Oh! it was not that either: I am lucky enough; but you see I wanted to make more of it without the drudgery he had gone through. The warehouse did not take my fancy: I must speculate, and grandly I succeeded at first; but the turn came, I trusted too much to my good fortune, and lost it every penny—ev-er-y penny, sir."

The glasses were refilled for the third time.

"I have not forgotten, and I do not think I soon shall, the difference of those two years that I was doing my best to find my feet again. Crichton with his hundreds to back him, and Crichton wanting a twelvemonth's credit-well, they were two different men, that is all. I had a pretty fair notion of the value of money before; but, egad, sir! my ideas upon the subject were sharpened rather from that day. I often say it was worth going through it, to gain the knowledge I did of the importance of £ s. d."

The contents of the speaker's well-filled pockets had chinked an accompaniment through the course

of his speech.

"I have made up my mind to one thing," continued Mr. Crichton, the glasses being again filled -" that come what will, in this world, I'll never want money again; never! Many a man would have given up under the mortification I suffered ay, and from many I had believed to be my best friends-Pah! friends!-but I made up my mind the more, to let them see I could do without them: so I turned over in my mind for the readiest and surest way of making a fortune; and I rather think, sir-I rather think, Mr. Steyne-I have hit

"While there is money in the world, a pretty good share of it will come to my shop. Births or deaths, weddings or funerals, rejoicing or grieving, up or down,-come they must, high and low. Eh,

Mr. Steyne, it's a fine trade!"

"For the money, sir." "Ay, I mean that. Then it is not everyone that understands the science of the trade. Now this very house—why, sir, what was it when I came? You were not here—true; it was nothing but a paltry beer-shop, a miserable hole of a place. Spirit licence !-eh! bless you, they told me there was no use in a spirit licence! Well, you see now what it is: and a better trade, sir, than to many a house in a superior situation. People don't find out what they want till it's put before them, and then they begin to think about it. He'd be a child in business that waited till he was asked twenty times for a thing. Set it before them—call attention to it—the demand will come, sir, fast enough.

"Then the style, sir—the style. People like to have something for their money, even if it's nothing they can carry away with them. A man thinks five times as much of his liquor if he takes it with all the gilding, and marble work, and what not about him, with the best of them. He feels a pride

in it, as if it were some way his own."

"Indeed, sir, it is so!" replied Steyne, before

whom his fourth glass now stood.

"I believe it is too! Then there's my other house, up in the town-the 'Bluebottle.' Knacker is in that; but I am up there twice a-day, and all day on Saturdays; for the most of the men are paid there. There was a fairish trade to that, when I took it—slow and sure—but nothing to what it is now. The trade there was chiefly barrel workale and beer. Now I will be bound we do a three days' trade of last year in one.

"The London gin and porter was one good stroke I did for that house. You know there are plenty pretend to have the real thing; but mine is no make-believe, as they well know who have tasted it.

"But I mean to close that, up yonder, in the

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"Close it! Mr. Crichton?"

"Aye, shut it up fast; or, better still, alter it right away to something else. Don't you see the new place—'Piert's Rest' that was? It will take all the steady trade of that, and snap up all going to and from the town; besides that, the town is coming down to it, Mr. Steyne."

"You've a long head, sir."

"Well, well, I do not say as much to everyone, Mr. Steyne; but I flatter myself I am talking to a man who comprehends me; and you and I must understand each other."

"Certainly, sir," said George with a pleased air.

"Yes; I intend that my new place shall be a pattern. It shall be the glory of the town: there shall not be such a house in the trade for a hundred miles round.

"You heard of the old lady standing out over the name of the place? Of course it never entered into my head to retain the name. 'The Crichton' I always intended that should be, from the first moment I rode up the hill and saw it; but it was not for me to tell her that, and she'd rather dock off a clear fifty than give up her whim."

"It is yours then, sir!" said Steyne.

"Oh, yes; it is mine right enough! and as fast as hands can work, Mr. Steyne, I want that ancient old ruin level to the earth; and a right down, first-rate building on the spot. That is to be my head-quarters—if indeed I keep this on at all. I am doubtful about that. What do you say, Mr. S.? It would not be a bad investment for you, in a year or two."

Steyne shook his head.

"There would be two words to that, sir," said he.

"Oh, your wife perhaps not agreeable! Well, that is like Mrs. Crichton; she has her own notions, but they do not trouble me. 'Money must be made,' I say; and shall be made too!"

With that he sounded the symphony of his

discourse once more; and rose.

"Well! how is it to be, then, Mr. Steyne?"
"I really cannot decide just now, sir: will you let me call in again, and give you my answer?"

"I had rather you gave it me now; and I do not see why you should not. However, you are a sensible man, and will not quarrel with your own interests, I am sure; so we will say to-morrow evening, then, at the same time."

"That will do, sir: I will not fail."

As Steyne walked rather hurriedly away, in the direction of his home, Mr. Crichton turned back into his private room, where they had been sitting; and in his contemplative attitude, his hands plunged into those dwelling-places of his dear idol—contact with the constant subject of his thoughts, it is to be presumed, favouring his plans—he paced up and

down, his countenance gradually settling into its usual stolid and impassive expression.

Mr. Crichton spoke truly: he did not say as much to everyone as he had that evening to the clever mason.

It was not once in a twelvementh that he let fall as many words in the same space of time.

He was not a man of speech. I never yet knew a thorough money-grasping man, a confirmed worshipper of £ s. d., who was. But his new plan had taken such possession of his—I was actually going to say, heart—thoughts, and his companion of the time entered so largely into it, that he had unbent to him, more than he perhaps intended; for proud as he was of his talent and success, he very seldom indulged in a boast—in fact, he had no time for it; he did not care enough for anyone's opinions to court it. He wanted to gain this skilful workman: he wanted to interest him in his plans, and in himself; and he took the course that he knew would be most interesting and successful with himself.

In his compliments to Steyne's skill he was quite sincere. How could he be otherwise? It would not enter into his head to flatter anyone upon the possession of any genius, save that which he valued as highly. He would regard them somewhat as a bank-note-sandwich-chumping-navvy might look upon the frail slight figure of a world-honoured poet—"He mout make books, but how long would he ha' stood it, waist-high in water, like me and my mate in our claims out there, under an Australian sun?" Navvy would look with some respect on the man that wore nuggets in his ears and nose, or chumped more notes, or swallowed more champagne than himself; but for rhymes—"be blowed!"

Don't suppose, though, pray, my render, that I mean for one moment to institute any sort of comparison between our friend Crichton, and friend

Navvy. Not for a moment.

Mr. Richard Crichton was a man very much respected—sequitur, respectable. He never swore; an oath would have shocked his ears grievously—out of the bar. He never flew into a passion; never called bad names, even when most provoked; and I do not suppose he had ever got drunk in his life. His father had done this much for him—he had received a better education than the greater part of the sons of self-made men ever have bestowed upon them—"What did for me will do for him; I made my first thousand pound before I could write my name," being such a capital text on which to preach a sermon against all clerkly acquirements.

If he was not sharp, he was not stupid: he did as well as most—better than a good many. He never forgot his grammar, or confounded tenses and participles, or boggled at possessives and plurals, or renounced and patronized h's ad libitum, or talked unmitigated slang, in spite of the popular authorities which would inculcate the belief that good Christians alone are grammarians, and that "illiterate" and "villainous" are synonymes.

In propounding his very coolest maxims, Mr. Crichton was always pleasant-spoken, correct, and,

if not gentlemanly, not very far wrong.

He was too reserved and taciturn to be very agreeable society; though in a drawing-room he was quite at home; and, what is not so usual as might be, without an effort. He could pick up a handkerchief, turn over the music, hand a cup, or a bouquet, with perfect ease—preferable sometimes to grace; and that unstudied manner of his body, in escorting a lady down stairs, could only be equalled by the facility with which his mind could absent itself at the interesting moment. For, be it observed, Mr. Crichton had many excellent qualities, and one of these was his stoical indifference to feminine charms. The sweetest face in the world would not have diverted him from driving a good bargain-no, not for five seconds. Calypso and all her train could not have turned him aside from his way. One good fat seal or portly whale, available for "blubber," would have more chance of arresting the progress of his bark, than all the cries of syren beauty in distress:witness his obduracy towards poor Cary Hinton.

Had the imprudent maiden, of whom the warbler Moore hath sung, come wandering to his isle, she would have escaped scot-free, minus the jewels she

wore.

Oh! Mr. Crichton had sown no wild oats, of which the harvest might in untimely season have troubled him to garner quietly. Be sure of that.

Lent money! Of course he had lent money, and at seventy per cent. too. But what of that? Was he to blame for other people's necessities, which made them ready to buy money at any rate? They came to him with their eyes open, and with all their wits about them. And a mortgage is a mortgage, isn't it? and time is time; and a certain hour is a certain hour, isn't it? Else where the use of naming it? And is the man to blame for acting up to the letter of an agreement sealed, signed,

&c., according to law?

Not, mind you, that Mr. Crichton would have deemed it necessary for a moment to enter even on such an explanation of his actions. With him all was so earnest, so bond fide. He meant what he said, and said what he meant. He was no schemer, no plotter; he could not have conducted a plot or laid an elaborate scheme for his life. His mind, all his energies, were directed to one point; everything else in all creation was subservient to it; but he was not ashamed of it—not he. He was quite right with himself in his own estimation—nothing to be ashamed of.

The Judas slank away, and would fain have disowned his unholy barter. Even he would scarce have crucified with his own hands the One whom

he betrayed.

Intelligent and enlightened reader — publican even you may be—you will not misunderstand me to say all of your trade be of the tribe Judas. For there be all men of all trades, who have not even taken thought upon the bearings of it; and as for

my pictured characters, why they are to each and all of you but what you take them for. With mine

and every writer's, all the same.

Why, he had good cause to think well of that said friend chinking the pleasant symphony. Had it not purchased for him the prettiest, gentlest, quietest, weakest girl that ever bore sons to mortal man? Hadn't it outbid Truth and Honesty, and Manliness and Affection, all to nothing? Hadn't the chinking pleasant symphony gained it over prayers, and protestations, and tears—ay, man's tears—tears of one of the truest, most earnest creatures that ever God created in His own image, whose only fault was believing in her?

No, not his only one—I forgot—he was poor.

Poor, and yet honest enough to refuse to ask for
the one he loved, because with her came fortune—
honest enough to believe in her honesty, and that
when she said she would wait till he had earned
what should give him a right to ask her of her

mother, she would.

So she would, maybe; but the moneyed man came; and coolly as he had written his farewell to his first portionless love when his father showed him his folly, so coolly he stepped in and took of the smiling mother the weeping daughter—bought the body whose heart was another's, and rejoiced in his happy wooing.

A regular church-goer, too, was Richard Crichton. The Crichton pew was as regularly filled as the pulpit, and the Crichton liberality was an

example more praised than emulated.

The air with which that five shillings, or sovereign, was dropped into the plate seemed to say—"I have paid for my share; there is the money; not dear either at that." It has often puzzled me, this anomaly with the class Crichton. What do they give that money for? They that will have their money's worth for their money. Five shillings' worth of what? A sovereign for which—what do they compound for?

Had a starving sinner asked for a fifth part of that and similar offerings in Christ's name, our friend would have turned his back, and to the sweet symphony have flatly refused him. It was not ostentation either; for in building the new church the Crichton offering went down as "Anon"—it leaked out somehow, but not through the donor's agency. Besides he cared so little for men's

opinions.

After all, are we not all anomalies? Each one hugging his own idea and measure of an Universal

Presence, which of us nearest the Truth!

Mr. Crichton prospered, and was a happy man in his own way. His wife cried a good deal, perhaps seven months out of the first twelve of her wedded life; and there was a slight illness consequent upon the receipt of a letter; dictated by a hot head and an aggrieved heart; which she received and read, and gave to her husband, who sent it back with a few very calm words of rational explanation. He was more put out by the loss of his new-born son, who liked so little the aspect of things in this world, that he took his leave of it,

almost with the first breath he drew, as quietly as he had entered it.

Even this little grievance did not long affect him. His young wife dried her tears, and resumed her household duties, obedient to the pointing of his finger. Only upon one subject did she dare to oppose him: she would not consent to serve at the bar, as he, in his anxiety to make money and save money at any cost, had determined on her doing. She must have given way finally even to this, but her resolve to "write to mamma" gained the day. From mamma he had expectations of a substantial nature, and he doubted her favouring his views on that head, money-lover as she herself was.

So we leave him maturing his building plan, and follow the man who was to take so large a share in it; though he was at that minute very firmly

determining to do nothing of the kind.

"I know as well as possible what she will say—of course I do. What is the use of my telling her?" thought Steyne, as he walked slower and slower, the nearer he approached his home.

He had put off his answer with the view of consulting with his wife; yet he knew what she would say: he knew all the arguments she would advance, as well as if he had heard her but that minute.

He felt she was right; and he was angry with her for being right: he knew there was but one argument he could advance, and that would not weigh with her: for they had already enough for comfort, and why seek to gain more, by what his own conscience told him was not an honourable course?

"I won't mention it to her at all, that I will not," was his final decision. And with that he

quickened his steps.

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As he turned from the village street into the lane, which led by a short cut to Piert's Rest, he almost ran against Tom Hinton, who, with a surly grunt in answer to Steyne's friendly "Good-day," strode on in the direction of the "Good Ship"—Crichton's house.

It was full three-quarters of an hour after George's usual hour of return, and his wife made some remark, to which he replied with a brief excuse, as they sat down to their tea. It was seldom that the children failed to meet their father; and he had just made some remark upon their absence, when little Rose came running in.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, panting, while her hat hanging down her shoulders, and her tossed hair, showed the speed at which she had run: " mother,

my poor Mitis Hinton am crying so, her am!"

Her father opened his arms as usual for his darling, and she ran into them; but she did not show her delight in the way most frequent with her: her little head was full of something she had just seen, which she was describing in her baby fashion, when Philip, who was never far behind, came slowly in.

"Why, Phil, my boy, what is the matter?" said his father. "You look quite disconsolate."

Philip's usually ready smile did not answer, and his lips quite trembled as he said, "Something

bad's the matter with Mrs. Hinton, at the little white cottage, father; she has been crying so."

" Perhaps she is ill, my dear," said the mother:

"where did you see her?"

"We had gathered Rosey's lap full of ch ckweed for the bird—she seemed so pleased with what we took the other day, mother, and she always speaks so kind—and we took it, and the door was open, and I tapped, but she didn't answer: so I thought she was in the garden, perhaps, at back; and we went in; for she told us always to go through, when the door was open. And when we got in, there she was sitting in the parlour, leaning her head on her hands, and her eyes were all swelled; and when Rosey ran up with the chickweed, she lifted her into her lap, and began to talk to her; and Rosey put up her mouth to kiss her; and Mrs. Hinton leaned her head on Rosey, and burst out crying. Oh! she did cry so!"

" Yes-and the table is broten."

"The table broke!"

"Yes, mother," said Philip gravely;" the table and a chair is broke; and one of those pretty glass things on the mantelshelf, that was full of flowers,

is smashed in the grate."

The boy cast his eyes down, as he spoke, and his colour rose, as if he had been in fault.—The blush was reflected too, somehow, in his father's face, who was busy with his little daughter, and made no remark.

"Come to your tea now, there is a good boy," said his mother—the words hastily covering a sigh.

It was a dull evening with them all at Birdiethorn. Father did not care to play the music. Mother was dull; and when Philip got a book to read to her, it did not mend matters: he had to ask her the meaning of a word many times before he got an answer.

Then the little chap, with the tact that was habitual to him, child as he was, perceiving she was deeply thinking, laid away the book; and he and Rose set to gathering flowers, till they had filled their mother's lap, and occupied themselves in making them up into bunches.

"Shall we take one to Mrs. Hinton, Rosey?" he

half whispered.

"No, dears, no: you must not go to trouble Mrs. Hinton. I shall see her to-night; I will give her the flowers."

"Will you say we sent them, mother?"

"Yes.

"I uve Mrs. Hinton-she am so pretty."

"Oh! Rosey! Rosey, my child!—do you love none but those who are pretty? You love me and your brother; and we are not pretty."

"Es, my Phil am pretty! I sure he am. You am pretty, my Phil, aint you?" And down went the flowers, while the earnest child, holding her brother's face with both hands, looked into it with the air of a connoisseur.

She repeated her question: the good-natured boy laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh! you funny girl, Rosey! No, I ain't pretty, no more than that old stump with the thorns round it: You're pretty;" and he kissed her.

"Well, I uve you—I do, my Phil," said Rose, hugging him round the neck, with all her baby

strength, and kissing him.

They were in the garden: George with his paper, just outside the little arbour where his wife sat at work. And as the sun went down, came on the old evening choir, led by dame nightingale; and for the bass, the everlasting sea, with its never-ending moan to the flinty rock, casting back the impetuous worshipper again, again, and unceasingly.

Little Rose had run away to gather a sprig of the blue forget-me-not, which her mother was so fond cf, and which grew in clusters only in one spot—singularly enough at the foot of the huge thorn which filled up the farthest end of the garden.

Singing a half-song to herself, the pretty creature hopped and jumped away—when she suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and came running back, but fell

before she could reach the arbour.

Her brother was at her side in a moment, and had her in his arms; she was trembling all over, but it was some moments before she could cry or speak. Meanwhile, Mrs. Steyne had touched her husband on the shoulder—" George, who is that man? do you know him?—there, going down by the field towards the church."

Steyne rose, and looked over the fence. "Yes, it's Hinton, Tom Hinton; the husband of that pretty

girl you know."

"Is that Hinton? Have you offended him?"
"Offended him! no, not I? Why—what's the

matter with Rose; something stung her?"

"No; that man scared her. He was looking over the pales, there, between the thorns at the bottom of the garden; and the child caught sight of him. I started up as she cried out, and saw him pass round at the side; and when he saw you, he shook his fist at you, and looked, oh! so savagely! I do hope he has not any spite against you."

"My dear, I never spoke above twenty words to the man since we've been here, except in the work. What could he want round at the back here, I

wonder ?"

Little Rose had by this time pretty well recovered herself;—she sobbed a little while, and told how the man "fightened me tho!"—and then fell asleep in her father's arms, whence he transferred her to her bed, and then returned to his paper.

[To be continued.]

A good man's piety and virtue are not distinct possessions; they are himself, and all the glory which belongs to them belongs to himself. What is religion? not a foreign inhabitant, not something alien to our nature, which comes and takes up its abode in the soul. It is the soul itself lifting itself up to its Maker. What is virtue? It is the soul listening to and revering and obeying a law which belongs to its very essence,—the law of duty.

THE recollection of a deep and true affection is rather a divine nourishment for a life to grow strong upon than a poison to destroy it.

LOVE IN A GLACIER.

In an Alpine valley, one pleasant summer evening, a couple might have been seen strolling through

the pine forest.

Henri dwelt with his aged parents in a neighbouring valley, in which Marie resided with her widowed mother. A small farm in a mountain gorge gave him daily occupation. It was a hard contest that in which he was engaged with stern nature. He had to raise bulwarks against the falling rocks, and substantial angular fortresses to resist the incursions of avalanches, otherwise his fields would often have been covered with the débris of the mountain.

The produce of this highland farm was not likely to make him a wealthy man. But the courage, industry, and tact, necessary to hold his own from constant conflict, preserved him from the enervation

of luxury.

Marie tended a few cows that rambled over the mountain pasture. If simple in manners, and not refined in education, she was not without that sense of propriety which so often distinguishes the continental peasant, and which confers a sort of gentleness and polish only to be procured by others in the cultivation of society. She had not been wholly neglected in school-lore, and had been an apt pupil in that grand seminary which nature had spread out there before her. Those needle points that rose above the eternal Alpine snows, soaring toward the blue heavens, led her thoughts far onward and upward. Those cold glaciers that lay as a bed of death between the sterile mountains:—those dread falls of rocks, that seemed cascades of destruction from the skies upon the blooming vales below,those yawning precipices, with their dark and fearful depths,-all stirred her imagination, and unfolded her nature.

On the evening of our story the young man had paid a visit to the cottage in the valley, and had then strolled forth through the forest with Marie,

this Alpine flower.

It is not our business to pry into lovers' secrets, nor attempt to tell the subjects of their conversation. Whatever it was, it may be granted that mathematics and logic formed no part of the conference. This much may be said, however: it was there and then agreed that on a certain day, not far removed, the worthy curé of the village should be asked to give his blessing on their union.

Henri had resolved to go home by a short route, over the neighbouring mountain, though he would have to cross a glacier in the way. This rather hazardous journey appeared no great difficulty in the eyes of the bold peasant of the Alps, and the moon would give him light across the icy passage.

But lovers in all ages have failed to notice the march of time. Our young friends had so much to say, or what they had to say was so interesting—for repetitions of the story were not burdensome—that the evening twilight had long melted into the soft moonlight before the dreaded word farewell

was thought of. When, however, Marie caught sight of the new moon rapidly sinking to rest, she urged the prompt departure of her lover. Yet even then he had something else to say, and she was so smilingly attentive that a further delay took

But the quick approach of darkness awakened the fears of the maiden, who urged upon her Henri the necessity of returning by the regular road, longer as it was, instead of tempting the dangers of the glacier. The young man, full of the excitement of happy love, laughed at her warning, and assured her that she was no fit wife for a mountaineer if she doubted his power to thread his way in darkness. He comforted her with the promise of his haste to reach the glacier, and his extreme care while passing.

"Be not afraid," said he; "I know every block of ice in the path, and my good Alpen-stock would steady my steps in the blackness of midnight."

Her loving confidence half swept away her fears, and the parting kiss carried off the remainder. She watched his form brushing by the pine branches till the rocks concealed him, and then she turned with a smile of happiness to the cottage of her mother—that cottage so soon to be shared by another. Peaceful were her dreams that night.

The aiguilles of the Alps had not yet caught the rosy beams of the early morn, when a knock at the door of the châlet disturbed the slumberers.

"Who could it be at that unwonted hour?" was the cry of mother and daughter. A wellknown voice, in broken accents, called for Henri. It was the father seeking the son. A shudder of horror passed through the frame of the girl.

Yes-it was sadly true-Henri had not returned home. A search must be made. The neighbours gathered in haste to the summons. With the earliest dawn they set out upon their melancholy errand. Alas! this had not been the first time that they had searched for lost ones in their land

of dangers.

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Marie led them to the parting-place. She marked the track the young man had taken. With Indian sagacity his footfalls were followed till they led to the edge of the glacier. Here greater skill was requisite to mark the course. It was summer, and the snow had disappeared from the lower part of the glacier. The hard ice leaves no track; but as, at the hour of parting, some little softness remained on the surface from the day's sun, Henri had left faint tracings on the glacier, which the subsequent night's chill had retained. The peasants noted these with jealous, painful care. Here and there the Alpen-stock had left the impression of its iron point. Suddenly the foremost of the group uttered a cry of dismay. All crowded near. He said nothing, but pointed with his finger.

Poor Marie sickened at the sight, and fell insensible. There was the trailing mark of the slipped Alpen-stock, and beside it was the sliding track of the young man's foot. Both terminated at the edge of a crevasse, or opening in the ice.

They strained their eyes downward, in vain

attempts to penetrate that gloomy passage. They shouted, but caught no voice in return. He had fallen, and the depth was terrible.

"The rope!—the rope!"—was now the cry. Several volunteered that perilous descent in search of their friend. But here the horror came upon them, with all its fell, benumbing power. The aperture had so narrowed since the lost one had sunk, that there was not space for a human body

now.

Words cannot picture the consternation of the party. One sought comfort in the thought that the poor fellow must have been killed by the fall. But another told how one had been in such a chamber as that from which he could not be extricated; and, after he had been mourned over for days as dead, he reappeared, a ghastly but a living man. Henri might be still alive. Still, as the ever slowly moving mass had pressed the walls of his prison so much closer together, no prospect appeared of rescue.

Marie revived to be made even more desolate and terror-stricken by the news of the closing

chasm.

What a mournful group returned to the cottage! Here the matter was fully discussed, and plans were successively proposed and rejected. Marie listened with deepest attention. When they found no way of relief, all turned eyes of tearful sympathy to the youthful betrothed one. But it was no time yet for her to mourn. She must think and act for her beloved, who was not yet beyond hope with

Having heard the story repeated of the man who, returning to his wife, after having been buried in the ice-chamber, she recurred to it, demanded particulars, and wondered how he had escaped. Then she learned that the poor fellow had found a passage through the glacier, and had issued from its mouth.

"And why?" said she, "might not Henri so return?" She quailed again when told of the depth of the crevasse, and the certainty of his limbs being broken, if his life was not destroyed at once. How could he escape? Love now awakened her imagination with another project. If he could not get out, might not others go into the glacier in search! Sage heads were shaken at the suggestion. The terrors of the glaciers were well known to the peasants of the Alps. Chambers were seen plainly enough. Extended caves were believed to run beneath the surface. The very exit of rivers from those icy recesses proved the existence of subterranean passages.

But there was another point of view. The surface of a glacier was inconstant. A stone upon it was known to drift down the valley, slowly but certainly. The huge blocks of ice would rise from the surface and then fall shivering toward the valley. The very height of the glacier was changing at the banks. If these outward signs of movement existed, could they fail in affecting the parts below! If the glacier glided downward from the lofty peaks to the plains, though but at the rate of a few inches a-day, would the caverns retain their form? As the

prisons cracked and parted above, might not the

icy walls below crumble and fall!

No,—there was no hope! The passage of this hour would be solid ice the next. The glacier was inconstant. To enter it was certain destruction. A mass would fall to crush the intruder, or the unexpected closing of an opening would shut up the adventurer in a prison of death. Poor Henri must be left to his fate. They were sorry, but must bow to Providence. Resignation was the duty of those who dwelt in ever-present dangers. Not so our heroine, who was not quite prepared to resign her lover so quietly to his doom.

But what could she, a woman, do, when strong men yielded to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances? It was just because she was a woman that her spirits rose with the emergency. Love is stronger than ordinary energy of manhood. She must do something. She must do all it was possible for her to do.

The life of Henri was her life. To rescue him was to sustain her own being. What would life be to her without him? How could she dwell near the ice cavern that had swallowed up her dearest

treasure!

But what could she do! One course only lay before her. She would enter the treacherous cave that yawned over the valley. She would thread the gloomy passages of the glacier. She might thus reach him. She might then save him, or die with him. If unsuccessful, and the ice close her in its cold embrace, would she not share the shroud of her lover?

It was useless to speak of her intention. So mad a scheme would lead to her forcible detention. Leaving the company, without attracting notice, she gathered a few simple appliances which she regarded as necessary, and then rapidly stole off to the mouth of the glacier. As she first passed under that icy arch the chill struck her, and, for a moment, fear possessed her. The contest was brief, for the appeal of love was irresistible. Onward she crept in this frightful recess. The semi-translucent mass provided her with some light as she slowly made her way. It was no easy path indeed. The sharp edges lacerated her flesh. The cold white stream, that flowed through the glacier, fed from the snows above, and the partial melting of the ice-rock through which it ran, was no agreeable route for the maiden. Thoroughly wet, and miserably chilled, she had to struggle on.

But there were other trials. Now and then the passage was so small as not to admit her person, though she lay in the stream. She had prepared for this by bringing a small hatchet. With this she often had to cut her way, or widen a breach.

Had she been removed from a sense of peril, or unabsorbed by so deep a sorrow, there would have been much to interest and delight her mind. Beauties througed on every side. As the light pierced through the ice, or descended the crevasses from above, it revealed gems of marvellous charms, and disclosed colours of gorgeous kinds. Fancy

might people some chambers with genii of wondrous nature. Green and blue of various shades softened the brilliancy of the white. Occasionally, the roof rose, arching over her, and the stalactites were as pendant diamonds. Crystals of beauty thronged places as the fretwork of a Gothic cathedral.

But poor Marie had no eyes for Nature's loveliness, and no ears for her most scraphic harmonies, while her thoughts were concentrated upon the rescue of her betrothed. She heeded them not,

but pressed onward.

There was no difficulty about the route. She had but to advance, for the mountains disclosed the glacier on either side. Fatigued to exhaustion, she halted not. A minute lost might endanger the life so dear to her. Anon she paused to call upon her lover; and "Henri!" echoed through

those trembling chambers.

But she could not be wholly indifferent to her position. As the ice cracked above her, or as she saw the mass move about her, she could not but shudder, and close her eyes. The vast river of ice was now moving more vigorously than usual. The pressure from the melting snows above made it groan, as if in agony. The expansion of the viscid substance, melted, and re-congealed, thrust forward and headlong this strange living monster of the Alps. No moment was safe for her, and all seemed to combine for her destruction. It was, in very truth, a Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At last, when well nigh sinking with despair, and almost yielding to the torpor which intense cold brings upon the brain, she heard a low moan. At once her frame received a new impulse of energy. She rushed forward, overcoming all obstacles. In a few minutes she discovered the apparently lifeless body of Henri. Restoratives were applied, and his eyes opened upon his faithful girl. What a greating of love in the ice-grave.

ful girl. What a greeting of love in the ice-grave!

No time was to be lost. Momentarily strengthened by the cordial to his lips, he told a hasty tale. He spoke of his fall—his consternation—his sudden agony. Unable to rise, and thrown forward by a shelving block, which partially broke his fall, he knew no hope of escape, unless an adventurous friend would suffer himself to be lowered by a rope to his assistance. He told not of his sufferings on her account,—the mental anguish he endured at the thought of her distress.

In brief words she referred to the closing of the chasm above, and of her passage up the caverns of the glacier, whither she was now prepared to lead

him.

Alas! both of his legs were fractured.

It was no time for grief. The brave girl bound up his limbs with portions of her garments, entreated him to take some refreshment, and then

arranged for departure.

The first agony of movement brought a deep groan from the young man. But he restrained himself immediately, and, supporting himself on one arm, suffered Marie to drag him forward by the other. Frightful were his sufferings as he thus passed slowly along the narrow, tortuous passages, with his fractured limbs constantly striking against the rude ice-rock.

Marie's strength was renewed, and the vigorous powers of a mountain maiden were needed indeed. There were times when the space permitted her to carry him in her arms; but more often she could but draw him after her through the low tunnel. The same difficulties which she before encountered were now to be met under more embarrassing circumstances. The only advantage was the descent instead of the ascent.

All went on well for a time, though the progress was exceedingly slow, and the strength of both parties was rapidly ebbing forth. At length a loud cracking noise was heard, and, immediately afterwards, a huge mass of ice fell forward near them, completely blocking up their path. The water, for a time stayed in its course, threatened their destruction; but it eventually formed for itself another opening.

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In vain did the courageous girl deal blow after blow upon the barrier. No entrance could be gained. They were imprisoned indeed in a death chamber. They resigned themselves to their end. They embraced in silence, and calmly waited their fate. They had at least the comfort of dying with each other. But, with a sudden thought, Marie sprung up again. As all devolved upon her, she would make another effort. She resolved to try her axe on the side walls of their cell. A few strokes revealed an opening. The axe was again and again hurled forward, until a hole was made sufficient for their entrance. Then, with a look of gratitude to heaven, she once more raised her drooping lover, now rapidly sinking into the torpor of approaching dissolution.

It was not long before the dear girl found her lover senseless in her grasp. Vainly she called him, and entreated another word or glance. His eyes were closed, his body was utterly powerless, and no sign of life remained except a feeble pulsation at the heart.

For a moment, and but for a moment, the intrepid maiden yielded to despair, and sank beside the corpse-like form. With a prayer upon her lips, she feebly essayed once more to resume her frightful journey. But the cold and fatigue now began to oppress her so strongly that her senses reeled, and her arm was insufficient to raise her lover. She collected her rambling thoughts; and, believing that she could not be far from the valley, she uttered a cry of distress. Providentially, it was just at this time that the peasants, uneasy at her not returning to the room, and guessing her heroic resolution, went, hurriedly, to the cavernous mouth of the glacier. The cry was heard, and answered. Shamed by the courage of the girl, two or three rushed forward up the ice-chamber. They were but just in time. The brave Marie had sunk down into that dangerous lethargy, the forerunner of death. Both were carried off safely from the glacier, brought to the cottage, and restored to animation.

Surgical aid was promptly procured for Henri's fracture. His vigorous constitution soon rallied under careful treatment. As for Marie, her overexcited feelings occasioned a long and dangerous illness.

The heroism of this maiden of the Alps was not likely to diminish the attachment of the man she had saved. As soon as both were recovered, the acclamation of the valley called for their union to be made a public ceremony, and the day a holiday for the villagers. The Curé offered up a thanksgiving for their deliverance, joined them in happy wedlock, and gave them a tearful blessing.

And long as love is known in the Alpine valleys will the tale be told of Marie, the heroine of fidelity, and of the well-tried "Love in a Glacier."

THE ROMANCE OF THE RHINE.

ALAS! how many pilgrims of the Rhine are doomed to disappointment! They read of Bulwer before departure; they study the sweet bits of Murray en route; they get up all the sighing sentiment they can muster, and yet cannot for the life of them realize the passion.

It is such a long while before they can see the castles which, to their imagination, gem the banks. When they really come to the romantic portion of the river, they find themselves passing between steep rises of a dark, bare, glaring sort of rock, which streams down upon them a furnace heat from its glowing sides; or else gathers the cold, sharp winds, for a fierce attack upon the traveller.

Then the castles, too: they don't stand as a couple of majestic lines of sphynxes before an Egyptian temple; nor do they glitter on the hill-tops, as the raised pearls of a coronet. Some of them are positively ashamed of being seen at all, so shabby have they become under their ill-usage; especially under the hands of the most refined and civilized nation of Europe,—the heroic exponent of revolutionary glory. Others that do not get back from view, like these, obtrude themselves upon public attention in a most unabashed way, quite regardless of the nude and dirty appearance they present. The great majority are not castles at all; but only bits of rough walls, of no determined shape, like children's dabs of clay upon a play-board.

As to all the fine stories that had so charmed us at a distance,—why they lost their effect in the sunlight of reality.

That tower where the young lady was confined by her father, to get her out of the way of her lover, that she might be safe and sound for a royal suitor, and where she could not be safe, for her lover got in after all, and stopped in too long;—yet, this romantic tower of a romantic tale of stolen wedded life must have been a most cheerless, miserable abode, in which no young lady of the present day would like to receive a lover, and make a private match.

It is really very sad to look at the place where the gurgling waters received the fair body of a maiden, whose father, like another Jephthah, would devote her to perpetual virginity. It quite unfortunately happened that she was not of that opinion, having met with a nice young man, who wanted her for a singing bird in his castle; and so, finding her crusading papa unable to get out of the meshes of his vow, she determined, after the approved fashion of the East of London theatres, to make a grand speech on the top of a rock, take a Leotard leap, and robe herself with the chilly waves. Before she took her last farewell, it is highly probable that she wrote that affecting ballad, so screamed forth in these modern days: "I won't be a Nun." And yet when one thinks of the terrible times then, and how young ladies were used, -being anybody's property who could seize them, and everybody's in turn,—it is really quite horrid to think that any decent lass could wish to live at all.

Even if they had not their homes burned over their heads more than half a dozen times in their lives, kept one parent from the sword, and had one brother out of six not falling in a duel, one sister preserved from the clutch of unmannerly knights; still what a dreadfully dull time of it they must have had in those dingy-looking castles, without Broadwood, Mudie, Grisi, the Pantheon, or other comforts of the present day; obliged to sit in that cold-catching place, with no carpet, and a smoking, stinking flambeau for her taper; with nothing to do but stitch never-ending tapestries, and listen to the most thrilling stories of rapine, blood and appari-

tions.

Under these circumstances, would it not have been a relief to have retired to a nunnery? There at least they were safe from being stolen, and dragged by the hair of their heads through the forest, to some tyrant's den. They would never be bothered with men at all, unless the ghostly waiting of quiet monks and priests be esteemed a bother. They would be sure, too, of getting their bread and butter, and not being starved at a siege.

We say, then, looking at matters calmly and dispassionately, that the young lady who threw herself into the Rhine did a very foolish thing. If she did not like the convent, she might have dropped herself into a boat with her lover, and rowed down this

Then there's the story of the rats.

A certain archbishop, who ought to have known better, had a lot of corn stored up in a season of famine, which he would not sell out to the starving people. As their shepherd, he ought to have fed them; but the chance of a rise was not to be lost by the episcopal miller. Well; like many another corn chandler, he found the rats helped themselves, if Christians would not. They ate and ate, and grew and grew, till he thought they would finish him at last. So he built a small tower on a rock in the middle of the Rhine. If narrow, it was very

high. "Ah!" thought he, "I have done the black rascals now." But he had not; for the rats, from their love of corn, fancied that, from being so much about his bags, he was corn himself, and so swam the stream, climbed the wall, and ate the man.

Now this is a very shocking story, if true; but it hardly comes under the category of romantic; for ladies generally give a shriek at the sight of a

rat.

Then the tales they tell about the Dark One in black are very stupid: the feats are usually so unworthy of any but a very stupid fellow, fit only to have his nose pinched by a Dunstan, or turned into the wheel of a car, as he was by an Irish Saint. It was so simple of him to lay a wager that he could carry that stone across the valley, and then drop it half-way. Were he to appear as a great dragon flying away with a princess over her father's battlements; or, dressing himself as a gay troubadour, to gain the heart of a lady whose lord was at the Crusades,-why there would be something really romantic about that. But no: he never does such things; he seemed really afraid of the ladies of that day. Whether they were such viragoes, or whether he did not know how to manage them, does not appear; though some do think that he has got over that feeling now.

By far the most romantic story of the Rhine is

that of Rolandseck.

Here we have the great Roland, the chosen champion of Charlemagne, the man who thought nothing of spitting a score or two of Moors at a time, and was not very particular at doing a similar service for those heathen Saxons, who had at last to be driven by the sword to the river, in order to be made into decent Christians.

Well; this said Roland, fierce and hard-hearted as a hyena, was a very dove in love matters. He had no romantic attachment to ladies in the abstract. How could he, when he would not hesitate to commit unmentionable atrocities upon wives, mothers, and daughters, among Mahometans or Pagans, as well as occasionally upon such Christians of the softer sex as came in the way of everyday warfare?

But such queer inconsistency is not confined to Roland. Besides, every lady extols the deeds of heroes, and thinks the chivalrous performances of Knights Templars a very poetical affair, although connected with some rough practices upon members

of their own sex.

But Roland fell in love with a Christian countrywoman of wondrous beauty and charms, as all heroines are bound to be. As he had so much work on hand, he was not able to take a cottage in the suburbs and live a quiet life along with his lady fair. He would just take a run into Spain, and have a turn with the Moors there. It would be a fine subject for future talk at the Court, and would make him more acceptable in the eyes of his charmer.

Alas! the course of true love never runs smooth. It did not, at least, with Roland, some thousand years ago. The fun happened to change sides for a time; for the bold German, instead of chasing

the Moors, was contemplating the walls of a dungeon in the safe custody of his swarthy foes.

As Reuter had not then organized his lightning corps, nor Rowland Hill his penny postage, there was no means of ready communication of his fate to the banks of the Rhine. It was not surprising, therefore, that, after a lengthened term of absence, news should arrive of the death of the warrior.

The faithful fair did as all romantic ladies are said to have done in that day. If scolded by papa, robbed of a lover, or grown old in their charms, they always made a rush to the nearest nunnery. That was the fashion. Now, some consolation is sought in the gaieties of the season; or papa is laughed at, and a new lover obtained.

There happened to be a charming little island in the Rhine, on which a pretty building was erected, for the safe custody of ladies of varied age, who exchanged the storms of life for the peaceful pursuits of piety. Roland's betrothed sighed, and entered therein.

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When Roland got loose from prison fare, he flew on the wings of love, as good story-tellers write, and was soon making inquiries about his beloved, and mentally arranging for a magnificent bridal ceremony.

The sad news struck him with more force than the javelin of a Moor caught upon his shield. He dare not tear open the nunnery gate, cast himself before the black-veiled lady, declare the story of his death to be quite a mistake, and then off with her upon his dark-mailed steed. No, no!—that would not be proper. She was in a more impregnable fortress than any he had ever invested, and there was no chance of a capture or surrender.

He discovered all at once that he really could not live without her. He had managed well enough so long as she was waiting for him and the promised ring; but now that he could not have her, he wanted her. As he could not have her with him, he resolved to be as near her as possible. How was this to be accomplished? Nothing is difficult for love, we are told.

Right over the little island hung a dark rock. It was so convenient a look-out and a look-over, that Roland determined to erect there his cottage, in a wood on a hill. The architecture of the times was a castellated one; and so our hero got up a substantial edifice, with walls about ten feet thick. Here he could fix himself; and, upon fine days and moonlight nights he would sit up aloft, looking down upon the nunnery grounds, and fancying every fluttering dress that showed itself below belonged to his lady fair. It was a pleasant imagination, for distance lends enchantment to the view, and must have given great consolation to the love-sick old warrior.

History does not tell us of the feelings of the lady; whether any prattling abbess told her of her useless vow of virginity, or the good-natured father confessor conveyed some soft message from a gentleman living above, over the way. It is to be hoped that she was quite in the dark about the name and designs of her neighbour on the hill, and

that no sound reached her to disturb her prayers for a lover slain in the Holy Wars.

How long Roland endured this retiring life of nun-observation we know not, but it had an end at last.

One day he saw a funeral procession below, on the island. By a process of magnetic sympathy he learned that this was the burial of his betrothed. He heard the knell, he saw the grave. He heard only the knell, and saw only the grave.

Hours passed—the attendants of the lord of the castle wondered at his long sojourn on the wall, and came in search of their master. They beheld him sitting with his face toward the nunnery, and his eyes fixed upon the grave below. But his frame was stiff and cold, and his eyes were glazed in death.

If all this be true, every one will admit that it is a very romantic story indeed.

That which deals terrible blows at the romance of the Rhine is the German pipe. We feel perfectly sure that no knight-errant of the court of Charlemagne—no Knight Templar of Palestine—no victor at a tournament bowing to the Queen of Beauty, ever carried a meerschaum. History gives no authenticated instances of lovers in the mediaval times talking soft nonsense to a girl with a

But we have changed all that on the Rhine. Just as a young lady upon the steamer has, by dint of considerable effort, got up the proper amount of sentiment to look upon Drachenfels, or any other fels, and is trying fondly to indulge some pleasing dream, in which Bulwer plays no ordinary part, a German gent passes, and, the wind being favourable, a heavy volume of carbon glides through the ivory portals, exasperates her

throat, tickles her nose, brings tears into her eyes, and very nearly draws a naughty word from her ruby lips.

Now all this is very tormenting and annoying,

A German table d'hôte interferes much with the enjoyment of romance upon the Rhine. An excess of cabbage, vinegar, and sausages, to say nothing of the tartaric acidulous wine, will often seriously interfere with digestion; and, as all the world knows, the murmurs of a disordered stomach sadly spoil the rhapsodies of imagination, and dispel the illusions of the tender sentiment. It is

sadly spoil the rhapsodies of imagination, and dispel the illusions of the tender sentiment. It is to be observed that most people find their appetites quickened by travel; and the necessity of the two hours' retreat below, at the slow parade of dinner, shadows many a lovely peep of scenery, and occupies with materialities the mind that would otherwise have feasted on unsubstantial romance.

HE dares not, for what a noble heart dares least is to belie the plighted word; and what the kind heart shuns most is to wrong the confiding friend.

HE never mocks, for mocking is the fume of little hearts.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

"How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataiotedon.

"O student of this gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient, or by modern sages?

"The various authors' names but note
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans:
And in the volume polyglot
Sure you may read a hundred sermons.

"What histories of Life are here,
More wild than all romancers stories.
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

"What theme for Sorrow or for Scorn!
What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse Fortune nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

"Of thrones upset and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honours, dealt as if in joke;
Of brave deserts unkindly smitten.

"How low men were, and how they rise,

How high they were, and how they tumble.
O vanity of vanities!
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

"Here between honest Janin's joke,
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book:
I write my name - and end my sermon.

"O vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are.

"What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

"Pray choose us out another text,
O man morose and narrow-minded!
Come turn the page—I read the next
And then the next, and still I find it.

"Read here how Wealth aside was thrust
And Folly set in place exalted;
How princes footed in the dust,
While lackies in the saddle vaulted.

"Though thrice a thousand years are past.
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary king ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it.

"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

"Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!

He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill.

As yonder on the Mount of Hermon;

"For you and me to heart to take, (O dear beloved brother readers,) To-day, as when the good King spake Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars."

W. M. THACKEBAY-Cornhill Magazine, vol. ii., p. 45.

THE ANSWER.

O, SHADOW voice of that old lamentation,
The bankrupt-hearted Hebrew monarch's moan,—
Why gloom the air with tolling iteration,
Why numb our heart with ceaseless monotone?

Why, echo of Earth's wisest son of folly,
Dwell ever on that single minor chord?
And turn glad tidings into melancholy,
And come with cypress to thy cradled lord.

Why, when the Heavens are white with thronging angels,
Strew Earth with funeral robes their steps to greet?
Why beat on skulls reply to their evangels,
When Death lies vanquished 'neath the Victor's feet!

Hadst thou not heard, hadst thou not seen, nor read it?
The earnest Earth in expectation writeth,—
Not for a bubble;—for Himself hath said it,
That He, who made, ere long regenerateth!

The whole Creation is in groan and travail,

The great new birth of Nature is at hand,
The clue is ours;—O, let us watch, unravel
The perfect order the DIVINE hath planned!

Wilt thou still cry, at even-song, and matin,
Thy burden, "All is vanity and loss!"
Still write, in Hebrew, and in Greek, and Latin,
This superscription, o'er the Saviour's cross?

Leave the sad Hebrew monarch's mournful tasking, Nor blindly draw the curtain back again Before the Mighty Answer to Earth's asking, Prophets and kings desired to see in vain!

In awe, apart, and with your heart communing,
Be still, and listen for the accents clear;
Hush that jarred cry, that waited but for tuning,
A far greater than Solomon, is here!

A Hand that thrusts back Earth's wild tears and laughter,*
Raises the dead, and calms the demon thrill;
A voice, that o'er life's troubled, tossing water,
Has spoken, "Peace, be still!"

For us;—for every world-sick heart, 'twas spoken!
Take it,
Brother, this ending of the Preacher's story:—
Lo! David's Son, the sad and loving, spake it,
Ere bowed beneath the Garden Olives hoary!
I. R. VERNON.

* St. Mark v. 38-41.

THE DEEPER WRONG.

"Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Hear my voice, ye careless daughters! Give ear unto my speech."

THERE exist questions on which discussion, nay, even difference of opinion, would seem impossible; of which to deny the evil, or to attempt extenuation, seems little less than to insult the better portion of our nature, and to do which, with any appearance of success, a man had need discard the ordinary dictates of nature and reason, and for the time adopt only the sophistries of avarice, selfishness, and the basest of passions; however skilfully he may veil these, under the guise of expediency, suitability, or even more flattering and

attractive seeming.

The subject of slavery is one which it might well be supposed that no person, with whom natural humanity and Christian precept have anything in common, could entertain other than sentiments of detestation and abhorrence. Yet we need not apprise our readers that there are persons,—educated, intelligent members of this our civilized society of the nineteenth century; charitable, benevolent to all appearance; professing the principles, and practising the observances, enjoined by the Christian religion,—who not only can speak with tolerance of the institution of slavery, find plausible excuses for its continuance, and draw parallels between the miserable victims of the system, and the hardworked struggling poor of our own country, to the disadvantage of the latter; but who will even establish precedents, and point to authority for it in glib quotations from the Bible. So have we heard drunkards take refuge in like irreverent misapplications of the divine teaching; and it is probable that not a sinner exists but, if so inclined, has in like manner found some apology or justification: from the revengeful or vindictive persecutor of his enemy, falling back upon the abrogated Jewish exaction of "an eye for an eye," to the man who, being taxed with want of cleanliness, declared he had Scripture authority for his practice, triumphantly quoting, "Let him that is filthy be filthy still." We have rarely found perverted ingenuity fail in finding some lawful precedent for that which has already been resolved upon.

But in a country whose proudest boast has ever been the absolute freedom secured to the meanest of the dwellers upon its soil, native born or stranger, we confess it has been frequently matter of surprise to meet any exceptions to the loud and vehement protest which the mention of slavery has never failed to evoke from the great majority of English hearts. That the exceptions are few, we grant; but that there should ever be exceptions is

the wonder.

To hear a man bearing the English physiognomy, speaking the English tongue, stamped with the unmistakable English type, standing up coolly in justification (we cannot write defence) of the sale of human flesh and blood—is to us an anomaly as

great as it would be to see, among the visitors of the Zoological Gardens, a newly-arrived lion, fresh and unfettered from his native deserts, preaching to his poor broken-spirited, half-subdued brother, behind the bars, of the beauty of his captivity, the superior accommodation of a cell four feet by six, to the pathless wilderness of Afric's sands, and coolly drawing a comparison between the regularity of the shin-bone ordinary, provided by his keepers, to the uncertain produce of their hunting expeditions in quest of dainty roe, juicy kid or hart, or tasty young heifer. The simile would be none less apt, if during his harangue the bovine philosopher cease not to lash his tawny sides with his tail, casting keenly around him those vigilant eyes, making no secret of those formidable teeth and claws, warily on his guard against designs upon his liberty, swift to take umbrage at the smallest encroachment, prompt to retaliate, be the insult ever so small that may threaten the interests of that idol of his existence, the breath of his nostrils,

the soul of his honour-liberty.

Can we not fancy how such a scene would excite our amused comment? Do we not in imagination hear the poor captive, after listening to the powerful oration of the kingly brute, make answer with the very natural and apt proposal that—since he sees so much desirable in this state of imprisonment which has escaped himself—he should change places with him. There can be no difficulty; his proprietors will certainly not object to exchange the tame for the unsophisticated brute; and for himself, though durance vile and those habits of ease to which his visitor adverts, have somewhat tamed the current of his blood, he fears not to encounter those hardships and uncertainties of which even the memory has solaced his dungeon. We think we see the hasty movement of the noble outsider, which gives the negative to this proposal, with the query as to anything visibly "green?" (not inapplicable from jaws so disinclined to vegetarianism as those of the speaker on this occasion). We may suppose him losing no time in increasing the distance between himself and the luckless subject of his harangue.

To every Englishman similarly inclined with our supposititious lion to belie the nobility of his name and origin, we would wish no worse than that to him be presented, with strict injunctions to read and meditate upon, a certain volume now issuing from the press; * the perusal of which will go far to fill him with juster notions upon the subject of which we are now treating, than any he may have previously held. It needs not to premise that the history contained therein is strictly true. Authenticity is stamped upon every line. The interest which is usually inspired by an autobiographical relation is here enhanced by a total absence of any pretension to fine writing, or the breaking off of the narrative for the introduction of some sentimental moralising, or pious exhortation. Bookmaking,that vice of the age, - is here wholly ignored; fact,

^{*} The "Deeper Wrong; or, the Autobiography of a Slave Girl." Edited by L. Maria Child. London: W. Tweedie.

plain and unmistakable, hideous and painful in the extreme, but no less fact—forms the substance of the narrative from beginning to end; yet in the unvarnished description of so much in itself revolting we detect nothing "set down in malice," no attempt at extra painting, nor piling up the agony; rather the writer has chosen to soften many of the details, and in some cases suppress that which she tells us would have been too disgusting for recital.

Let the man (or woman) who would draw a parallel between service in our own country and that where the good servant is a valuable piece of "portable property," listen to this. The writer is speaking of her grandmother; whose intelligence and aptitude had made her, all her life through, "an indispensable personage in the household, officiating in all capacities, from cook and wet-nurse to seamstress." In the first-named occupation she became so clever that her productions in the pastry and "cracker" line were in universal demand; and she obtained permission of her mistress to work at night when all household labour was done, for her own benefit; "provided she would clothe herself and children from the products. The business proved profitable, and each year she laid by a little, which was saved for a fund to purchase her children."

One of these, a bright handsome lad nearly white, was sold, at ten years old; realizing the large sum of 720 dollars. This was a severe blow to the poor woman; but she went to work hopefully, trusting to be able to repurchase him. She had saved three hundred dollars to this end; when "her mistress one day begged it as a loan, promising to pay her soon." But, "no promise or writing given to a slave is legally binding: according to the Southern laws a slave, being property, can hold no property." Pay-day never came. Hear this—land of county courts and easily-obtained summons. How would the "missis" fare with us, who should borrow of her servant ("white slave," as some of our cavillers have named them), and neglect to make good her

promise, to the uttermost farthing?

We often hear it asserted, in answer to the alleged cruelties practised by slave-holders, that it would be inconsistent with the personal interests of those men to injure or ill-treat their own property, and thereby to deteriorate its marketable value. What says this veritable history upon that point? "Little attention was paid to the slaves' meals in Dr. Flint's (her master's) house. If we could catch a bit of food, while it was going, well and good." The slaves were entirely dependent, for the quantity and quality of their rations, upon their mistress; of whom we are told that, " if dinner were not served at the exact time, she would station herself in the kitchen, and wait till it was dished, and then spit in all the kettles and pans which had been used for cooking. This she did to prevent the cook and her children from eking out their meagre fare with the remains of the gravy and scrapings."-Provisions were scrupulously weighed out to the ounce, three times a-day; and the poor half-starved creatures had no chance

even to help themselves to a handful of flour; the lady knowing exactly how many biscuits each quart of meal should produce. The husband of this refined specimen of the gentler sex was an epicure. If the cook happened to send up a dish not quite to his liking, he would have her up, and literally "cram" the objectionable food down her throat by force, till she was actually in danger of choking. "They had a pet dog, which was a nuisance in the house. The cook was ordered to make some Indian mush for him. He refused to eat, and when his head was held over it the froth flowed from his mouth into the basin. He died while this was taking place. When Dr. Flint came in, he said the mush had not been well cooked; he sent for the cook, and compelled her to eat it. The poor creature endured the most agonizing suffering in consequence. Yet this was a clever servant, and a valuable piece of property; but men long habituated to wreak their fury, and give vent to their passions, with total immunity from result, soon become blinded even to their own interests; the lust of dominion asserts itself over the soul, perhaps with greater force than any other. In these pages we read of men tied up to the roof of an outhouse by the wrists, so that their feet could but just touch the ground; in that position, by a refinement of cruelty, condemned to await their punishment of flogging, while their inhuman tyrant quietly took his tea. The writer describes the horror with which the poor kindred and fellow slaves listened to the blows and the heartmending shrieks of the victim, whose fault they did not even know. Next morning the boards beneath were soaked with his gore. What, think you, reader, was that man's crime? He and his wife were black, their infant was very fair; the wretched husband had dared (upon only too just grounds) to accuse his master before the overseer of having wronged him!

Again: a half-starved slave took food of his master's to appease his hunger; he was stripped, lashed, and left with his back one clot of blood. His master refused to have it dressed, saying it served him right. He first drives the man to desperation by overwork and insufficient food, then disables him. Yet we are told to believe that self-interest will ensure humanity. A gentleman (?), a slaveholder, returned home drunk from a party. His body-servant gave him some slight cause of offence. Immediately he was stripped to his shirt, tied to a tree in front of the house (this in midwinter), and scourged till the blood flowed. "The wind blew bitter cold, the boughs of the old tree crackled under falling sleet;" yet there that poor groaning, blood-stained creature, remained, for three long hours, the drunkard who "owned" him refusing to let him be taken down. "When he was cut down he was more dead than alive."

A young and "valuable" slave, who had endured the life of a dog, made his escape, and was recaptured. He was "cut with the whip from head to foot, washed with strong brine, to prevent mortification, and was then screwed into the cotton gir, only allowing him sufficient room to turn on his side when he could not lie on his back. Every morning a slave was sent with a piece of bread and a bowl of water, which were placed within his reach. This slave was charged, under penalty of severe punishment, not to speak to the captive." Four days clapse, the bread is eaten, but the water is left,—a terrible smell proceeds from the gin-house. "When the press was unscrewed the dead body was found half eaten by rats and vermin." The too probable conjecture was that the poor wretch had been gnawed ere life was extinct.

Will any man reading this ow're true record, deny that the system is utterly foul and accursed

alike to the tyrant and his victim?

What though there be humane masters and mistresses, who are cited as patterns of an exemplary goodness, because they treat their slaves with decency and kindness:—will any one uphold the institution to be, on that account, less obnoxious to every natural impulse—to every claim of justice and reason? To take only the most obvious of casualties, we may select an incident from these pages. A lady (one of the rare specimens which as our author tells us—are, "like angels' visits, few and far between") inherited as slaves a woman and her six children: the father, a free man. This lady was so truly pious, so good, and service under her was so light and pleasant, that when she, on the eve of marriage, offered to liberate her slaves, they, anticipating no change, desiring no happier life, refused to accept their freedom. When the character of the new master becameapparent, they would fain have sued for that they had declined. It was too late; they had passed from the authority of the good mistress to that of the vile and unprincipled husband. The father attempted to take his children away: he was put in jail—the boys sold into Georgia. The girls, one after another, became the victims of the master's base lust: one of them went mad, another died. The purity this pious mistress had inculcated, the happiness she had guarded, the blessings she had been instrumental in bestowing, were all violated. Broken, crushed,—by the husband of her choice: the witnessing of such misery was too much for the high-minded lady. She passed away, blessing the death which gave her release.

Who will deny that to the slaveowner, no less than to the slave, this iniquitous trade is fraught

with ruin and degradation?

We have hitherto heard chiefly of the barbarities and irregularities perpetrated by the male slave-holders; but the veracious history before us proves but too clearly that the gentleness and purity of the other sex are not proof against the horrible influences of the system; and among the most terrible are the instances it affords of the deeper degradations to which women—cultivated and refined, at least by education—too often sink. Here we read:—

"Too often retribution comes upon the master for the wrongs he has inflicted upon the daughters of the slaves. His own do not always escape. They

early hear their parents quarrelling about some female slave. They are attended by the young slave girls whom their father has corrupted, and they hear such talk as should never meet youthfut ears, nor any other ears. They exercise the same authority over the men slaves. I have seen the master of a household bowed down with shame, for it was known in the neighbourhood that his daughter had selected one of the meanest slaves on his plantation to be the father of his first grand-child. The most brutalized, over whom her authority could be exercised with less fear of exposure." The child is most frequently smothered. The slave would be put to death; but the woman has generally anticipated the result, and sent him out of the State with free papers.

Well says the writer, "No pen can give an adequate description of the all-pervading corruption produced by slavery! Southern women often marry a man, knowing that he is the father of many little slaves. They regard such children as property, as marketable as the pigs on the plan-

tation."

"I will have you peeled and pickled, my lady, if I ever hear you mention that subject again!" was the speech of a mistress to her slave girl, who told her that a coloured man of her own degree wished to make her his wife. "Do you suppose I will have you tending my children with the children of that nigger? The girl to whom this was said had already a mulatto child, of course not acknowledged by its father. The disgraceful connection was not the subject of the lady's (?) animadversions; but the idea of a lawful union aroused her indignation,

and produced the inhuman threat.

Again, our writer says—"I once saw a young slave girl dying soon after the birth of a child nearly white. In her agony she cried out, 'O Lord, come and take me!' Her mistress stood by, and mocked her like an incarnate fiend. 'You suffer, do you?' she said; 'I am glad of it. You deserve it all, and more too.'" This was the mother of seven children! We must remember, while we judge, that the breast of that miserable woman was filled with the pangs of jealousy, at this open violation of all conjugal faith, this outraged sanctity of a wife's position. Alas! while we pity the victims of a hideous system, let us remember they are not all black; let us think of the heart-burnings, the hatred, the rupture of all domestic peace and concord, which it entails; and, no less for the masters than the slaves, shall we nourish against it the most unceasing and fiercest enmity. Corruption, treachery, lust, selfishness, and hardness of heart-these are but a few of the bitter fruits produced by this tree of iniquity. "I once saw a letter from a member of Congress," writes the author, "written to a slave, who was the mother of six of his children. He wrote to request that she would send her children away from the great house before his return, as he expected to be accompanied by friends. The woman could not read, and was obliged to employ another to read the letter. The existence of the coloured children did not trouble this gentleman, it was only the fear that friends might recognize in their

features a resemblance to himself."

Utter disregard of all ties of relationshipparentage, brother or sisterhood-are everywhere evident; the mother must part from her babe, the husband be torn from his newly-married wife; the son take leave of his only parent, all at the caprice or bidding of a master or mistress. Thus it never struck the apologists who would fain deny the existence of these cruelties upon the grounds we have before alluded to-viz., personal intereststhat even in the case of the same care being afforded to these as to the beasts of burden who share their toil, such care rarely extends beyond the bodies of the slaves. To what purpose enlighten a man whom it is the sole aim and end of your dealings with him to degrade? Why talk to him of a future, bright and hopeful, to which in comparison this life shall seem more horribly dark and desolate? How instruct him in the pure, bright, holy precepts of a religion all love and mercy and self-denial; when the example of your whole life, the experience of his own, is the acted denial of all its teaching? Well may the poor slave be reared in darkness; well may Ignorance sit at the right hand of Oppression!

Let they who are in doubt upon this subject read our author's undeniable testimony upon it. Far too long for extraction are the pages, which deserve to be perused in their entirety; there we may learn the sort of preaching to which these poor souls are allowed alone to listen: of which chief among the texts is that of "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness

of heart, as unto Christ."

Said we not that authority would not be wanting to those who seek it even in utter perversion of the inspired writings?—we can imagine for ourselves how such men can adapt to their own purpose, and garble even the Holy Scripture truth, to serve their turn with the benighted creatures

they hold in thraldom.

There are bright exceptions to this rule. We read of one, of whose doctrine we may give these few words as a sample :- "Try to live according to the word of God. Your skin is darker than mine, but God judges men by their hearts, not by the colour of their skins." . . . This style was very offensive to the slaveholders; they said he "preached like a fool to the negroes." The slaves do, however, manage to obtain an insight into the truths of religion, and some beautiful incidents are related in this book, of the support derived by them from it under their sufferings, and of the perseverance with which in secret they taught each other to read the Bible, though such an offence is "punished with whipping and imprisonment" if discovered. A very acute and doubtless correct sketch is given of the manner in which visitors to the South are blinded; how brightly the side is turned perpetually towards them; the answers of the slaves whom he has invited to question, being under

such circumstances much on a par with the genuineness of those letters written home under the supervision of the schoolmaster, in which the formula "I am quite well and happy" figures so

conspicuously.

But, we repeat, extract or criticism must fail to give any just idea of the calibre and value of the volume, upon which we have been induced to linger much longer than we had intended. At a time like the present, when from one motive or another, -most, we are happy to believe in error-a variety of statements have appeared tending to temper the severe truth of all previous representations; a book like this becomes of double worth, as proceeding direct from the fountain-head; a plain unvarnished result of personal experience, in which the writer has not scrupled to sacrifice such a reticence upon her own history as might well have been pardoned; for the ends of truth. Neither in fictions nor biography do we remember to have met with anything more full of vivid interest than the adventures she so graphically describes; while the horrors and the wrongs to which her position rendered her liable, and those dear to her, are such that nothing less than the great purpose of exposing the facts of such a system could warrant the relation.

Tormented by the pursuit of a licentious master, separated by his cruelty from the lover to whom her affections were given—lawful wedlock denied them—the history of her temptation, the humble self-accusing apology she makes for yielding to that which appears the less in comparison with the "deeper wrong," to which she is urged—all is told with a sincerity of heart, a life-like delineation of motive, actions and result, which renders the

narrative one of the most enthralling.

Some idea may be gained of the persecution to which this slave girl was subjected, when we learn that she availed herself of an opportunity to escape, and remained hidden in a miserable hole in the roof of an outbuilding, where it was impossible to stand upright: half stifled by insufficient air, in almost total darkness, here she lay hid during the space of seven years, with brief intervals of a few stolen minutes' descent, cheered by the knowledge that her children were near her, (they unconscious of her relationship to them,) the sound of their voices

making her horrible captivity bearable. Let those who would draw parallels between the slaves of America and the working poor of our country, lay to heart what this woman, acquainted with the peculiar griefs and wrongs of the former, says, when subsequently she came to England. She visits a small town in Berkshire, "said to be the poorest in the country;" she saw "men working in the fields for six and seven shillings a-week; women for sixpence and sevenpence a-day." We long to extract the whole of that passage, which is a thorough and sufficient answer to any who have twitted England with her "white slaves." The writer concludes with these words, the words be it remembered of one who has known slavery in all its phases:-"I repeat that the most ignorant and the most destitute of these English peasants is a thousand-fold better off than the most pampered American slave."

We hasten to a conclusion, with the regretful conviction that we have left many of the choicest recitals unnoticed; while many incidents of so harrowing a nature as to be painful, even to allude to, we have passed over. Every page is replete with interest; and, regarded either as a thrilling story, filled with that romance of fact which has been with truth declared to excel fiction, or as the exponent of a great and important question, on which it behoves all to hold an opinion, it is very long since a work has been published so well worthy of universal perusal, so filled with novel information and exciting incident.

"If you want to be fully convinced of the abomination of slavery," says our writer, " go on a Southern plantation and call yourself a negrotrader." More feasible to the majority of our readers is the recommendation which we substitute, to read the volume to which we have alluded, "there," to follow the words of its author, "you will see and hear of things that will seem impossible among human beings with immortal souls."

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO. LEAF VI.-" RESPONSIONS."

COMMEMORATION was just at hand; but ere it was to be enjoyed the first examination had to be dismissed. I have said that this was but elementary: I have also remarked that it was therefore almost the more unpleasant. If you are knocked down by a big fellow, you rub your head somewhat ruefully, but not with that shame which results on a defeat by a pigmy. And grammar, Latin prose, and arithmetic, are very Lilliputians to tie down sleeping Gullivers.

Barton's, Cobb's, and my name appeared on the list affixed to the buttery door, and the usual facetious pencil remarks were prefixed or affixed to the names, and the usual counting took place, to find out how many days would intervene ere the tug of war. "Responsions," of course, is only the solemn domish name; so little heard in common that an innocent and blunt Freshman, while I was at Oxford, ventured to correct his lofty Warden,-who asked, "What books do you take up for Responsions, Sir?"-by thus naïvely replying: "I don't know what you mean by Responsions, I'm going up for 'smalls.'" At which remark the dignitary nearly blew up with inflating horror, but turned a valve to say, "Sir, if you please, we call them ' Responsions.' "

I won't promise to keep to the Warden's dictum, because Cobb is of our company, and, with him, they are sure to be "SMALLS." This youth had taken to reading in my room; and, though no slight interruption, I yet endured, and even gave some time to "coaching," him; for I knew that not? The examiners stalk up and down the

his chance of getting through was small indeed if left to his own resources. He could not sit to work, but would stroll into Hilton's room, after a couple of anomalous verbs, "just to report myself, now, my dear fellow, for I've really been working uncommonly hard; I shall stump the examiners this time." He was not wanting in wits, and I really did think some Greek and Latin had been crammed into him; at least I thought it was now or never with him.

I took a walk with Barton before we went into the schools. We went through the fields, and lingered by the little streams, watching their still lilies and trembling flags, and turquoise forgetme-nots; and almost envying the Almack maze of tadpoles that, all head and tail, twirled and twined among the lily-stalks. They looked rather like undergraduates, rusty black, with little streaming tails; but they had no chance of being " ploughed;" and had no dread of examiners. In time their legs grew out, and their little tails dropped off; and they filled out as it were into bachelors' gowns: no fees, no trouble at all. However, our tails, if to be dropped at all, must be dropped after certain slips of paper had warranted the use of the Vice-Chancellor's shears.

The morning came; a letter of tender condolence to the poor victims, about to be garlanded with a white tie, and perhaps to be immolated by the examiners to the shades of some ancient Greek hero, whose doings refused to be construed,—such a letter, I say, of a delicate green hue, and of a long shape, lay on my breakfast table. Like the ancient dames of chivalry, the ladye of my love would

"Buckle the spurs upon my heel, And send me forth to fight."

(She has just been endeavouring to look at what I am writing; and, indignant at being repulsed, has set down "to write to Fan;" without giving me the kiss I sought.) Well, I partook of some fortifying steak at breakfast with Hilton; and then wended my way with him and some more sympathizing friends into the School quad. Sickly smiles were there the order of the day; a lot of sheep, we seemed, in a pen, awaiting the arrival of the butcher,—I mean the examiners,—and proportionably hilarious. When you are clad in armour of proof, you may doubtless laugh at the foe; but when every piece of your harness is full of holes, you wince at being set up for a target.

The examiners came, the door was opened, the victims streamed in, actually of their own accord; quite realizing the idea in the old English ballad-

"Their eyes are full of wisdom, and their looks are grave and sage;

Come, a little dill, dill, come, and be killed

The examiners are waiting, and their stomachs must be filled."

Little tables with blotting paper, and foolscap, and a list of printed questions, -- who remembers them

schools: some men bite their quills, others their lips; some lean back in the chair, and stare frowningly before them; some bend close to the table, and write with all their might; some "take it easy; some die hard. I was in the writing school, at a little table apart; a table scored over with many hieroglyphics, "φεῦ, φεῦ, ὅλωλα;" one ill-omened exclamation, rhymes; one of which is so touching that I must transcribe it; partly that its author may chance to stumble on it in these pages:—

"The gardens of Wadham, how proudly I trod 'em,
With her by my side;
The gardens of Wadham, how sadly I trod 'em,
The summer she died."

Pathos that scorns the difficulties of rhyme! Well, paper work was over, and viva voce came. Cobb had brought me rough draughts of his papers, and my hopes were not high for his success. I thought it, however, just possible. I was one of the spectators, that, railed off from the arena, watch the poor victims worried by wild examiners. Cobb adopted the well-known principle of meeting a question, of whose answer he was ignorant, by something quite irrelevant, but which he happened to know very well. These cross questions and crooked answers may answer when judiciously used; but an examiner will tire at last of answers, however ingenious, of this character. "Can you tell me, Sir, by what act Æneas obtained the appellation of pious?" "From his general character, Sir;-Achilles was called 'swift-footed,' from his speed in running."

Cobb was to drive to Witney, and I was to wait for his testamur.

I was to act the part of Theseus: if the document were obtained, a white pocket handkerchief was to be displayed at my window; its absence was to be the sign that the examiners were inexorable.

At about four, then, I wended my way to the School quad., and there anxiously waited, with other expectants, for the clerk of the schools. The examiners passed out, the clerk appeared; eager hands were held out, with the shilling fee; and peering undergraduates thronged the gasping little man. "Bangham;" "Barley;" "Barton;" ("Here," I cried, grasping the magic slip;) "Bentley;" "Bismuth;" "Carr;" "Curvey." "Have you Mr. Cobb's testamur?" I asked, in a forlorn hope. "No more than what I read, sir." Alas! Cobb was ploughed!

No white hankerchief fluttered from the window; but Ægeus did not fling himself from his dog-cart; but bore the failure with the calmness of the philosopher. He joined our convivialities at Barton's supper; he refused not the cider-cup: he shirked

not the pickled salmon; he sang:-

"Shall I, wasting in despair;"

announcing the needlessness to "make pale" his "cheeks with care, 'cause another's rosy are." (Poor Barton's being of the furthest from any such imputation.) In short, Cobb didn't care much about it; and the little he did care soon wore off. It is better for the man himself, if he does care;

but, for the friend who doesn't bring his testamur, 'tis rather a relief to meet with a philosoper, than a pale man who has to write,—or not to write,—letters home to anxious father, &c. Cobb had only an old aunt, who understood but little about examinations.

In due time my testamur arrived, about which, after the examination, I had not felt very anxious. It lay on my table, and Barton, with beaming face, awaited me in my room.

In my next paper, since a Commemoration must needs be described, I will select that one at which the Laureate appeared.

I. R. V.

FAST DAYS.

THERE are more kinds of fast days, as there are more varieties of fast men, than one. We call that a fast day when men nourish their souls by starving their bodies; or compound for their debts of sin by devout attention to red herrings;—and we may by a pardonable whim apply the same title to those days in which they do the work of a week, (and to borrow the language of pedestrianism) "force the pace" and "put on a spurt" in the race of life.

So with fast men. There are those whose fastness manifest itself in "Noah's arks," high collars, mathematical arrangement and bisection of the hair, uncordial relations with Her Majesty's letter "r" and the chronic "unocular ophthalmia" peculiar to the breed:—others in the rapidity with which they contrive to run through their property: while (to follow out our whim) a third variety—the true race of fast men—are so by living in a year the whole lifetime of their fellows, and compressing into the space of months the activities and energies of a generation.

Such are the men who so often die young—and over whom we mourn as over those whose "purposes are cut off:" yet are such deaths never premature. "Man is immortal till his work is done," and these fast men have lived to such purpose that they have but the sooner finished their life-work and entered on their rest. Of such an one we say—as we have just tearfully sung to the memory of a noble representative of their clan:—

"It was too soon to die!
Yet might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise and bold and Christian duties done,
It were no brief—eventless history."

But our "fast" subject has run away with us: for our object is not to moralize, but to describe. To return, then, by the shortest of cuts,—there are busy days corresponding to these busy lives;—days in which the heart of business beats higher, the circulation is quickened, and an impulsive power applied to all the energies of life. One of the most important of these, in one department of human occupation, we noticed recently, and now record two or three more, in the same line of things, and of interest and importance to railway promoters, if to no one else.

The eventful 30th over, the next "crisis," which looms a-head is the 15th of December, the day appointed by the inexorable Standing Orders aforesaid, for the serving of notices in writing upon all landowners, lessees, and occupiers upon the line of the intended railway, or within the limits of deviation proposed to be authorized.

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For those notices which have to be posted to nonresident owners, &c., the 12th is the last day allowed, and as they are only received at certain specified offices, it frequently happens that they have to be conveyed thirty or forty miles in order to be posted.

Each notice must contain the name of the parish in which the property referred to is situated, its description, a number corresponding with that on the plan for each field, the name of the owner, lessee, and occupier,—and the greatest depth of cutting or height of embankment proposed to be authorized at that point.

A form must also at the same time be left, to be filled up by the party receiving the notice, as "assenting," "dissenting," or "neuter," in respect to the proposed undertaking; and an analysis of the whole of these papers is subsequently deposited for the information of the Parliamentary Committee. In a line of any length these notices amount to some thousands in number, and both in the preparation and delivery involve no small degree of labour.

The latter operation is often as serious as the deposit of plans, and is not less important, seeing that proof is required to be made of the service of every notice; while it has this grievous disadvantage, that since every house along the line of railway has to be visited, and these are in many cases quite inaccessible to civilized conveyance, the greater part of the distance has to be walked.

Fancy trudging to the top of a Welsh mountain to serve a solitary notice on some eccentric Diogenes who has rolled his tub up there in search of fresh air and light;—tumbling down thence into the valley in quest of the aboriginal village of Llanfair-mathafurneithaf, or Llwynmynachlogfawr, and some self-sacrificing individual entombed therein for reasons best known to himself; and on again in hot pursuit of an anthropophobious old maid, who is the enviable possessor of a life-interest in a pigsty within the limits of deviation. Such is the wearisome routine to be gone through, until the thousands of notices are served, and the last fortunate proprietor-informed of what he never cared to know.

The next "trysting-day" of note is the 14th of January; and here we pass from the antediluvians of the country to the millionaires of the city: from those "whose talk is of 'osses and turnips," to those whose talk is of consols and stocks, of exchanges and discounts.

"Gold, gold, gold;
Money to have, and money to hold!"

is the cry; for a deposit of 8 per cent. on the parliamentary estimate is to be paid into the hands of the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, as security for the due carrying out of the scheme. The golden image is set up in the streets of the modern Babylon. Jews are "looking up," for "pishness" is brisk. "Israelites indeed," are they; but, alas! not after the pattern of Nathanael. "Sharks" abound in the narrow streets and lanes of the City, and with voracious eagerness wait for their prey.

Frantic promoters rush about to borrow money at any per cent.: wily capitalists listen to their melting entreaties with tantalizing sang froid, and then "for a consideration" transfer to them "the one thing needful:" or else, with a refinement of cruelty, politely request them to "try next door."

Now is the weeding time, when the bubble schemes melt away like a snail in salt. Hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of her Majesty's portraits find their way into the coffers of the wealthy Accountant-General, and many a disappointed promoter slinks back into the country "a sadder, but a wiser man." The great Dundreary and Burymycash Junction Railway of the morning has collapsed, and left to its unfortunate projectors but the task of apportioning the liabilities. To the fortunate survivors of this monetary wreck comes the dread ordeal of Standing Orders, a species of parliamentary warfare which has only of very recent years come into vogue, and which is in every sense the most unsatisfactory and shabby form of parliamentary opposition. It rakes up with vindictive pertinacity "a thousand littlenesses," in which the plans, &c., are deficient, and magnifies them into Brobdignagian propor-Long petitions are filed, charging the proposed Bumberry and Billytown promoters with various and sundry crimes and misdemeanours; to wit, that the said B. and B. engineer did in a certain word ---, sheet ----, of the deposited plan, neglect and omit to dot a certain "i"; that, furthermore, he did, at page -, neglect to cross a "t"; and, moreover, did in a certain field, numbered —, in the parish of —, in the county of -, omit to show upon the said plan a certain duck-pen situate therein, all of which by the Standing Orders of this honourable House are required to be done. The Examiner sits in judgment, and the conflict proceeds. A learned parliamentary agent dilates with eloquence and pathos upon the frightful consequences likely to ensue from the omission on the said plans of a certain pigsty, and the serious injury accruing to his client from the neglect to serve him with a notice for the half of a ditch.

His eloquence rises into sublimity and attains its climax when he depicts in glowing terms the detriment arising to the public interests by the omission to deposit a copy of the said plans, &c., with the parish clerk of the parish of Yrfynyddmethyrcynog, for the enlightenment of that important district. Witness after witness is examined, hundreds of pounds expended, and the case made out. And so, this expensive trifling concluded, the Examiner looks grave, puts on (figuratively) the black cap, declares the Standing Orders not complied with, and the bill goes "upstairs," to abide the tender mercies of the Standing Orders Committee.

And there, for the present, " res quiescat."

MUSIC AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

IT has been frequently said that the English are a non-musical people. This may have been truethough we very much doubt it-in years gone by; but it is certainly not true of the present day; for there is, probably, nowadays not a more musicloving nation under the sun than our own. But, in truth, there are marked traces of musical prepossessions throughout the whole of British history. King Alfred, with his harp in the camp of the Danes, and Blondel the minstrel, who discovered the prison of Richard Cœur-de-Lion by singing him his favourite song, to which the king responded by repeating the same melody from within the walls of his prison, are familiar and notable proofs, at far-distant intervals of time, that music must throughout have been a favourite recreation in this country. The bards and minstrels, too, of whom we read so much, all point to the same conclusion. And at this very day the madrigals and glees of the Elizabethian period charm the ears of London audiences, and are not to be surpassed by any modern compositions extant. Nor have we yet been able to outmatch in our church choral services the music of Tallis. Our national poet, too, says :-

"The man that hath not music in his soul Is fit for murder, stratagems, and crimes."

We therefore must maintain that the English have

always been a musical people.

But, whatever doubts may exist in reference to our past history, there can be no question that in the present day music is our most popular amusement. The extent to which it is cultivated now, can scarcely be conceived till one sits down quietly to ruminate upon the question. A mere enumeration of the various metropolitan and provincial musical societies in the kingdom would be a tolerably laborious task. Even the London societies alone would form a long list: nearly every town and village, too, has its choral societies; and, therefore, to refer to everything which is being done just now in the shape of music would be a perfectly hopeless task. We must, consequently, confine ourselves to some of the more salient illustrations.

The Sacred Harmonic Society is, unquestionably, the most important amateur musical society in the kingdom. Instituted on a comparatively small scale, it has since gradually increased in strength and influence till it has now assumed really gigantic proportions. Its performances, as its name indicates, are confined to sacred music, and this is interpreted in a style infinitely beyond what its composers ever dreamed of. It now musters in band and chorus somewhere about 700 performers; and to hear one of Handel's choruses rendered by this splendid array of musical talent is really a treat. No person can hear the Hallelujah chorus at Exeter Hall—the people all standing the meanwhile-without feelings of strong emotion. This society, too, does not confine itself to oratorios which are familiar to the public generally, but has rescued from oblivion works which ought never to have been allowed to remain on the shelf.

It, also, does not pause at a work on account of its difficulty. The grand event of last season was Beethoven's Mass in D, a work, the performance of which was regarded, till the Sacred Harmonic Society took it up, as utterly impossible. Under the able direction of Mr. Costa, however, the chorus effectually mastered the difficulties, and the Londoners had twice in the last season a musical treat which must make them the envy of the provincials. This society, too, originated the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and we have now every year a gigantic performance, in the transept of that building, of some celebrated work or works, by a band and chorus of about 3,000 performers. The effect on these occasions is perfectly sublime.

The "Handel Orchestra," which was erected in 1857, in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, now remains as a permanent addition to the building, and affords facilities for the performance of concerts on a gigantic scale by other performers than those associated with the Sacred Harmonic Society. The most interesting of these are, beyond doubt, those which are given by large bodies of children. Every year we have now at least three concerts, in which about 4,000 children take part. The Tonic Sol-fa Association was the first to take the lead, and gave a concert in 1857, which attracted upwards of 30,000 persons, and took the Crystal Palace Company completely by surprise. Since then there have been added the performances of the charity children, and the children of the metropolitan schools, so that now we are sure of at least three children's concerts a-year. These concerts possess a peculiar charm; for there is nothing in music which surpasses in freshness and beauty the singing of a vast body of children. In precision and gradation of force the youngsters decidedly beat the adults. We have heard, for example, under Mr. Martin's direction, pianissimos, diminuendos, and crescendos, performed by children, which would rather astonish any choir of adults we have ever listened to. Nobody who can help it, should avoid being present this year at a children's concert at the Crystal Palace.

We miss with regret the accustomed presence of Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall. It was a lamentable occurrence, that fire in Long Acre, which burnt down his fine hall, where so much good music had been performed, and where Mr. Hullah first brought out first-class performances of oratorios at a shilling. St. Martin's Hall is now a blank; but as it is now rebuilt, we hope that we may soon have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hullah in his place again. He would be certain of a hearty welcome. He has done good service to the cause of music, and has caused it to permeate throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the sooner we can get him again the better. Some of our best vocalists owe their success to their introduction by him at St. Martin's Hall, and it grieves us to see such a nursery for good singers totally shut up.

The Vocal Association, under the direction of M. Benedict, has made rapid progress, and performs part music with good effect. It has given several

concerts at the Crystal Palace, and its usual place

of meeting is St. James's Hall.

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The National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, is another important musical association. It now numbers about 800 members, and holds its head-quarters at Exeter Hall. This society, like the Sacred Harmonic, chiefly confines itself to oratorios, but occasionally gives a concert of part songs. It also gives a concert every year at the Crystal Palace. The great object of the association is to establish affiliated societies throughout the country, and thus to make it what its title imports—a "National Choral Society."

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir must not be passed over without remark. This choir numbers about 60 performers, and their performance of part songs

is unexceptionable.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union is another vocal combination. It consists of a compact little choir of a few voices, and its performance of the madrigals, &c., of the olden time, to which we have already referred, can scarcely be surpassed. They perform daily, at intervals, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

These must suffice as a specimen of the vocal societies with which London is favoured. There are hundreds, however, of smaller societies abounding in the metropolis, which our space will not permit us to notice; but, from the few cases we have quoted, it must be apparent that a vast musical agency is at work. And if it is so great in London, what must the extent of its ramifications be

throughout the country?

We have been dealing so far with vocal music chiefly. We now pass on to instrumental music. Foremost among the societies of this description must, beyond doubt, be placed the Philharmonic Society. It collects together the finest band in London; and its performance of symphonies and overtures cannot be rivalled by any band in the world. It gives but six concerts in the year, but those six are really masterpieces.

The Musical Union, under the guidance of Mr. Ella, furnishes one of the most agreeable réunions of the season. At these concerts the first performers of the day are engaged, and the concerts are confined to chamber music and to instrumental music only. Quartets, sonatas, and the like, are

here heard to perfection.

The New Philharmonic Concerts, under Dr. Wylde, are always good concerts. They consist chiefly of instrumental music by a full band, but occasionally an oratorio is given. The concerts are

held at St. James's Hall.

The Monday Popular Concerts are a great success. They are held every Monday evening at St. James's Hall, and for the "small charge of one shilling" a person may hear the finest instrumental music, interpreted by the finest executants. The programmes always include some new musical feature; and the skill and judgment with which Mr. Benedict and Mr. Arthur Chappell arrange the programmes is best evidenced by the fact, that

these concerts have held their ground for upwards of seventy Monday evenings, and are now more

popular than ever.

Another set of concerts, which may not be inappropriately termed the "Saturday Popular Concerts," is to be found in those given every Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Manns, the conductor, has brought his band to a high state of efficiency, and, as he invariably gives a symphony in the course of the programme, the lovers of first-class music are sure to have their ears gratified by a Saturday afternoon visit to Sydenham. Indeed, we believe that Mr. Manns gives a symphony every day; so that, go which day we may, we are certain to hear some one or other of the most elaborate works of the great composers.

The Musical Society of London has just entered upon its fourth year. This society comprises the great majority of the musical celebrities of the day, and its concerts are, in consequence, of

a first-rate character.

The system of a series of annual concerts, so admirably inaugurated by the late M. Jullien, has been followed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, who has proved himself a worthy successor of the renowned chef. He gave an admirable series of concerts, extending over a period of about two months of the autumn of last year, at the English Opera House, Covent Garden. Musard had, in a previous year, brought over his band-and a splendid one it was-from Paris; but he has shown no inclination to repeat the experiment. Prince George Galitzin, too, recently commenced a series of concerts at St. James's Hall, but gave them up in despair. The mantle of Jullien has evidently fallen upon Mellon, and we hope that the Covent Garden Autumn Concerts may long flourish under the able direction of that gentleman.

As regards miscellaneous and benefit concerts what can we say? Their number is legion. Foremost among them, however, are the giant concerts of the season, viz.: those by Mrs. Anderson (pianist to the Queen), Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Howard Glover. Then we have Mr. Charles Halle's pianoforte recitals, Miss Arabella Goddard's matinées musicales, and other performances, so numerous that it almost takes one's breath away to chase after them. After all this, who shall say that we are

not a musical people?

Take, again, the case of bands established by the police, the members of the shoe-black brigade, and others of a kindred character, and we shall again see that a vast musical agency is at work. The police bands were, we believe, originated by Mr. Superintendent Branford of the M Division, and other divisions have rapidly followed the example; so that instrumental concerts by members of the police force are now matters of frequent occurrence. The shoe-black boys, too, enliven all their set meetings with the "concord of sweet sounds," and none but a downright Stoic could feel otherwise than delighted at this extension of music among lads who, but a few years ago, would have been considered as only fit for the treadmill.

In our infant schools, too, the power of music has made itself felt, and little children, by being taught to sing the facts they have to remember, find no difficulty afterwards in remembering them. By a less attractive process everything attempted to be taught to them would "go in at one ear and out at the other."

But we must now make a clear jump to the other extreme of musical life, and say a word or two about that most aristocratic of musical entertainmentsthe "Opera." Italian opera is, just now, not in the ascendant in England. Her Majesty's theatre, its legitimate home, is closed; not from any disinclination on the part of the public to support an Italian opera, but solely from the circumstance that the enormous terms demanded for the rent of the theatre on the one hand, and the correspondingly enormous terms demanded by the principal singers on the other, combine to form a burden which none but a millionaire could bear. "Pity 'tis" that the parties on both sides cannot moderate their demands. They are on all hands playing a losing game, and the British public are losers into the bargain. John Bull has no objection to pay the prices heretofore charged for admission to the opera. All that is wanted is some modification of the terms for rent and principal singers, so as to give a manager a reasonable chance of profit, and we should then soon have an Italian opera again, which the public would gladly support. This view is confirmed by the patronage and success which have attended the English opera at Covent Garden, under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. The operas performed at this house are not Italian operas translated into English, but are genuine, bonû-fide English operas, by native composers. Furthermore, they are operas expressly written for the theatre itself; and Wallace's "Lurline" and Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter," two of the most recent productions, are really diamonds of the first water. In the last-named composition—the "Puritan's Daughter"—Balfe is Balfe all through. The opera is brimful of melody, and, therefore, its triumphant success is easily explained. There is a popularity about each of the two operas we have named which seems like a kind of inspiration, and they, therefore, at once became popular. And even as we write another new and deservedly successful opera has come out-the "Lily of Killarney," alias the" Colleen Bawn;" and another is announced from the musical pen of Mr. Wallace.

The most pleasing musical event of the past year has been the return of Madame Jenny Lind-This gifted Goldschmidt to the concert-room. lady, with that characteristic generosity which so pre-eminently distinguishes her, made her reappearance in October last at Exeter Hall, at the performance of an oratorio for the benefit of the "Londoners over the border"—a district opposite Woolwich, and about as inviting as the "Eden" which Dickens so graphically describes in Martin Chuzzlewit. Since then she has been on a provincial tour with her husband and Mr. Sims Reeves, scattering blessings wherever she went. At Aber-

deen, for example, she gave £100 to the local charities, and in other quarters she was equally munificent. All hail to her! "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Some of our grasping singers might do well to ponder over this sentiment. But Madame Goldschmidt has now returned to town, and it is to be hoped she will often favour the London public with her dulcet notes during the coming season.

The present summer bids fair to be a great one in a musical sense. 'At the opening of the Great Exhibition there is to be a grand musical perform-Meyerbeer is composing, or has already composed, a triumphal march for the occasion, and the musical arrangements generally are to be on the grandest possible scale. The triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, too, is announced to take place in June; and these, with other musical projects already in contemplation, will

make it a busy year for musicians.

From all we have said, and we might say much more, it is clear that there is no lack of music or of musical appetite in the metropolis. We now turn for a moment or two to the provinces.

The triennial festivals are, of course, the great features in the provincial districts. Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Norwich, Birmingham, and Bradford, have each their triennial festival, and anything more delightful than a trip to one of these festivals can scarcely be imagined. They all take place in the autumn, in the "off" London. season, and as the weather is usually fine, the performers the best that can be procured, and the music well selected, one is always sure of a revel in good music and fresh air. It is refreshing, too, to notice how the poorer people of the district who cannot pay for admission seem to enjoy the occasion as well as the richer folks. They make a thorough holiday of it, and muster in crowds to see the company assemble. The usual course on these occasions is to extend the festival over the greater part of the week. In the morning an oratorio, or some selection of sacred music, is performed; and in the evening a miscellaneous concert is given; the whole proceedings terminating on the last evening of the festival with a grand ball. It is satisfactory to be able to add that, in all these cases, the proceeds of the festival are devoted to some charitable object.

It would be utterly impossible to deal with the various local musical societies existing throughout the kingdom. They exist in all directions, and an impetus has been given to music within the last few years which would scarcely have been thought possible years ago. The innate love of the people for music is thus made manifest and incontrovertible. Their taste for the higher class of music is also daily increasing, and though professional musicians are proverbially jealous of each other, still we know of nothing more likely to conduce to harmony and good feeling in families and small communities than a plentiful supply of good music. Esto perpetua.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

THE first genial breath of spring makes itself felt, and winter with its gloomy influences begins at once to disappear. One swallow does not make a summer: the brightness of one, nay repeated "fine spring mornings," must not betray us to too great a security in the non-return of chilly winds or sharp frosts o' nights: yet the trees will bud, the sun assert his power, the hardy spring-flowers put forth their heads defiantly, and the birds with much acclamation and self-gratulation decide upon a place of residence, and commence to build their nurseries forthwith. Nature in a variety of tongues assures us spring is at hand, and Art hastens to follow lead, and, in honour of the occasion, sets forth his choicest productions, and, arousing from a lethargic reverie, to deck himself anew, in honour of the fair visitant.

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Shop-windows, so long filled with sombre black, anon permitting to themselves the gradations to violet and grey, now blossom out into the livelier tints belonging to the season, in which these latter still continue to hold place by fashion less than feeling. With reluctance, even now, will the mourning garb be laid aside, by which her people testified how fain they would link themselves with the sorrow of their Queen. But even to the Royal Mourner Time cannot fail to be merciful. It was an announcement which could not but touch with gratitude the heart of all, when they read that Her Majesty had that day taken her first drive in public with the daughter who has been her comfort and support in this season of affliction.

The subscription to the proposed memorial for the deceased Prince Consort has reached over £33,000. It has been submitted to Her Majesty to decide as to what form the memorial shall take; and the Queen has intimated her preference for an obelisk in Hyde

The contemplated marriage of the Princess Alice with the Prince of Hesse forms a principal topic among those of the day. The portion of the treaty relating to monetary arrangements could hardly fail to satisfy the most rigid stickler for economy. The Princess's dower is fixed at £30,000, with an annuity of £6,000 to be settled on her for her separate use, without power of anticipation or alteration, and to expire with her life. The capital sum of £30,000 will be so invested as to secure a life interest in it to husband and wife, or to the survivor of them, with remainder to the issue of the marriage. It will thus revert to the Royal Family of England, in case the Princess leave no children, and fail to dispose of it by will. If we are to believe in the maxim that "good mothers produce good daughters," our sincere wish is superfluous—that the young Princess may prove an estimable wife to the husband who has made her his choice.

The total amount of the Hartley Colliery Fund has at present reached to something like £50,000, being considerably above the sum at first declared necessary for the relief of the survivors. Some of the signatures accompanying remittances were of the most touching nature,—"A Widow's Mite," "The Price of a Dinner," "A few Workmen," &c.: the amount in such cases testifying to the genuineness of an impulse with which ostentation could have little in common.

But two months more, and that which has been successively a suggestion, a design, a plan, a commencement, an anticipation, a progressive undertaking, of which successive months have recorded the labours, the

additions, the incidental errors, misgivings, or discussions, of which it has been the subject—but a few weeks more, and we shall behold, a completed Fact, the Great Exhibition of 1862. In what will it excel, in what fall short of, that of never-to-be-forgotten '51 ? In this assuredly, that it is not the Exhibition. It is hard work excelling the first of a kind. Little time is there now for aught save prompt carrying out of too long deferred decision : meanwhile, surmise cannot refrain from questioning in what we may have improved upon that great ancestor of ten years ago; and, if so, how much? But a fortnight back we heard canvassed the advisability of altering the arrangement of colour in parts of the rapidly advancing decorations, most of which, to our thinking, is little likely to afford unmixed gratification. In some of the courts, the bare brickwork has been simply coloured a blood-red! To those nervous objectors whom we have heard express some fear as to the security of a building which they say has been "run up" with over celerity, it will be comforting to learn that the galleries have been tested and pronounced safe. Several consignments of goods have already been deposited, though the building is of course

yet far from completion.

Among the "rumours" of which it is difficult to account for the foundation, was one that the British Institution was to be dissolved. As if in refutation of such an assertion, the exhibition of that body comes before us this year in unusual strength. By such a term we would not be understood to convey the idea that there is much improvement in the selection of subjects; in which like exhibitions invariably betray such barrenness. A girl asleep under a red curtain, a laughing child with a drum, or one sobbing over an overturned basket, such, in short, as were wont to adorn the toy crockeryware and pocket-handkerchiefs of our boyish days, form the rule. Why is it that conception seems to run to littleness, and frequently where execution is so good? or that, failing the creative talent, that of selection fails? Has history been ransacked to the uttermost? Do the poets lack passages apt for embodiment by the painter? Have the pages of romance, narrative, nay, biography, all served their turn?

We notice, however, some notable exceptions in this case. Mr. J. Naish's Out ashore at Sandown (408), is true to nature. "Shylock's charge to Jessica (311), by Mr. W. Holyoake, though somewhat lacking in softness-albeit not a subject where that quality enters much—is a fine conception of a most telling scene. Last, though not least, and to our mind both so full of a diverse charm that we grudge giving to either priority, are The Return of the Runaway (28), by Mr. Clarke; and Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham (73), by Mr. John Gilbert. The first, by its fidelity to the homely simplicity of nature, charms; the latter enchains, nay recalls again and again the beholder, longing to bear away with him the impression-that something which, beyond the mere pleasure of gazing, is produced by such a work.

"The Colleen Bawn (an apology seems really due to our readers as we write the words,) having held her own, for we scarcely dare say how long,—years we believe,—upon the legitimate stage to which she was first introduced, has now appeared in the higher region of opera, where, despite all the favour with which she has been greeted, and the popularity which already attaches to her story—the name is altered, and she figures as the Lily of Killarney—we dare to predict for her but a short-lived existence. It is surely a mistake to conclude that, because a "sensation" drama has a great run, it will therefore meet with the same success in the form of opera. Essen-

tially "sensational" (to use a word we abhor,) is this play of the Colleen Bawn. How much of its popularity, as in the Peep o' Day, depends upon grand points d' appui, or scenes of intensely exciting suspense and interest, let our readers who are play-goers judge for themselves. Opera depends, or ought to depend, but little upon such effects; which must never of course be lost sight of, but which should be valued only as accessories or mute expositions of the tale which is told, or the sentiments to be conveyed, by the singers. There are some gems of song included in the répertoire. The duet between Danny Man and Hardress (the former behind the scenes) is very beautiful; that between Hardress and Eily possesses exceeding charm; while the heroine's song, "I'm alone," in its fascinating wild melody is precious in the extreme, and went far to reconcile us to the spoliation of our old favourite, the "Cruiskeen Lawn," which, like a rebellious native of its own land, seems to have resisted all attempts at subjugation.

At the Adelphi M. Boucicault has already made a change in that far-seeing programme of his lately published. A version of the Gamin de Paris, under the title of The Dublin Boy, has been produced, in which Mrs. Boucicault appears to—as might be anticipated—far less advantage than in any previous character in which she is known to us. The delicacy and feminine attractiveness of this lady are, to our thinking, ill suited to portray the wild reckless dash and mischievous insouciance of the Irish hero of the piece, which is set upon the stage with all M. Boucicault's long-tried tact and power of adaptation.

At the Princess's has been produced a singularly morbid and novel piece, adapted by Mr. Brougham from the French, (the barrenness of the painters is shared by the dramatists,) entitled the Angel of Midnight. We have vainly tortured our brains to discover the merit of this dreamy, nay, rather nightmareish, production: that there must be some, would appear from the fact that the house is well attended during its career.

We learn with pleasure that "The Tempest" music, by Mr. A. Sullivan, which was mentioned in a contemporary as producing so favourable an impression at Leipzig, will be shortly performed at the Crystal Palace.

It is stated upon good authority that the Bradford Musical Festival will not take place this year.

It may not be generally known that the Lord Chamberlain has removed the prohibition hitherto laid upon London managers to restrain them from opening their houses during Passion Week: these will in future be under no more restriction than other places of amusement certainly no less objectionable, to say the very least.

Mr. Mark Lemon continues to draw large audiences. It is a good sign of the times to find there is a proportion of persons in these "fast" times who are not above or below (?) the "sensation" of being instructed as well as amused. We wonder which of the two is to predominate, or if both will combine, in the forthcoming lectures of the Signora White-Marin, whom we are to expect in April at St. James's Hall. We have yet to learn whether the Signora belongs to those gifted and rare—how rare!—individuals of the feminine sex, to whom it is permissible to mount the rostrum.

Some conflicting advertisements have lately appeared in the daily papers relative to the *original* Christy's Minstrels; by which we are alternately informed that the *troupe* are performing nightly at St. James's Hall; that they are simultaneously at Liverpool; and finally that they are *not* positively to appear in London till the commencement of the present month. Surely this

is somewhat absurd! The public pay to be amused, not to support any especial troupe of minstrels. Whichever fulfil this desirable end the most completely will be supported. In all probability there is room for both, without posting up claims as to "originality."

In this season of an epidemic known as "book-making," the eye wearily wanders in search of something which shall claim a good pre-eminence by exception. The scissors, rather than the pen, the pastepot, in lieu of inkstand, figure foremost. Biographies, anecdotal "remains," "recollections," and "fragments," are vomited forth ad nauseam. At this rate, we shall soon be reduced to the conjectural; and what "might have been" done or said or thought by such an one, may figure as the next novelty.

Here and there we meet with a few useful compilations, of humbler pretensions, but of far more practical use, than many with high-sounding titles. Foremost among such stands *Utilization of Waste and Undeveloped* Products, by Mr. Simmonds (Hardwicke, London); also A Cookery Book for the Poor, by M. Francatelli, published at sixpence; and The Family Saveall (Houlston and Wright), an omnium gatherum of excellent sugges-

tions, tested recipes, and valuable hints.

Mr. Timbs' latest work — Anecdotes of Wits and Humorists—is certainly not alien to that work to which his name so generally attaches. The things therein set down are most of them very "generally known." The book speaks more for the industry than the originality of the author, and is open to the objection of all works which impart but a partial acquaint-

ance with a thing or person.

We are fortunate in being able to give unqualified approbation to a later volume by the same author, viz., School-Days of Eminent Men, (Lockwood & Co.,) illustrated with miniature portraits of the most celebrated characters. The first steps in the career of any notability are always invested with a peculiar interest. This work affords many a lesson of successful endeavour, patient industry, and energetic determination. The errors of dissipated and erring genius may now and again act as a valuable warning. The volume appears in a form peculiarly suitable for a gift to young people, for which we consider it to be eminently adapted.

Carine Steinburgh, an autobiography (W. Tweedie, London), is a story originally conceived, and with a quaintness and peculiarity of style which will make it

a favourite with many.

A third and last instalment of Horace Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor has appeared (Griffin, Bohn and Co.). With that peculiar fascination which ever attaches to the romance of fact, these narratives carry the reader along with them, and while opening the eyes of all to much to which they had hitherto been blind, cannot fail to excite the desire to ameliorate if possible some of the evils there set down.

Another newly-published volume, with claims similar to the above, as fact bordering upon the romance of fiction, is the *Deeper Wrong* (W. Tweedie, London), written by an escaped slave-woman, and descriptive of the life she endured on a Southern plantation. It bears the stamp of authenticity, and is edited by Mrs. L. M.

Child.

Young England continues to make good its claim among those periodicals especially adapted to children. The "butterfly number" just issued, contains a great amount of interesting information relative to these beautiful insects, and is illustrated with an infinity of engravings of the different varieties of moth and butterfly; making it altogether a really valuable addition to the library of the young entymologist.

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Printed by F. Frith, Pelgate.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It would be impossible, we are persuaded, to offer to our readers a more acceptable accompaniment for our Magazine than the portrait which enriches the present number. To all loyal subjects and true English hearts, the Son would be dear for the Mother's sake alone, even had he failed to win for himself the esteem and respect of those to whom

by reputation alone he is known.

His Royal Highness Albort Edward, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of England, was born on the 9th of November, 1841, and will consequently attain his majority in that month of the present year. Of a life passed amid the purest influences, marked alone by progress in the peaceful attainments of a studious and scholarly career, there is little to relate; it has formed a part of that pleasant picture of domestic happiness with which every Englishman is so well acquainted, which he loves to cite, with more genuine pride than that attaching to institutions of pretentious loftiness, or displays of magnificence and wealth. As if to compensate for the frivolities and unworthiness of former Courts, that of Queen Victoria has made for itself an atmosphere of purity and brightness, whose lustre is unrivalled, and whose example must go far to influence the age whose chiefest ornament it is; while her sons and daughters bid fair to perpetuate its glory, and become, each in his or her turn, the centre of other circles where the name of domestic bliss shall no longer be incompatible with

A good man's deeds live after him. Further it might be said, that of a humble-minded and modest man the best works come to knowledge only after his death. There were few of those constituting the outer world who understood how much England owed to the husband of her Sovereign, till his ears

Were deaf alike to praise or blame.

What monument that we, with our thousands,

can ever raise will testify in years to come to the worth of the lamented Prince, the loyal Consort and good father, as these living testimonies of his care and wisdom; these sons whose education he superintended, the one of whom is destined hereafter to wear the Crown, and in whose wise government and appreciative judgment future ages yet may have cause to bless the father in the son, and in their young king recall with gratitude Albert the Good.

Already the young prince has testified to inheriting, from both his royal parents, the love of the fine arts, the desire for investigation, the capacity for facile acquirement in the highest branches of studious attainments; the heart that is quick to sympathize, the hand ever prompt to bestow; while the power of conciliating and attaching all men, however different their natures and dispositions, is universally acknowledged to be his.

We hear of our Prince at Cambridge winning golden opinions from men among whom not even a prince for his princeship's sake should universally gain praise unjustly awarded. In 1860, during his American sojourn, not one dissentient voice broke the universal accord of esteem and admiration which waited upon his footsteps; as little can we mistake the nature of those demonstrations which greet him on his progress towards the East. True, the occasions have been few in which His Royal Highness has stepped out as it were to meet us face to face—he is not yet called upon to act; but the bud gives fair promise for the flower; as the tree so may we expect the fruit shall be.

It is an arduous position for a young man to hold, rendered doubly so by the sad occurrence with which the past year closed so mournfully. The eyes of a nation are upon its Hope; while it prays that he may prove not unworthy to be the support, the consolation, and the aid of Her, whom, in Heaven's own time—may the day be long averted!—he is destined to succeed.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. VI.

At a meeting held at the Mansion House, for the relief of the sufferers by the late Indian famine, Mr. Gladstone remarked that the greatness of England was contained within her own shores. The history of her connection with India is the confirmation of the idea, so far as the mental force of the country is referred to, but it has been mainly through her connection with India, that England's material

greatness has arisen.

Her increased marine—her larger build of vessels—her new relationship with European States, through the products of her imports from Indiathe large political questions, both of internal and external interest, connected with the channel through which for two centuries her trade with India was carried on, have given to the public mind a conversance, through repeated discussions, with the science of political economy to which foreign States have not arrived. The annual infusion into society of men whose lives have been trained in the highest offices of trust and responsibility to which the human mind can be exalted—the Governorship of provinces inhabited by millions—members of that body which Canning described as the most accomplished public officers in Europe, returning to the ranks of English citizens, must diffuse through the circles in which they move a familiarity with principles of polity favourable to the instruction of this mercantile community. Even the more polished manners of modern society owe something to the courtesy prevailing among Orientals, which sensibly distinguishes those who have lived in Asiatic regions, and enables them to give a model of graceful refinement to the otherwise rude habits of this northern climate. While only one bridge crossed the Thames -while London was contained within the boundaries of the Tower on one side, and a line from Holborn-bars to Fleet-street on the other—yet was England challenging the great naval Powers of Europe-Spain and Venice; and, venturing forth to the east and west to share in the trade which had poured such wealth into Spain and Portugal.

Among the earliest efforts of her merchants to enjoy the first-hand profits of this envied trade with India was the establishment of the Turkey, or Levant, Company in 1579. An English merchant, commissioned to the Sultan by Queen Elizabeth, obtained a concession of "the most favoured nation" agreement for English subjects trading to

the ports of the Levant.

Some members of the Levant Company, in 1584, ventured personally to explore the overland route to India, and, following the *Euphrates* to the Persian Gulph, reached the Portuguese settlement of Goa. Their report of Indian wealth greatly stimulated the desire of England to participate in this Oriental traffic. The Levant Company continued to exist till, under the premiership of Mr. Canning, it was abolished by Parliament. Its trade was limited in later days to the fruits of the

Mediterranean ports, the cheaper route by sea round the Cape having closed this channel for English trade with India. Under the Duke of Wellington's auspices, an expedition, commanded by Col. Chesney, consisting of two iron steamers, endeavoured to explore the course of the Euphrates, first transporting the vessels in pieces to the river; but an accident occurred to one in a squall, and the other experiencing many difficulties in navigating the stream, reached the mouth of the river in the Persian Gulph, but gave no encouragement for any further efforts in that mode. Within the last few years, one of the most energetic promoters of Indian railways has endeavoured to gain support to a project for a railway along the valley of the Euphrates. The revival of activity into this region of the world will, doubtless secure to its governors, whether they be the English, French, Russian, or Turkish nation, the command of India. Of the Levant Company, little other memento remains than its constant disputes with the East India Company, in regard to its destructive effects on the Levant Company's commerce, and the pleasing record that it was through one of the chaplains of this company that Archbishop Usher obtained some of the manuscripts of the Fathers, during his investigations connected with establishing the chronology of the Bible. This chaplain, whose name was Pocock, afterwards became the first professor of Arabic at Oxford, a chair instituted by the celebrated Archbishop Laud for the purpose of Oriental evangelization. The professor's portrait is on the walls of the Bodleian library at Oxford, among other illustrious men, whose labours have endowed mankind.

The now nearly obsolete term "Levanter" seems the only general memorial by which this company, once so distinguished in the city of London, is remembered, as exchanging the baize, kerseys, cloths, and metals of Europe, for the muslins, calicoes,

and gems of India.

The Russia Company was another organization for counteracting the restrictive powers of the dominant force of Spain and Portugal; and numerous attempts to accomplish (what Captain M'Clure in our days has solved) the discovery of the Northwest passage to India, though unsuccessful, have left useful results to commerce of a then unexpected kind. To embark for the northern port of Russia, Archangel, with a design to penetrate up the Dwina to Vologda, thence overland in seven days to Jaroslav, then down the river Volga in thirty days to Astracan, then across the Caspian through the deserts to Teheran and Kashan, there to meet the products of India and China, was the programme of the Russian Company, established in 1568. The route by sea to India changed the character of its traffic, and Greenland oil became its staple.

In one of these experimental voyages to discover the North-west route to India, Captain Hudson discovered the region to which his name is given; but the arduous character of the service was, however, too severe for endurance on the part

of the crew, and his life was lost, through being put alone into an open boat by his mutinous crew, and exposed to the severity of the latitude of 80 degrees, which he had reached. Though it is undeniable that the science of physical laws has advanced, and is advancing, yet it is curious to observe that political questions are still being reproduced with pros and cons of similar purport to what were addressed

to the minds of men two centuries ago.

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The tolls levied by Denmark on the passage of ships through the Sound were a burden on the Russian Company's profits, which they strove to escape from, and sought a passage into the Baltic by way of The King of Denmark still claimed sovereignty over, and tribute from, those seas as ruler of Norway; and the question of boundary of sea-distance, as associated with a nation's rights, formed a matter of debate between Elizabeth and the King of Denmark. In regard to the right of sailing to the East Indies and South America the Pope had drawn an imaginary line, beyond which exclusive possession was given to the Portuguese on the East, and the Spanish on the West; but the Reformation had, in disruption of the Pope's authority over Protestant States, driven back men's minds on to the rights of nature. The maxim, therefore, which Elizabeth laid down as the law of nations applicable to the dispute, was, that "the ocean is free to all, since neither nature nor regard to public use do furnish exclusive possession thereof." The late Conference at Paris endeavoured to solve this difficulty by capitalizing the Sound dues, and thus paying off Denmark's demand on our commerce, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has in his late budgets made an item of our proportion. While this controversy with Elizabeth proceeded, the war with Philip of Spain broke out, and Christian, the King of Denmark, found countergrounds of complaint in the right of search being unduly exercised on the ships of his subjects which our cruizers charged with carrying stores to the enemy,—a point recently raised in the affair of the Trent. The relative forces, however, of England and Denmark have since then changed; for the threat of the then King Christian to Elizabeth, that he would take redress unless she gave it, would sound ludicrous in these days. While our chief trade was with Europe, and our chief markets for produce its Northern States, Denmark and England had closer relations than later events have promoted. Shakspeare's most reflective play is laid in Denmark. The rumour of an alliance between the daughter of Denmark and the heir of England gives to the fortunes of this northern Lutheran State a fresh interest, as its missionary work in India has ever commanded respect.

But the most important combination for trade with India, with which England's history is so closely identified, was the company chartered by Elizabeth in 1600, called the East India Company. This and the two former-named companies were, agreeably to the spirit of the times, exclusive corporations, calculated to be continuous by apprentices, sons of freemen, and strangers who paid for admis-

sion to the freedom, with whom alone rested the

privileges conferred.

Though the constitutional powers of the Crown have been diminished, yet its social separation seems to have increased in a corresponding ratio during the dynasty of the present Royal family. The same separation has been followed by the titled section of society; but it was no marvel for the Earl of Cumberland of that day to be one of the leading promoters and appointed director of the trading company whose merchandise was to give to the middle classes of English society an authority unrivalled in the history of the world, even in the annals of the citizens of Rome; a company described by John Stuart Mill as having gained an Empire in the East, while Her Majesty's government lost one in the West. Under a fastidious reflectiveness which declines popular action, within the last two years this power has been taken from them and absorbed by the Crown. An appropriate issue to a state in which Mr. Mills, the senior member of the Court of Directors, would not allow the threatened dissolution of the company to be discussed, lest offence might be given to the Government, which had. already given signs of approaching destructiveness, and to a constituency comprehending the chief bankers of London, who, when appealed to to assist in defence of this middle-class prerogative, declined, under the plea that they did not interfere in public business; a principle carried to such a length, that even Mr. Horsman in the House of Commons, struggling against the arbitrary action of Government on the amalgamation of the Indian army with Her Majesty's forces complained that the company stood by as inactive spectators, and even allowed their troops to be returned to England more than decimated by starvation on the passage, without stirring a foot to help the survivors.

EULALIE.

All round about me as I pass,
The cuckoo blithe is calling;
And dancing soft along the grass,
The wild May-bloom is falling.

Sad tiding of a by-gone day,
Is all, fond bird, thou bringest:
And, save that other hearts seem gay,
I scarce should know thou singest.

For where is little Eulalie?

I miss her on the mountain;

Nor lies she 'neath the linden tree,

Nor plays she by the fountain.

They tell me she will come again,
That spring shall yet restore her:
Then why that grave upon the plain,
With the lilies waving o'er her?

Nay! listen, gentle Eulalie,
Ere yet those lilies wither,
I would thy tomb the couch might be
Of two that sleep together!
ALSAGER HAY HILL,

THE LAST OF THE BEVERLEYS.

IT was soon after the disastrous battle of Worcester, that a small group was collected around the fire in the ancient hall of Moreton Abbey. The party consisted of an elderly lady, and two younger ones; the elder of whom could not have numbered more than three-and-twenty years—and the younger, a beautiful girl, with a profusion of fair curls, sat with her dark blue eyes alternately raised towards her mother and towards the individual who formed the fourth of the party. It was a young man, whose careless eye, and still more careless conversation, added to his slashed doublet of green velvet, richly embroidered, gave the idea of a Cavalier; but his hair was clipped almost in the style of the Puritan; and Eleanor, who noticed an occasional scowl on his countenance, when the sad fortunes of the fugitive King were discussed, felt much anxiety regarding his loyalty, though she could not bring herself to breathe a word of suspicion to her young and re-enthusiastic sister. The subjectthough the sole topic of conversation there—was carefully avoided by the young man; and the fear of recalling painful recollections to his aunt, the Lady Beverley, whose gallant husband had been one of the earliest sufferers in the royal cause, was his plea for so unusual a silence. He had come a few days previously to urge his immediate marriage with his cousin Amy, to whom he had long been betrothed; and the Lady Beverley, feeling a protector was much required for one so young and beautiful, had agreed to its taking place privately, on the arrival of a clergyman, who had been summoned from some distance, and whose presence was then daily looked for.

Sir Hugh Brereton was the only child of her husband's sister; and though the Lady Beverley missed in him the enthusiastic devotion to the house of Stuart which characterized their race, yet she never for an instant doubted that one so nearly allied to them was aught at heart save a firm adherent to their rightful king. Like many of the young men of that day, he had been chiefly educated abroad; and only a few months had passed since

his last return to England.

The evening was cold and raw, and a gloom seemed to hang over the little group, for all were unusually silent. The old bloodhound sought in vain for his usual gambol with his young mistress; Amy felt as though the cares of womanhood were fast approaching, and sat unheeding her favourite's imploring whine. The expression of the Lady Beverley's face was almost rigid from the cares and sorrows she had undergone; and that evening, as she sat in her mourning robes, her eyes fixed on a portrait of her husband, her daughters judged she was disinclined for conversation, and gradually their voices altogether ceased.

"Eleanor's husband is all I could wish him," thought the venerable lady. "I pray that my Amy may be equally happy in hers—that both may follow the footsteps of my noble lord. Let them, if it

be the will of Heaven, share his fame, but not his end—though," and she clasped her hands, "it was a glorious one! But still, not yet—not yet! They are so young, and the King stands more in need of true and faithful followers now than even his martyred father did when my gallant lord fought and fell. All seems hopeless, now, indeed!"

"Would that my Lionel were here!" thought the Lady Marchmont. "I fear me much regarding Hugh Brereton; and yet Amy is loyalty itself, and fears not. Perhaps I am suspicious. I could not find her a second Lionel in all England, and I compare all with him. It is long since I heard tidings of my dear husband. Pray Heaven he is safe, and

thinks sometimes of his anxious wife!"

"When Sir Hugh is my lord," thought Amy, with a blush, "he shall go and join Marchmont. He shall not stay moped up in this old abbey as women needs must do. He must away from me to serve his king; and yet it will grieve me much to see him go! I can remember my dear and honoured father leaving us for the wars, and he never returned. Still he did his duty; and I pray Heaven no one dear to Amy will ever be backward in doing alike! I wish my cousin's dark curls would grow. He has been ill, he tells me, and had them shorn; but it sadly disfigures him, and reminds me more of the rebels than I care to own. He tells me he was too ill to be at the last fatal fight, and so he has lost a bright rose from his wreath. Pray Heaven he may yet gather a gay garland in placing our Royal Stuart on his throne! I would not my lord should yield one to Marchmont, dearly as I love Eleanor."

"I would that worthy Master Stowell would arrive," thought Sir Hugh Brereton, as he endeavoured to gain favour with Amy's large dog, who seemed bent on repulsing his kindness, and kept up an incessant low growl at every renewal of his caresses. "Charles Stuart has lost all now, and the Protector must succeed in his glorious efforts to rescue this benighted land from its errors. I would, indeed, that Master Stowell may come quickly. Amy inherits the Abbey, and her fortune would make me of much importance with the Protector. Not but that I love her passing well—who could see her and not do so?—and she has been promised me so long. I thought Master Stowell would have been here ere this."

The silence of the little party was interrupted by Lion, who, rising from Amy's side, pricked up his ears, and walked to the door, where he commenced

barking violently.

"Some one must be approaching," said Amy; "he is never wont to behave so. I pray you, dear mother, excuse him, whilst I go inquire of old Jasper the cause of his strange behaviour."

Amy left the hall, perhaps a little hurried by her lover whispering a hope that the new-comer might be Master Stowell. The sound of a horse's foot was distinctly heard, and the sentinel had already demanded the name of the intruder.

"It is one of the Royalists, Mistress Amy," said the old attendant: "iny Lady will give him speedy

admittance, I trow."

"Certainly, good Jasper," replied Amy; "haste thee and admit him. It is a sad night for any one to be seeking shelter!" And she hastily returned

to the sitting-room with the intelligence.

In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and a tall man entered the apartment. One glance told the ladies that his dress befitted not his station. He wore a suit of the coarsest material, much soiled and splashed, as if with hard riding; yet there was a something about him which could not be disguised, and they felt the common doublet he wore was assumed for safety in those dangerous times. The stranger paused at the entrance; his eyes fell on Sir Hugh, who had risen with the ladies, and a doubt seemed to flash across his mind. Suspicion was not wont to dwell on his noble countenance, and in a moment he advanced with a free step to the centre of the apartment. The Lady Beverley extended her hand eagerly towards him, as did the Lady Marchmont, exclaiming, "Welcome to Moreton Abbey! Welcome, for the sake of the Royal Charles, to the hall of the Beverleys!"

As the blaze of the fire fell full on the face of the stranger, Amy, hastily advancing before her mother, bent her knee, and kissed his extended hand. "My Liege! my King!" she exclaimed, with

almost devotion in her tone.

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The noble fugitive started, and again his eyes fell on the knight. "A king, alas! in name only," he said in a rich low voice: "a wanderer come to

implore shelter in your loyal house."

"And your Grace shall find it," said the Lady Beverley, following, with her other daughter, the example of the young Amy. "Honoured am I and this poor house by your Majesty's arrival, and the last drop of my blood shall be shed ere one traitor

approach my Liege's sacred person!"

"Thanks, noble Lady, thanks; though I trust my presence may not bring trouble on you or your fair daughters. We were closely followed by a few of the rebels, my Lord Marchmont and I; but to clude their pursuit we separated—after he had given me directions for gaining this place of refuge. He will, I trust, follow me, and then I shall feel my presence here not unwelcome, if it gives you, lady, a sight of your gallant husband," said the Monarch kindly, turning towards the Lady Marchmont. "He is a worthy follower in the steps of your noble father, Lady, and, if I live to regain the throne of my ancestors, I trust I may in some measure repay his loyalty and courage."

The Lady Marchmont again kissed the hand of her Sovereign, with a proud heart; and Amy, not envious of her lord's fame, but burning for her lover to rival it, turned for the first time to where he stood—his place was empty—he had left the apartment, and no one, in the overwhelming interest excited by the King, had noticed his absence.

"He has been unable to distinguish himself as yet, and therefore fears to face our royal guest," she thought; "but the time will come, I trust, when he may be named in praise as high as Lionel."

On the announcement of supper, Charles gave his hand to the Lady Beverley, and led her to the

table. Caution was most necessary, even in so loyal a house as Moreton; and, to avoid the suspicions of the servants, the ladies seated themselves as usual, and partook with their king of the evening meal.

"Sir Hugh is slightly indisposed," said old Jasper, as the Lady Beverley took her accustomed seat: "he prays you will excuse his absence."

"Indisposed!" exclaimed the lady, and the heightened colour rushed to her face, as she noticed for the first time the absence of her nephew. "I pray you, Sir," she said, recovering herself, " to be content this evening with our poor company," and with her usual courtesy she performed the honours of the table to her guest. Amy looked timidly up, and the cloud on the brow of the King, as he merely bowed in answer to her mother's words, brought the hot tears to her dark blue eye. Few words were spoken during supper. The King ate heartily, and again with much kindness led the Lady Beverley to her seat by the blazing hearth. He seemed thoughtful, and turned his gaze frequently towards. Amy, who sat sad and silent, feeling distressed that her lover had not been forward in avowing his allegiance to their unfortunate king.

When the attendants had left the hall, and the large doors were closed, Charles, rising, begged to speak for a moment with Amy, who followed him trembling to a window-seat at the farther end of the

room.

"Fair Mistress Amy," said the King, "I would not alarm your honoured mother, and it strikes me that I may better confide in you than in the Lady Marchmont, who seems ill-fitted to bear more anxiety than she already suffers on her husband's account. I grieve to distress your young and gentle heart; but in this loyal house—in the hall of the Beverleys—how is Sir Hugh Brereton admitted as a guest? Know you not, Lady, he is one of Cromwell's adherents?"

All colour left poor Amy's cheek at his words. "My Liege," she said, earnestly, "he is my cousin—his family is loyal—his mother was a Beverley.

Oh, tell me not that he is a rebel!"

"They are bitter words for your ear, I fear me, Lady; but he fought at Worcester against my poor troops. I know him well; and I mistake me if he did not recognise me when I entered the hall. With your aid I would leave this to-night, after an hour's repose. You and the Lady Marchmont may help me with some disguise, and assist me in my escape. Weep not, dear Mistress Amy. It grieves me much to have told you what must be sad tidings for your loyal heart," continued the Monarch, kindly, as poor Amy stood perfectly bewildered before him.

"My Liege," she said, after a pause, "you have saved me the shame of becoming the wife of a traitor!"

"What!" exclaimed the King, "and is he your betrothed? Ill luck attends Charles Stuart! Why did I not tell the Lady Marchmont! Pity for her anxiety has caused me to crush you well-nigh to the earth. My bad fortunes attend all the good and true!" said Charles, as he marked the agony of the poor girl.

"Sire," she said, calmly, "I can and will save you. Remain here undisturbed, I beseech you." Amy pressed her lips on the monarch's handscarcely aware that as she did so a burning tear fell upon it—and glided from the hall.

Asking for admittance at her cousin's door, she found him attired as if for a journey, busily engaged in writing, which on her entrance he hastily laid

aside.

"Whither away, Cousin Hugh?" said Amy, her blood running cold at the ideas excited in her mind, and which his half-confused answers did not dispel. "I come," she said, commanding herself, "to tell you that the stranger just arrived is no other than the King, and to consult with you for his safety. Should he start this night, well disguised, with a fresh steed; or shall we conceal him here in 'The Priest's Hole,' till he has recovered from his fatigues in some measure?"

" 'The Priest's Hole,' dear Amy, I should think, certainly," said her cousin, after a moment's deliberation. "But let me see it first; it has been so long disused, I remember it not. He must be much exhausted, and he will be very secure

there."

" Excepting from traitors within-doors," replied Amy, "our Sovereign will be as secure there as anywhere in the country." And with a throbbing heart she led the way; her cousin following, along the old gallery, and up a winding staircase into a turret, in which this secret place of safety had been contrived, calculating on the probable number of hours it would take him to warn the usurper that Charles Stuart was in his hands.

"I do not see the entrance," he said, as Amy

suddenly stopped and pointed to the wall.

She touched the spring, which was concealed under a corbel, which to her agitated mind seemed to frown on her as she did so-and a small room opened before them. Brereton stooped to look in.

"It will not open from the inside, will it?" he

said, anxiously.

"No," returned Amy; "I believe not. Will you go in and see if it is prepared in any way for receiving our noble guest. See if all is right, and I will run and fetch a cup and ewer, blankets, and all that will be needed. Make as little noise as possible, Cousin Hugh," she said, " for fear of arousing the servants." And Amy flew down the narrow staircase for the things she required. them," she said, breathlessly, as she returned. He took the food, and stooped to place the blankets on the narrow bedstead-and Amy, with one long look —touched the spring!

Once more she fled noiselessly down the stairs along the gallery—she paused not till she reached his chamber—and, throwing herself into a seat, with trembling hand she took the letter he had

been writing.

"Oh, that it be not true!" she said; "that I may fly and tell him it was in jest I left him there; or ask his forgiveness, even on my knees!"

Long she gazed upon the paper: until then she had not realized to herself the possibility of his

treachery—now she held the proof of it in her hand. She hid the letter in her sleeve, and, endeavouring to forget all, save that her King's safety in a great measure had been secured by herself, she reappeared in the Hall. "I cannot expose his shame," she thought, bitterly; "at least not yet." And her lip quivered as, bending over Lady Beveriey, she said, "Sir Hugh Brereton is gone,

"Gone!" exclaimed the venerable lady. "What

means he?

"He must have good reasons for this. He may have gone to collect a few trusty followers: but to my mind he would have done well first to pay homage to his King; -unless, indeed, it is by your Majesty's desire," she added, remembering the conference he had held with Amy. No one spoke. Amy dared not undeceive her; but she gave a glance at Charles, who, even in the midst of his own misfortunes, felt keenly for the agony of shame depicted in every feature. Her face was not turned towards her sister, and the Lady Marchmont did not perceive anything peculiar in Amy's manner.

"I will conduct your Grace to your apartment," said the Lady Beverley, shortly after: "rest must

be much needed by my Liege."
"Honoured Lady," said Charles, "I entreat you not to treat the wanderer as a king. I am not safe yet, though within these walls; and, believe me, I'run much risk by your addressing me thus."

The Lady Beverley replied not; but Amy, in a low clear voice said, "Your Grace need fear no

traitors now."

"Not within the gates of Moreton Abbey, I trust, Amy; or they are much changed;" said her mother, as she passed with her elder daughter through the doors which Charles courteously held

open for them. Amy paused-

"My Liege," she said, without raising her eyes, "pardon me if I dared doubt the fearful fact:pardon me," she said proudly; "but for one of our house to be a traitor was strange—too strange almost for truth. Your Grace is safe now. Sir Hugh Brereton is confined in the Priest's Hole. I trust it may not be needed for my Sovereign."

"Thanks, fair Mistress Amy! Believe me," he said, "it has caused me much pain to distress you so deeply; but if I am ever King of England, name your request, and it shall be granted. This is my seal upon it, dear lady," he added, bending over her and kissing her fair brow. "The only one left me," said the 'Merry Monarch,' unable even at such a moment to repress his mirth.

"What request will Amy ever care to make?" thought she, as she followed from the hall. " Can

the King of England undo the past?"

"Heaven give my Liege good rest," said the Lady Beverley, as she and her daughters retired, having conducted Charles to the apartment prepared for him.

Her daughters, as usual, attended their motherassisted her in unrobing for the night, and received her blessing; but when the Lady Marchmont was

accompanying her sister, as was her wont, Amy said.

"Good-night, dearest Eleanor; I am weary, and

will away to my bed."

About three hours afterwards Amy stole softly along the gallery and crept stealthily up the turret stair to the Priest's Hole. She listened attentively for any noise at a small aperture so contrived that, in cases of emergency, food might be received by the inmate of the cell.

All was silence, save the sound of deep regular breathing, as if the prisoner slept, and, seating herself on the steps, Amy leant her burning forehead against the cold stone, and all that had happened in the last few hours passed with painful vividness

before her.

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"Oh, Hugh Brereton, Cousin Hugh, cared you not for me, that you can sleep when all is at an end between us? Thank Heaven I am not his wife! False to his country—false to his King—how could such a heart be true to Amy?" And tears of bitter grief and shame poured from her eyes. Morning was rapidly approaching when the weary one closed her eyes in sleep.

The early day passed away heavily enough. It was nearly noon when the warder announced the approach of a stranger, and the Lady Marchmont

flew to the casement-

"Alas!" she said mournfully, after a long

and anxious gaze, "it is not my Lionel!"

The Lady Beverley instantly led the King to her private apartment, at the end of which hung a large picture of the Black Prince. A concealed bolt gave way under her hand — the whole picture moved and showed a large recess. The Lady Beverley then returned to the hall, and, welcoming the new-comer with great civility, courteously inquired his name.

"My name, worthy Lady, is Stowell—the Reverend Simon Stowell—come at the desire of a good and pious gentleman named Hugh Brereton of Brereton, to unite him in marriage, as I understand, to the daughter of the man called James

Beverley, who-"

"Hold, Sir! I am the Lady Beverley;" interrupted the lady, with somewhat of indignation in her tone: "but Sir Hugh has been absent for some days, and I know not where he may be found. In his absence I beg you to rest yourself and partake of whatever refreshment you require; but I fear me you will return without accomplishing your errand. By your leave, I will now rejoin my daughters, and trust you will ask for aught you may require." So saying, the Lady Beverley, with a more stately air than usual, left the hall.

"I like not his looks at all," she said, as her daughters eagerly asked some particulars regarding the unwelcome intruder; "but we must use all civility towards him, or he will suspect us of some desire for concealment; and, I think, my Amy, that your marriage must be delayed until the safe departure (Heaven grant it may be such!) of his gracious Majesty! even in the event of Sir Hugh's

return."

"Think not of it, dear mother," said Amy, calmly. "When our King is concerned, I should little deserve the name I bear if thoughts of myself occupied my mind."

"You are a good girl, my Amy," said her mother, fondly. "Is she not like your dear and honoured father, Eleanor, when she speaks so proudly?"

The Lady Marchmont passing her arm around her young sister, kissed her tenderly, saying—"But my Amy must not let her anxiety rob all the colour from her cheek, or what will Sir Hugh say on his return? You look sadly pale, dearest sister."

Amy turned towards the casement, which commanded a view of the wide domain and surrounding country. There was the avenue in which she had strolled, the flowers she had tended, only the day before, and it seemed years to her since that last walk with her cousin—since that last time when he had watched her train the jasmine to the old mulberry-tree. How little she had deemed it was indeed for the last time!

Had he fallen, her feelings in comparison would have been joyous—"Oh had he been left on the battle-field, like my dear father, I should have mourned him less! But now—" and Amy, shuddering, placed herself at her embroidery frame.

The morning passed away, and the ladies descended to the hall for the afternoon meal. An extra cover attracted the attention of the Reverend Master Stowell, as he rose to pronounce the grace, and he paused.

"We wait your blessing, reverend Sir," said the

Lady Beverley.

"Truly, Madam, it shall be given; but I thought some other guest might be expected, and I would not that any one connected with this house should miss the benefit of it."

"It is Sir Hugh's accustomed seat," replied the Lady Beverley. For, though Master Stowell was one of those who professed neutrality, there was a something in his manner, and in the expression of his cold grey eye, that an open foe could more easily have been confided in. "His departure," she continued, "was so sudden; we hope his return may be equally so—and his cover is daily prepared for him."

The grace was then said, and the meal proceeded; after which the Lady Marchmont assisted her mother in secretly carrying some of the daintiest dishes to the King. At supper Amy trembled on hearing the reverend gentleman inquire for a small pasty which he had much relished at the mid-day meal; and on Jasper respectfully saying that none of it remained, their guest rudely exclaimed, "Why, varlet, there was but a small piece demolished by myself!"

The Lady Marchmont, with ready wit, said, "I fear me, reverend Sir, that my poor cat must plead guilty to making sad havoc in the pasty, and, dreading my mother's displeasure, the remainder was

thrown away."

Simon Stowell scowled and seemed dissatisfied, but immediately attacked the dishes before him, only pausing once, to inquire if any news had been heard of Sir Hugh. Receiving a negative, he said, grimly, "I thought you might have heard, with some certainty, of his prolonged absence, as I perceive no cover laid for him this evening."

"It seemed to meet with your censure at our former meal, reverend Sir," said the Lady Beverley,

"and therefore I had it discontinued."

" Heaven forgive old Jasper for all the untruths he has forced us to by his carelessness!" thought the Lady Marchmont. Amy, fearing the provisions she had given her cousin might be exhausted, had resolved to supply the prisoner with some food that night; and, long after Master Stowell had retired to his room, she sat watching the dying embers of the fire, and listening anxiously for the cessation of his footsteps. Feeling the weight of guilt incurred by her cousin as a stain on all her family—feeling he had once made her love him, though she no longer did so, she repeated, as the large tears rolled down her cheeks-feeling that it would probably rest with her to lay bare his treachery to her mother and sister, poor Amy was sorrowful enough. After a long interval of silence, she ventured to steal down towards the refectory. She filled a large jug with brose, and in the stillness of the night, her own breathing almost alarming her, she crept towards the gallery. She had proceeded about half-way, when suddenly she heard a heavy step, and a door was thrown open behind her. She carried no light, and Amy, hoping to escape unseen, sped along the gallery; but the steps seemed gaining upon her, and the terrified girl, not daring to ascend the turret stairs, darted down another corridor, and fled on till she gained the cloister which connected the abbey with the chapel. There she paused for an instant; but she saw the glimmer of her pursuer's lamp, and hastily entering the chapel, closed the massive door. Amy threw herself on the floor, breathless with terror, not daring to stir until, with thankfulness, she heard the footsteps die away in the distance. The chapel in its holy beauty in a measure calmed her agitation, as she rose and leant against the door, gazing around. It was an early English building, the narrow lancet windows were filled with stained glass, the rich colours of which, now in the full light of the moon, were reflected on the marble pavement; and Amy, a feeling of security coming over her from the sacred edifice, advanced into the nave to breathe a prayer of gratitude for her escape. As she moved, she thought she heard a stifled groan; but repelling the idea with a murmured prayer as she passed the font, whose rude sculpture shone brightly out, she stood for a moment in silent awe ere she bent her knee.

In the chancel lay the monument of one of her ancestors, who had fallen at Cressy; and Amy thought the marble figure of the warrior rose slowly from its reclining posture, and returned her steady gaze. Fear thrilled through every nerve; but she raised her eyes involuntarily, and she thought, as she did so, the angels, with outspread wings and clasped hands, that supported the roof,

were there to soothe her fears—were there to guide the weak child of earth, She knelt and closed her eyes in momentary prayer, before she again looked towards the chancel. It had risen—that tall, thin figure, each feature in the moonlight seeming of a ghastly paleness, as it approached the kneeling girl.

It came quite close, and Amy thought its breath was very cold; but she made the sign of the cross, from which all evil spirits flee, and endeavoured to speak. Her voice was stifled, as she slowly arti-

culated, "Who art thou?"

The figure raised its long thin fingers, and, in a low tone, muttered—

"In the cold, cold night,
When the moon is bright, bright,
And the worms are asleep,
Then I come to weep.

And I creep all about—and I creep up and down,
Till the sun is up, and the moon is gone;
And then I hie to my weary home,
Till the dull day is gone, and the bright moon is come."

"Why should it hurt me?" thought Amy, though her blood froze within her. "I came to pray," she said, aloud. "I was in danger, and I came to thank the God of heaven for having saved me from it." And her words gave her courage, and her voice grew firmer, as she again signed the cross.

"Ye come to pray—and ye sign the cross.
I cannot pray, but I love the cross:
I love the cross, which the Puritans fear;
Pray for me; pray for me; the bright things hear,"

replied the figure in a low chanting voice.
"Who art thou?" again demanded Amy.

"Did ye ask me who I am?
I am a poor, weak, simple man.
My senses are gone to the world on high,
And I wander below all foolishly.
When I see the cross, I think that soon
My body will rest in the cold tomb.
The bright things have taken my spirit away,
And on earth nought is left but this dull cold clay.
And men call me senseless. I weep that I am;
But the bright things come round me, and then I am

Hear their sweet songs—and I dry up my tears.
They whisper sweet words, and they calm all my fears.
There's some o'er the roof—and there's more o'er the

And the smallest watch over the font in the West. But they all breathe bright words to the poor idiot man, When the dull day is gone, and the moon come again."

Amy remembered, as he sang, having heard that on the sacking of the village by the Puritans, a house, supposed to be empty, was set on fire, and a young man, named Roger Booth, vainly endeavouring to persuade them that it was inhabited, and not being able to break from the soldiers who held him, saw his house burnt to the ground; the unfortunate inmates having at first concealed themselves through fear, at last appeared in agony at the window, when no efforts could save them. From that time Roger had never recovered his senses. Great fears had then been entertained for Moreton Abbey; but a large body of Cavaliers, under Sir

Arthur Aston, arriving, the Puritans had been completely routed and dispersed. Amy clasped her hands in prayer for a few moments, the idiot standing by her and singing:—

"I love the cross, which the Puritans fear.
Pray for me, pray for me; the bright things hear."

"And are you going to stay here all night?" she asked, as she rose from her knees. "It is cold, good Roger," she said kindly.

"I am safe here till the foes do come! Then I will away till they're killed or gone!"

returned the Idiot.

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"What mean, you?" exclaimed Amy. "Who are the foes?"

"The foes—the foes—they're coming anon! Then I will away till they're killed or gone!"

again sang Roger.

"But are there any rebels in the village?" inquired Amy, eagerly. "Have any come to-night?" she said, forgetting her fear, and laying her hand on the Idiot's arm.

"Some came with the moon, and the sun will bring more,

And the true men will come as they did before; And the bright things will come to the poor idiot man,

When the dull day is gone, and the moon come again."

sang the poor maniac; and Amy, finding he would or could give her no further information, gave him some of the food she carried, and, after speaking a few kind words, retraced her steps towards the chapel door. She opened it, traversed the cloister, the gallery, all safely—gained her chamber, and threw herself exhausted on the bed; but the idiot's words rang in her ears, and, rising, once more she wended her way across the gallery to the room of the Lady Marchmont.

Eleanor was sleeping, but the light of Amy's lamp disturbed her, and she moved restlessly. Amy bent over the bed, and softly pressed a kiss on her cheek. She started up. "It is not Lionel," she said, sinking back in disappointment on her pillow. Rousing herself, "Amy!" she exclaimed; "what brings you here? Not even prepared for bed? Has aught been heard? Any tidings of my

dear lord?"

"None, Eleanor," said Amy: "but I fear me all is not right!" And throwing herself beside her sister, she briefly related her alarm in the gallery.

"But," interrupted the Lady Marchmont,

"Amy, what took you there?"

"Question me not, Eleanor; I cannot tell you yet," said Amy, continuing to relate her meeting with the idiot in the chapel, and the strangely incoherent manner in which he had spoken of approaching danger.

"Amy," said her sister, trembling, "were you

not terrified?"

"I was at first; and had I not been in the chapel, I should have been more so," replied Amy.

"But what is to be done? I feel as if his words

were true.'

"Oh!" said the Lady Marchmont, sadly, "where is my lord, to give us good counsel? Where is Hugh Brereton? Yet, Amy, we have the Priest's Hole—in that the King might be secure for some time, please Heaven."

"Hush!" said Amy; "speak not so loud. I

thought I heard a sound."

"You are worn out, my Amy," said her sister after listening attentively; "mind and body need repose. Sleep you, and I will sing as in long-gone days." And throwing a mantle around her, the Lady Marchmont seated herself by her young sister, and in a low voice sang to a well-known air:—

The King of France sat in the halls,
And gallant and brave were within the walls;
But the words of the king had spread terror around:—
They spoke not—they moved not—their blades gave no sound.

"To him who will slay the dragon, oh then"—
The King of France, he spoke again—
"To him will I give my daughter to wife,
And half Provence to his heirs for life."

On the king gazed the knights, but quelled was their pride;

The old thought on the lands, and the young on the bride;

But the words of the king had spread terror around:— They spoke not—they moved not—their blades gave no sound.

"A strange knight comes!" the herald he cried:
"I mark in his bearing the island pride.
From England he comes, as may soon be seen:
He bears himself bravely, a true knight I ween."

"To him who will slay the dragon, oh then"—
The King of France he spoke again—
"To him will I give my daughter to wife,
And half Provence to his heirs for life."

The English knight full merrily I trow
He bowed him low on his saddle-bow;
His gauntlet he threw in the circle then,
And he gazed around on the cowering men.
"Who denies me this boon—by the laws of chivalry

Let him pick up my glove"—said Sir Moreton de Beverley.

No knight raised the glove; but they murmured aside,

And all spake a curse on the Englishman's pride.

"Brave knight," said the lady, all trembling and pale,

"Hast thou then no fear in thy heart of mail?"

"What is fear?" quoth the knight—and he bended low To kiss the lady's hand of snow;

"Tis a word I ne'er heard in England I ween!" And he gazed around on the cowering men.

"'Tis French," quoth Sir Moreton; "tis French, I trow; And I learnt it not, I take blame to me now: But what true knights should bear in their hearts of mail.

That the Beverley bears, though in lore he may fail."

And the Beverley stood by the side of the king; He had done his devoir as a true knight I ween; And the dragon was slain, and the French cried, "Oh then

Half Provence is gone to an Englishman!"

"Sir King," said the knight, "my devoir is done. As a true knight I came—French land I will none. Not in England buy we true love with our fame; Sir Moreton de Beverley clouds not his name."

"Did you hear nought?" said Amy, in a whisper, "See, the tapestry moves!" And as she spoke a man stealthily entered the chamber.

"Lionel!—my dear Lord!" exclaimed the Lady Marchmont, recognizing the beloved features in

spite of the disguise he wore.

"Is the King safe?" demanded the Earl, eagerly.
"Thank Heaven!" And he folded her to his heart.
"Tis long since I have seen my Eleanor," he said, kissing her tenderly.

"Long, long indeed! six months at Michaelmas,"

said the Lady Marchmont.

"And now, dear wife, I must away. The rebels have obtained information of some kind, and a small body are in the village. We must away speedily."

"Again? oh my dear Lord!" she exclaimed, clinging to him. "Then let me go with you; let me assist you! Mrs. Lane has done so; why should not a Beverley? Danger, fatigue, will be nothing, so that I can help you, dearest-Lionel; to see you, to be with you, and to assist the King in his escape."

"My Eleanor has misplaced her reasons for assisting us," said the Lord Marchmont, in a tone of mild reproach. She answered not. Kissing away the tears his words had drawn forth, "Eleanor," he said, "it must have been a dreadful blow to your honoured mother! And how has poor Amy borne it?"

"Amy has borne it well," she said, advancing towards the Lord Marchmont. "So well, that her sister is ignorant of your meaning. Tell her, good Lionel. Tell her what Amy has lacked the courage to do. Tell her Hugh Brereton is a rebel!"

Eleanor started, and looked eagerly on her husband; but his sad face only confirmed the tidings; and Amy, rousing herself, in few words told the Lord Marchmont the events of the last few days.

Speedily and noiselessly were the preparations made for flight; and a good hour before the Reverend Simon Stowell had risen, a squire, his lady, and Gilbert Grope their serving-man, were on their way to the coast, where a small vessel had been secured to waft the wanderer from his native land—Charles Stuart from the kingdom of his ancestors.

"The Reverend Simon Stowell would speak with you," said a heavy uncouth-looking Puritan, entering the room in which General Lambert was sitting. "He has ridden hard, and brought news, I fancy."

"Admit him," said the General. And that

worthy made his appearance.

"I have good reasons," he began, in a nasal twang, "for believing the malignant Stuart is secreted in Moreton Abbey."

"State your reasons," said the General, sternly. And Stowell proceeded with his account much more hastily than he intended; but the General's abrupt interruption whenever the reverend gentleman departed from the exact facts gave him no other resource.

"And you saw a female figure in the gallery?"

questioned Lambert. "At what hour?"

"It was past midnight," answered Stowell.

"And you believe it to have been one of the daughters of the late James Beverley?"

"I do verily believe it was one of that malig-

nant family."

"And how do you know she was carrying food?"

demanded the General.

"Because," said Master Stowell, with a grin, "some of it was spilled; but I lost sight of her, for she had no lamp of any kind, and fled hastily in much dread."

"And this morning, saw you the family?"

"I did see the woman and one daughter, but the other was indisposed they told me, and I saw her not. They are fair and comely to look upon—

albeit they are in so perilous a state."

The General waved his hand impatiently.—
"We had received intelligence before, good Sir, and Brother Ireton is ere this at the Abbey. But you shall return thither, as you may perchance be of some use in the search. So eat and refresh yourself before we start. Bring round my horse," he said; and Master Stowell retired to make the best use of the short time allowed him.

"Didst see a malignant looking rebel pass by just now?" said one of the soldiers.—"A comely woman was beside him, and a true lout of a serving-man. Charles Stuart has played that trick

once, or verily they looked suspicious."

"Charles Stuart's tricks are nearly over," said Master Stowell, in an important tone. "He is secreted at Moreton Abbey; from whence I have ridden—verily at the peril of my life!—to give information to Brother Lambert, a worthy man, albeit somewhat hasty withal. Verily my reward is coming!" And Master Stowell turned up his eyes with a pious ejaculation before commencing his meal.

"What ails thee, John o' the Forge?" said another soldier, as a man, habited like a smith,

entered.

"I shod a horse belonging to a stranger," said the man, "but half-an-hour ago. He was servingman to a squire and his dame; and verily my mind did somewhat misgive me as I did the job. And when I spoke to Susannah, my wife,—a pious Christian, and a blessing to my house (as I am assured by worthy Master Jeremy Strongi'th'-lungs), howbeit somewhat ready with her tongue,—she did assure me the man affirmed he had come from the north, whereas his horse's shoes were made in the west. I did bethink me this might need inquiry, and verily I came at once to give information thereon."

"Trouble not thyself regarding the matter," said the soldier; "General Ireton has already possession of the popish malignant. Go along with thee home to thy forge!"

"Amy," said the Lady Beverley, "I marvel much if Master Stowell has any suspicions regarding us. I like him not; and if a Beverley could fear aught so contemptible as a Puritan preacher, I should fear much from him. I marvel at my nephew having dealings with such a man!"

The lady detained Amy some time, and the abbey clock had tolled out seven before she was able to carry a jug of brose to the turret, where her cousin was imprisoned. She poured it down the leaden pipe; and the idiot's words and Charles's hasty flight having rendered her anxious, she mounted the remainder of the narrow staircase to the open air and gazed around. "They are coming!" she exclaimed; "they are coming indeed!"

"Well, let them come, for our King is far beyond their reach," replied the Lady Beverley, as Amy breathlessly entered her mother's apartment. "Let us lead them to suppose he is still here; by such means we may facilitate his escape."

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The rebels arrived, and a guard was instantly placed around the house. The remainder of the troops, under Ireton himself, entered the abbey, and long and diligent search was made; the Lady Beverley and Amy, with the female attendants, being kept prisoners in one room; at last a few of the most unruly entered even this retreat, and loud and violent was the language used as they commenced their work of destruction, thrusting their pikes into the tapestry, breaking open the antique wardrobes, till a shout of brutal joy startled the trembling women, as a hollow part in the wall was discovered. With their pikes and bludgeons they speedily demolished the ancient portrait and its frame; and two or three rushed into the recess in which Charles had been concealed. Then the shout of joy changed to one of rage and disappointment; but one of them appeared with a glove—a man's glove—and showing it in triumph, insolently demanded of the Lady Beverley to whom it might belong?

"My nephew, Sir Hugh Brereton, has been here lately," replied the venerable lady, unmoved; and once more they were left unmolested in the despoiled chamber.

It was just noon when the reinforcement under Lambert arrived, and the information given by Master Stowell redoubled the efforts of the rebels. Still night fell without any success, and with it peace was partially restored; but with the earliest dawn the work of destruction here commenced, and in a few hours Amy herself was summoned before Ireton and Lambert to answer the interrogatories of Master Stowell.

"I will accompany thee, my daughter," said the Lady Beverley, and, conducted by a guard, they entered the ancient hall. A flush of indignation coloured her cheek as she entered, and with unshrinking firmness she returned the steady gaze of the Parliamentary generals. Amy was supported by her mother's courage, and, though her cheek

was deadly pale, and a close observer might have seen her whole frame tremble, she followed the Lady Beverley's example, and seated herself unbidden in the presence of the regicides.

"Mistress Beverley, you are called upon to answer for your conduct. You are suspected of privily assisting to conceal a malignant—verily, even him by whom the whole realm is placed in jeopardy. I would know for what reason you were in the gallery at a late and improper hour for one so young and so —— two nights ago?"

"I imagine," interposed the Lady Beverley, "that in Moreton Abbey—"

"Peace!" said Ireton: "I addressed thee not, worthy Lady. From the gallery where did you go?" he asked, turning to Amy.

"I went to the chapel," she said, in a low clear voice.

"Bethink thee, Mistress Beverley; thy actions have been closely watched. Had ye been going to the chapel ye would not have carried a pitcher of brose."

"I gave some to an idiot man who was there," replied Amy.

"What was his name?" demanded Ireton, in a stern voice.

"Roger Booth," said Amy. "He has been an idiot since his wife and mother were burnt alive by the rebels when they sacked the village." And Amy raised her large dark eyes, and shrank not when he asked, in a loud harsh voice—

"Whom mean ye, when ye speak of rebels?"
By whom were they commanded?"

"They were led on by one worthy of the deed—one in arms against his king—by some called General Harrison," she replied, in a low, distinct

"Beware, woman, how ye speak evil of one of the chief defenders of this benighted land!" said Ireton, in a voice of suppressed rage. "Bethink thee in whose presence thou art! Knowest thou not who rules in this delivered realm?"

"I know," said Amy fearlessly, "that the regicides do now rule; but I pray their day may be speedily over."

"The worthy Master Stowell has discovered some more spilt brose, on the stair leading to the east turret." said a soldier, entering the hall.

turret," said a soldier, entering the hall.

"There is something in this," said Ireton, marking that for a moment Amy lost command of her countenance. "Remove the women to their apartment, and place a guard there."

"Amy, my child, you bore yourself bravely," said the Lady Beverley; and large tears rolled down her careworn cheek. "Methought your noble father looked down approvingly, and I felt strengthened. Tell me, what means this tale about the brose?"

"Mother," said Amy—"dear and honoured mother—forgive me for not telling you all; but soon you will know everything, and Amy fears to tell the truth."

"My child, I trust thee," said her mother, fondly. "I question thee not."

It was towards evening, when again the Lady Beverley and Amy were summoned to the hall, and Amy saw that all was discovered. Sir Hugh Brereton was among them. Shame, anger, indignation, were written on his countenance; but Amy looked not again towards him.

"What means the ?" exclaimed the Lady Beverley, gazing from one to the other. "Sir

Hugh Brereton, how come ye here?"

"That we wish explained, woman," said Ireton, roughly. "We found Sir Hugh confined in the Priest's Hole."

Astonishment was visibly painted on the lady's

face, but she spoke not.

Amy felt full sure that Hugh Brereton had not named her as the cause of his imprisonment, and, advancing towards Ireton, she placed a billet before him. "Had you received this sooner," she said, "you might have had the power to commit a

grievous sin."

"And mean ye to say, girl, ye prevented the despatch of this? Mean ye to say, ye knew of that worthy man being by accident confined in that turret, and yet released him not? Were ye not betrothed to each other!" exclaimed Ireton, as he read, almost beside himself with anger, while the veins rose in his dark forehead. "Speak, woman! Answer me! Fear ye not my vengeance?"

"I fear ye not," replied Amy, drawing her slight, beautiful figure, to its full height, and looking proudly on the speaker. "I fear ye not. Heaven has protected the King—wherefore should

I fear ye?"

"Remove them!" thundered Ireton: "our prey

has escaped !"

"Amy," said Sir Hugh, advancing, and his voice made her heart beat fast. "Amy," he whispered, "hate me not; have you not humbled me to the dust?"

I do not hate him, thought Amy, as with trembling step she followed the Lady Beverley. I do not hate him—would that I could!—and she answered not.

"Amy," he said, "may I never hope for pardon? Do you hate me now so bitterly that you will not even look upon me?"

"Pardon!" said Amy-"pardon? Is it only

mine you seek?"

"Yours, and I should be happy," he said, pausing at the chamber-door. "Amy, Amy, do not doubt my love!—say you will forgive me in time, far

distant even-only give me hope !"

"Hugh Brereton—" said Amy, turning for a moment towards him, and the colour rushed to her pale cheek as their eyes met—"I pray to be able to forgive you ere I die." And she glided from before him.

"My child," said the Lady Beverley, perfectly bewildered, "what means this? I understand

not this strange scene !"

"Mother," said Amy, faintly, "it means—Hugh Brereton is a traitor!" And she fell senseless at her mother's feet.

It was the summer of 1660. Many were the brave and gallant forms collected in the Palace of Whitehall, and many were the young and beautiful that graced the assembly—and among the latter shone conspicuously two sisters. The elder was attired in the deep mourning of a widow—the younger likewise in sable robes, and both stood pale and agitated in the antechamber, until, one of the Lords in waiting announcing that the King would see the Lady Marchmont and Mistress Amy Beverley, the two fair strangers in those halls of joy and splendour, eagerly advanced through the crowded apartment.

"Has the Lady Marchmont aught to demand?" said the monarch, kindly:—"believe me, Lady, it grieves my heart to see you in this apparel. Tell me, can the king show his gratitude in any way? We have not forgotten your own services, Lady, as

well as your gallant husband's."

"My Liege, I humbly thank your Majesty. It ill befits me to murmur that my Lord should have trodden the bloody path to Heaven, made glorious by his royal master," replied the Lady Marchmont, in a broken voice.

"And fair Mistress Amy," said Charles, turning towards her,—" has she any request to urge?"

"When your Majesty honoured Moreton Abbey by your presence," faltered Amy, "your Grace was pleased to promise me that one request should be granted, if Heaven restored you to your throne."

"And you are come to ask us one, fair Lady. Was my promise made in writing, and has the fair Amy any seal to the bond?" asked the monarch, gaily.

Amy looked eagerly up, "No, my Liege, I have no writing: your Majesty may remember the promise was in words, and you were pleased to say

you had no seal left you then, but-"

And then Amy's colour rose high, as the King ended her broken sentence, laughing:—"But my lips, Mistress Beverley. I well remember it, and I will seal the bond afresh, fair Amy," said the monarch, again pressing a kiss on her marble brow, amid a suppressed smile from the courtiers around. "Now, name your request, and we will hear," added Charles.

"My Liege," said Amy, turning deadly pale, "your Majesty may remember I had a cousin. He is in the Tower. I come to plead for him, to ask his pardon." And Amy stood trembling in every

limb, her eyes fixed on the ground.

The King looked grave, "You plead for Sir Hugh Brereton," he said, and poor Amy thought his voice was stern. "I remember, you were betrothed," he added: "was it not so?"

"Before he was a traitor, Sire," said Amy, almost

inaudibly.

"Well," said Charles, kindly; "come to-morrow at ten o'clock, and we will answer you, fair Amy. And you too, Lady," he said, addressing the Lady Marchmont, "oblige the King by thinking of aught in which Gilbert Grope may serve you."

"His Majesty will see you here," replied the groom-in-waiting, as the Lady Marchmont and her sister appeared, and opening the door he ushered them into a private apartment.

Charles was seated, writing, and after bowing graciously to them he continued doing so for a few moments. Then turning, he gave an order in a low voice, to the page, who disappeared. As he returned, she raised her eyes, and Amy saw he was not alone. Sir Hugh Brereton accompanied him. A mist floated before her, and she leant upon her

sister for support.

"Now," said the Monarch rising, "fair Amy, you come to ask pardon for the prisoner before you; he deserves it not, Lady. But Charles Stuart the King endeavours to keep the promises he made when Charles Stuart the wanderer, and he has brought enough sorrow and trouble on your noble house. Lady, his life is yours, on one condition:—if the King forgive him, Amy Beverley must forgive him also. Give me your hand, trembler, and let me join it with his. You have loyalty enough for two in that little frightened heart of yours, and I will have it so."

"My Liege," said Amy, proudly, "I am a Beverley!" She drew a long breath, the scorn died away from her beautiful lip, her voice lost its pride, and a tear shone in her eye as she added, "I asked his life, for he is my cousin, and once was something more. My Liege! he is in your hands. You will not have brought him here for Amy to

write his sentence!"

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"Your Grace will find my sister inexorable. None knows it better than the knight himself," said the Lady Marchmont, as Amy stood to catch the Monarch's answer—her hands clasped together—her lips bloodless and parted—her eyes raised in breathless agony towards her Sovereign.

"Amy," he said, and his voice was gentle and kind, "Sir Hugh is pardoned. This paper restores his lands to him; but it pains your King to reflect that he has mixed the bitter cup of which you have drunk so deeply. It pains him to reflect that the direct line of Beverley will end with you. Sir Hugh is the next heir to Moreton Abbey. He is the only male representative of your noble house."

"May your Majesty's mercy render him worthy of the name wherever he may bear it!" said Amy. "The last of the Beverleys humbly thanks your Grace for permitting her to carry it untarnished to the grave!" she added, and her smile was proud as she bent her knee to kiss the Monarch's hand.

"Fair Amy," said Charles, in a tone that ill suited the 'Merry Monarch,' "You have, indeed, little to thank me for. Take this," he said, drawing a diamond from his finger; "keep it in memory of one who, though your king, is still your debtor, and fare-ye-well! Yet, think of it once more. Take a year to pardon what Charles Stuart has thought of but a single day, and let me hear. Thank me not. Fare-ye-well!"

Ere that year was ended Hugh Brereton had indeed received her pardon;—but, the last of the Beverleys was at rest!

M. E. G.

JEREMY'S PROFILE; OR, THE FALSE PHOTOGRAPHER.

"Broken with Jeremy, Bridget!"

"Yes, ma'am: his own fault too, ma'am."

"I am very sorry to hear it; but pray do not pull my hair out!" For Bridget was plying her comb at a desperate rate, regardless of all method; her snub nose elevated in the air, to a pitch indicative of offended dignity and injured innocence.

"What was it about?" I asked. "Did you quarrel? Why, dear me, I thought you were to have

been married in the spring."

"So we were, ma'am; I've got my things, most

of 'em ready,-and-and-'

Here my handmaiden's voice was lost: with some difficulty I made out, between her sobs, something of "white waistcoat," "mother's spoons," "the old cradle." I could see in the glass before me her mouth working convulsively, the snub nose vainly struggling to maintain the dignified angle of contempt; at last, she fairly broke down, and the comb fell from her hand, as the rosy face was veiled in her white apron, and the tears burst violently forth.

"Come, come, Bridget, do not cry! I suppose it is only some absurd quarrel: it will all be right to-morrow, and you will laugh to think how foolish

you have been."

"Eh! ma'am, it is no quarrel, indeed. I just told him never to show his face to me again—nor

her either; I did."

"Oh! there is a 'her' in it, is there? And who may she be?" I said, in some surprise; for I had been cognizant of the courtship of Jeremy and Bridget all along, and had pleased myself with the supposition, that it offered a point-blank contradiction to the assertion of "the divine Williams," concerning true love never running smooth. I knew, also, that Bridget was of too hearty and genial a nature to torment herself or others about any trivial jealousy or fancied slight; and having from reliable sources heard a good account of Jeremy, who was a sort of factorum in a neighbouring establishment, we considered the match to be peculiarly eligible, and I had in contemplation several pleasant surprises for the domestic arrangements of the future couple.

I might, then, be pardoned for taking a peculiar interest in the matter of this "breaking with Jeremy;" and the more did I incline an attentive ear to the recital that I knew the girl to be without any relative—mother, sister or aunt—to whom she

might confide her little troubles.

As she grew more composed, I desired her to relate to me the facts of the case, meanwhile proceeding to finish my hair-dressing myself.

This Bridget would not allow.

"My word, ma'am, but you're not going to do that, if you please: I hope I know better, if I am a bit put about, than to be letting you wait upon yourself—not for all the Jeremies that ever was!"

She was nearly off again at the name of the rejected and beloved one; but restrained herself with a gulp, and, drying her eyes on her apron, she took up the comb and her story together.

"You know, ma'am, you gave me leave, the evening you left, to have a friend to tea; and, though you didn't say who, I took you to mean

him, and told Jeremy according."

"Well, ma'am, and as you have said if ever I did wish to have a friend or two I was welcome, so long as they was respectable like; and though, as you know, ma'am, I have not, as I may say, a female acquaintance—not further than speaking, and to pass the time of day—I never have had no one but Jeremy, which you know, ma'am, inside my kitchen. But Mary Anne Bagster, our laundress's daughter, ma'am—she had been very obliging and attentive like, in many ways, in respect of when things were late, or of helping me with my own needlework; for yours, ma'am, I wouldn't trust out of my own hands—and such-like. So I thought

I would ask her that evening to take a cup of tea with him and me."

She avoided the dangerous patronymic this time. "Well, ma'am, in the morning when the linen came home, it was Mary Anne herself that brought it, and she said to me that a cousin of hers was just come up from the country, to stay with them: she'd never been in London before, and she would like her to see the best of what was to be seen while she stayed; and she would take it as a great favour if I would allow her to bring the girl with her in the evening, to tea, which she said it would be a treat for her, that was used only to country ways. So, ma'am, I thought as well three as two, and that you was so good you would never make objections, and the Bagsters are respectable, ma'am."

"Yes, I believe that, Bridget."

"Well, ma'am," (with a deep sigh,) "I said yes, thinking no harm, and pleased enough Mary Anne was. You know, ma'am, there was a deal to be done that day, what with one thing and another; but I got finished up all in good time, for the master didn't dine at home."

" Indeed !"

"No, ma'am; I think he said he was detained too late; but he was in quite early, for I remember

particular, ma'am."

Judicious Bridget! As if in her own trouble, that evening of all, she should so particularly remember but let that pass, it has nought to do with this

story

"So, ma'am, I had all done, and my kitchen as nice as hands could make it; and, you'll say it was extravagant in me, maybe, but I will tell you the truth,—I had sixpenn'orth of muffins; for I thought 'I will do the house credit like, to that Bagster's girl."

I mentally extolled my maid's consideration, at her own expense thus maintaining the "credit"

of our establishment.

"Well, ma'am, at six o'clock all was ready, and

very nice it looked. I'm sure, ma'am, saving your presence, the queen might have sat down to it with pleasure."

"I don't doubt it, Bridget," I said; for, be it known, I am, as a young housekeeper, rather proud

of my kitchen appointments.

"I thought of you, ma'am, and I said to myself,
'Ah! I do wish missus could see the place, I do.'

"I had just finished toasting the last muffin, and you know ma'am, how hard it is to get a muffin to brown without it scorching, but they were everyone as brown and nice, they were—when a ring came at the gate, and I knew it was him.

"You know, ma'am, begging your pardon, Jeremy is not any way dressy, as many young men, and, indeed, I have often thought it was for the best, him being saving and that. But, that evening, ma'am, he was in all his best, and I can't but say he looked well enough."

There was a suspicious sniff, and the hair-pins were entering the fabric of my plaits in dangerous

proximity to my ears.

"Oh! ma'am, men are deceitful and false."

"All women are not patterns of truth," I said calmly; "and, you know, Bridget, men could not be false if some women did not aid and abet them."

"That's true enough, ma'am; the wickedness of some girls! But I beg your pardon, ma'am, I was

saying-ah! about him.

"He had a pin, you must know, ma'am, which he used to wear mostly Sundays. It had a picture in it of a girl, or I may say a young woman—his mother, when she was alive, so he told me; and I'd used to think it had a look of him about the hair, ma'am, and the eyes.

"He said to me, once, he would have the thing taken out, and my likeness put in, but I wouldn't agree; for I said, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and I have heard many say a good son

makes a good husband."

"It is at least a fair warranty, Bridget."

"Ah! ma'am, wait a bit. He had not sat long waiting, and I said to him he might have known there was company coming, by his making himself so spruce, and I was glad of it too. Little I thought—"

My poor maid had finished her brief duties at my toilette, and she was now going to and fro from drawers to wardrobe, fetching such things as I needed, putting away others, and all with a hurried fluttering motion, as if to cover the distress caused

by the tale of her lover's perfidy.

"It was not long before another ring came at the gate, ma'am, and it was Mary Anne Bagster

and the other young woman.

"I took them straight into my own room to take off their things and smooth their hair; and I didn't get a fair sight of the young girl from the country, till she undid her bonnet, and came to the glass.

"My goodness, ma'am, would you believe it? she was the very identical image of the likeness in Jeremy's scarf-pin. You might have knocked me down with a feather! I could scarcely believe my

own eyes; but there she was, hair and eyes and all, to a T; and the eyes especially had that queer, sleepy, heavy look, which I'd never liked in that pin thing; only I wouldn't ever say as much, not to hurt his feelings.

"You may think, ma'am, how I felt; but I kept it back. Well, I thought maybe it is some relation, or something; and, if it is, why it must come out by and bye. But that was nothing, ma'am, to what came next. As I stood holding the candle for them beautifying themselves, the girl pulls out a little box from her pocket, and out of some wool she took a big brooch, and was sticking it into her collar. The light fell on the brooch, and there was a likeness of a young man. It was him!"

"What, Jeremy?"

"It was, ma'am, as sure as I stand here. saw me look hard at it, I daresay, for I couldn't speak.

"'Do you like it?' she says in a off-hand way;

'that's an old sweetheart of mine.'

"I felt stunned, ma'am. I couldn't have said a word to save my life; but Mary Anne Bagster began with some chatter about her mother; she hadn't noticed the other. So like in a dream I lighted them down stairs, and one thought just kept me up—how they would look when they came face to face.

"I don't think I could have said a word to introduce them to each other; and there was no need. To see how he jumped! to hear her scream 'Oh, my goodness!' and clapped her hands before her face — as well she might, the good for nothing—"

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Here Bridget fairly broke down; and it was by fragmentary and dislocated syllables that I learned the conclusion of the scene, which had evidently terminated after a most stormy manner, painfully opposed to the harmony which had originally been planned. In fact, it was pretty plain to me there had been a general "row," in which my demonstrative, though faithful, maid had played the part of the avenger. I did not gather that the unhappy cause of the disturbance (the "young girl from the country") had sustained any injury beyond that which Bridget's ready invective had not spared her feelings: the muffins, it seemed, had been the chief sufferers, having quite failed in the conspicuous part they had originally been cast for. Prompt dissolution had, I learned, followed upon the éclaircissement, and even the favoured Mary Anne had been included in the general anathema.

"And this, then, is the cause of all your apparent illness and trouble this week past?" I said. "It really is very sad, Bridget; but I cannot believe Jeremy capable of anything so bad or foolish as you seem to suspect him of. There is some mistake at the bottom of it all; and you have not given him a

chance of explaining himself, I doubt."

"Indeed, ma'am; not I! He was at the gate on Sunday evening, and last night; but I will hear no more stuff and lies! I have done with the whole pack of 'em! I've been deceived once, but I won't be again, ma'am! trust me!"

I saw that the worst service I could do the poor lover would be to take his part. If I could have abused him he would have speedily found an eloquent advocate in Bridget: that I did not doubt.

I felt sure, though I could not see clearly how or where, that there was a misunderstanding some-

where.

The man I believed to be honest and true-hearted as the day. Of the girl I certainly knew nothing; but I had too often been the recipient of such boastful white lies, from people in far higher positions than hers, to allow that to stand for much. While grandfathers and grand-aunts, nay, a whole ancestral suite, are to be purchased in Soho back streets or West-end auctions, we may indulge a slight credulity on the score of nearer intimacies with the originals of well-looking portraits.

I pondered long, but without getting much nearer to the truth, I confess. Accident favoured me, if we may presume to call that accident which seems oftener special intervention in the behoof of us

ungrateful mortals.

In a street, not far off where we lived, was a small working jeweller's shop. I did not often pass it; but that day something, certainly not premeditation, led me by the door, and as my eyes fell on the

window a sudden thought struck me.

I went in, asked to see some brooches, explaining that something of the humbler sort would be preferred. Immediately some dozen or so, of brilliant colouring and massive setting, were put before me. Features and complexions of every diversity; among them conspicuous the curly head and inoffensive smile of my maid's intended.

The tradesman must have been proud of his selection, seeing the celerity with which I pounced upon it, and paid him what, I have strong suspicions, was a price fixed for the occasion. I took it home, and, summoning the tearful Bridget, to her amazement convinced her that I too had now a claim upon her jealous vengeance.

"You've been to that girl, ma'am! No-for the gold is different, and it's smaller than hers."

"I have been to no girl, Bridget. I bought this at a shop where there are dozens such; and where one can purchase another may."

"But, ma'am, she said it was an old sweetheart

of hers."

"Which is more probable—that the girl should have made a silly lying boast, or that your longtried friend should have been false?"

"Well, ma'am," said she, almost crying; "but look at the other; he had hers, and he told me

long and long ago it was his mother."

"Another mis-statement, and one of which I would not have believed Jeremy capable," I said. "But you would not diseard him for it, I suppose?"
"No, ma'am," if that was all," the girl said, yet

half unconvinced.

That evening I sent for Jeremy, and glad enough I found the poor fellow to make a full explanation, and heartily to cry peccavi for the fault of which alone he had been guilty.

Willing to lay some claim to beauty on the maternal side, he had foolishly, in the glow of their first acquaintance, made such a statement to Bridget in answer to her questions on the subject; and she, in her partiality, tracing a clear resemblance to himself in the likeness (a rubbishing affair, be it said, by the way), had contributed to confirm the authenticity of the portrait, till in truth Jeremy had almost come to believe it himself. It might be his mother, he had seen her only in his infancy—it was possible-nay, probable. Well, it should be his mother. He had, in fact, bought the pin in an arcade at a provincial watering-place some few years back, as he now confessed in bitter shame and contrition.

For the other side of this mystifying affair, it appeared in the statement of the young girl, that she had bought the brooch—not at the place even where I had made my prize-but of a travelling photographer, the day before she started for London. Not even her cousin had seen the ornament, on which she had counted, no doubt, to make a sensation, though a very different one from that which it had effected.

She readily resigned the brooch into the hands of the mollified Bridget, who had the good sense to accept the explanation, and (as a malicious hecreature present said), "woman as she was, not to stand out against conviction."

"But where did you have the likeness done, Jeremy?" asked the maiden. "I did not know

you had ever had it taken, only for me."

"And I have not," was the reply; "only when we were at Gravesend, you remember Bridget, last Easter, and you would have it, you know."

"But he never took all those," persisted Bridget. "He only took one, which he said was spoiled, you remember."

Innocent victims! It needed that we should explain how, attracted by the curling hair, lambent smile, and straight nose of Bridget's Jeremy, the travelling photographer had availed himself of a base deception to multiply the interesting and seductive specimen. The result confirmed the truth of his sagacious calculations-Jeremy's profile was a stock article in the trade. Who shall say how many are at this moment enjoying by reputation, in those ductile features, an "old sweetheart!"

"Then how could your likeness have come at Sandibar, Miss?" asks Jeremy, when the trio sat together reconciled over mustins newly-provided, and which, I hope, did "credit" to the muffin-

baker, at least.

"It is a good bit younger than you, though, now I come to look at it," says Bridget to her newly-

made friend.

"So it must be if it is done from one that was taken," said the girl. "It was to please our landlord. "There was a-what do you call them? a photogerer going through the village, and landlord asked father to let me and my sister have ours taken, so he did. I remember he wouldn't let us see the first, he said it did squint; but landlord took the other, and he hung it up in his bar."

Evidently the same trick had served, and eluci-

dation was complete.

They were very merry over the explanation; I have reason to believe, indeed, the marriage-day was fixed for some six weeks earlier, in consequence; and, as Jeremy said (and we may take it as a warning how fearfully such reactions, even on joyful occasions, may unsettle the mind not over strong)-he said-it is very shocking though-I don't expect to be forgiven for recording it, yet it is a fact—"After all," he said, "I don't regret, Bridget, that the fellow broached the wrong sub-

F. O.

SPRING.

BEAUTIFUL Spring is come, laden with the sweet perfumes of the manifold flowerets. The woods are green, amid whose voluptuous branches the birds sing sweet melodies, welcomes to the Spring-time. Beautiful Spring! how we have longed for thy return; waited with anxious eyes to again behold thee coming, burdened with the breath of a thousand flowers and the songs of many birds. Beautiful Spring! restoring to earth its joyous beings. We wander forth amid the jewelled fields, pearly-white and golden with buttercups and We stroll through lanes odoriferous with the violets which gleam from out their mossy beds, like amethysts; beneath the waving trees the yellow-eyed primrose blooms. The air is full of gladness.—The sunshine glitters o'er the earth; the brooklet's breast is mirrored with a thousand silver shimmers:—then it dances joyously and brightly across the upland, irradiating the hill-tops, casting their long shadows into the valley beneath. Turn where we will, nothing meets our eyes but up-springing flowers and expanding leaves, and in our ears the carolling of the feathered warblers, the hum of insects, and the lowing of the cattle. And, as we listen to the murmuring of the woodland trees, what whisper they ?-"The Spring is come, the poet-thrilling, harp-voiced Spring has returned; all hail to it!" Such is the burden of their songs, and we say, likewise, all hail to it! And who is there, in all the wide world, that does not rejoice at the Spring-time? The young love it for its present pleasures; the middle-aged feel their sorrows lightened by its blithe, refreshing air; and the aged hear, in its gentle balmy tones, voices of other Springs long gone by, bringing back old associations, fraught with many a ray of joy. though, maybe, tarnished with many a pang of sorrow. There is no season like the Spring-the happy childhood of the year; fresh and gay, burdened not with the sorrows which come upon the year as it advances. When we awake, what delicious sensations doth the Spring-morning give us! -vibrating through our veins, and awakening in our hearts gladsome feelings.

LEILA.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING.

By THE AUTHOR OF "ADEN POWER,"

[Continued from p. 222.]

CHAPTER VI.

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FROM THE HEARTH.

"I fain would die!—
To go through life unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not,
And cannot have; the effort to be strong.
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!" LONGFELLOW.

It was still early in the evening when Mrs. Steyne, leaving her son with his book to keep his father company, quitted the house, and took the path which led direct to the pretty cottage of Cary Hinton. It stood somewhat out of the village, which saved the owner from much of the inquisitorial infliction to which each housekeeper was in turn subject; but it was not too far, as we have seen, for those who, while doing their best to detract from the poor girl's share of merit, did not scruple to avail themselves of her good nature: in fact, poor Cary's shelves seldom displayed their full complement of those useful articles which belonged to them, they being generally, in turns, on a progress through the village.

If dutch-ovens could blab, and copper kettles, in their pleasant songs, echo a little of the tea-table chat at which they had assisted, the mistress might have been enlightened at times, if not particularly gratified.

But it had never troubled her, what they did or said: the sunshine in her heart had reflected itself in everything around her, till she could see no spot or blemish in anything. All was bright and good, and pleasant; and it was a beautiful world.

And now—as it ever is with these brightest spirits, and most lavish hearts,—they pour out their all ungrudgingly, they are beatified even in the bestowal, they sing hallelujahs to the glory they have shed about themselves, and fancy heaven is come to earth, Paradise restored for them: but human nature is human nature still—its laws are not reversed in their behalf. Too generous to ask, they still do hope, that for all given much may be returned. Nothing comes — and, lo! they are bankrupt.

A stronger head and cooler heart might have reasoned; but with the poor girl, to reason was but to drive still further the cruel goad that tortured her.

When Mrs. Steyne went in, after tapping at the door, she found her sitting before the table, on which tea was set, though she had evidently not tasted it. Her face was hidden in her hands, her hair, generally so neat, was pushed aside and roughened; the room was in disorder—the broken

chair and table in one corner—the little vase, as the children had described, smashed in the fender, and the water spilled, while the poor flowers lay scattered and dying on the floor.

As she stood up, and took her hands from her face, Mrs. Steyne was shocked to see the change grief and despair had made in the beautiful girl. Her cheeks were sunk and burning with fever, her eyes almost closed with crying, and in front of her, on the table, lay a piece of bread she had apparently endeavoured to eat, and failed; it was soaked with the tears that dropped between her fingers.

Her hand was burning as she put it into that of

Mrs. Steyne.

"I am afraid you are very ill, Mrs. Hinton," said the other, kindly. She had always felt interested in the young wife, though their acquaintance had been of the slightest. "I came to see if I could be of any service," she continued: "my children told me you seemed ill."

"You are very kind, ma'am. I should—I meant to have come and seen you to-day, though I don't see as you can do me any good; but he forbid me ever to speak to you, or let any of you come inside the doors—even the children, ma'am, poor little dears; and I've not a soul to speak to."

"What has set your husband against us, think you?"

"I don't know, ma'am: I cannot say, indeed. It's something about the work, and this evening he's worse than ever. He came in a bit since, and was swearing, oh! he did swear what he would do to Mr. Steyne—about some work of Mr. Crichton's, the publican's; and he thought to get it, and he says Mr. Steyne's to have it—See there, ma'am!"

She pointed to the floor, the other side the table, where lay the remains of a newly-made cake, apparently trampled under foot, and crushed to atoms.

"He used to be so fond of them—I made it on purpose. I did hope, as it was Saturday, we might have a comfortable tea, and be a bit quiet; but he came in in such a temper, and he stormed, and cursed me, and smashed that glass—see ye there, ma'am! I brought them with me when I left my place to be married."

The young wife burst into another fit of crying,

and clasped her hands before her face.

Mrs. Steyne sat down by her side, and with kind and soothing words attempted to console her.

"You're very good, ma'am. I do wish I had known you before. You see the women hereabouts, they go on so against him, and it does make me feel so bad. I can't bear to hear them, I can't."

"I am sure you cannot. I can quite understand you, my poor girl. I do indeed wish I had known your troubles sooner. Something of it I did guess; but it is so difficult to venture on such a sad subject. But you will come and see me now, and the children; they are so fond of you. They sent you these flowers."

"Bless them, and you too, ma'am. But I daren't,
—I daren't. He threatened me so. And I am so
afraid for you, ma'am, if he should find you here."

"Never mind for me; I've no fear," said Mrs.

Steyne.

"It was that hurt me so: it seemed so hard, when I've no friend, no one to speak to. You've got a happy home, ma'am—a kind husband—I thought I should once. It was all I wanted: I never cared for anything else. I didn't ask for company, nor for fine clothes, nor to go to fairs, nor dances, nor nothing,—only for him to love me, and to let me love him and wait upon him, and keep all nice and happy; and see !- see !- " she looked round almost fiercely through her tears-" see what he's made it! He hates me! he curses me! he won't let me love him! Oh, my heart's just broken-broken!"

Mrs. Steyne's lip quivered, and she could not for

a moment speak. Presently she said-

"Poor girl! poor girl! I know how little anything I can say will comfort you. Yet if you would try-

"Try! Haven't I tried? Haven't I coaxed him, and borne with him, and heard his cursing and threatening, and answered him never a word? Haven't I sat, watching and waiting, and wouldn't put so much as a cup of tea to my lips, till he came? Haven't I sat facing him, evening after evening through, and him never opening his lips to me, to as much as thank me? Haven't I tried to be sullen and cool too; but I couldn't, because I love him? Haven't I tried to think nothing about it, and to laugh it off; but I can't, for my heart aches for him to love me? Haven't I laid and cried the whole night long by his side till morning came, and never closed my eyes? And han't he cursed me crying, and cursed me laughing? What haven't I tried? It's easy to say try!"

Then with a fresh burst of passionate tears— "Oh, I know I'm wrong to say all this! He's my husband, he is—and maybe I'm not always right and he'd never be so but for the drink! Oh, ma'am forgive me! don't think anything of what I've said. I wish I was dead! I do! I do! He won't let me love him, he won't-and I've nobody

to love me!—nobody to love me!—"

She repeated the words several times, rocking herself to and fro, like one in great bodily pain.

Mrs. Steyne's eyes were turned to the ground,

the tears were falling silently from them.

"You see," said she, gently, after a pause, "I do know something of what you suffer; for I know how vain it would be to offer any consolation. It would sound only like a mockery. But, dear Mrs. Hinton-"

"Oh, don't call me that !-call me Cary, please, dear ma'am."

The good woman sighed, and a troubled expression crossed her face.

"Do not bring yourself to believe that no one cares for you. Believe me, I do not say it idly. I care; and shall think of you, and pray for you, constantly. My children love you, and my husband often speaks of you as a pattern wife. If it be any comfort to you, my dear, believe we all think of you, and would serve you all we can. You must come and see us."

Cary shook her head.

"I should be the last to ask you to do any. thing contrary to your husband's wish; but why is reason given us if we are to blind and cripple it? Obedience might be carried to a sin, surely, in this way. It will be for your good, my dear, that you should come to us, it cannot harm any one: use your own sense and judgment in all things. Be sure it was never meant that duty should be a punishment. We will see each other often; and you will for my sake, for your own health's sake, try and struggle against despair."

"God bless you, ma'am; you have made me feel

better!"

As Mrs. Steyne reached the door, in advance of Mrs. Hinton, she observed a young man, with the air and seeming of a gentleman, pass the house, and quickly disappear among the wild shrubbery which skirted the waste behind the cottage.

It passed rapidly through her mind that on one occasion before she had met the same figure, late in the evening, as she was returning from a walk with

her husband—and close to Hinton's.

She stopped—came back; and, closing the door, she said-

"It is not so late as I thought. May I stay a

little longer?"

"Oh ma'am, and welcome: only if he should

"Never fear for me. I had it in my mind to tell you something, my dear; and as we may not have another opportunity very soon, let me tell

"It is not a long story; but I know such true

histories give us comfort at times.

"It is of a young couple who lived some few

years ago in London.

"The husband had been well educated; he had a great talent and liking for his profession; and it was thought he would succeed extremely well.

" He was the only son of a widow lady, who was so fond of him that she could deny him nothing; and he was enabled to associate with young men very far above his station in life. The consequence was, that, being very easily persuaded, and of the most amiable disposition, he was led into all kinds of dissipation; lent, and gave, and treated, right and left; and, worse than all, neglected forming such connections as would have been beneficial to him in his career.

"His mother died suddenly; and then it was found that, above sufficient to discharge her debts, when all came to be settled, he had but a few

pounds remaining in the world.

"You may think, my dear, what a blow it was to one who had been led to imagine he had every prospect of moving on an equality with his old associates, and that his profession was to be but a

secondary consideration.

" His pride was hurt; he found his hitherto good companions cool all of a sudden. Where he had been the life and soul of a whole fraternity, he now found himself actually rejected. Disgusted with everything, he hastily left London, and travelled down to a little village in the south, where some speculators had lately begun a grand building scheme; something as it is here in Stillhaven. There, the very fact of his being from London soon got him employment; and he, in his pride, rather choosing to astonish them by his unexpected skill, gave them to understand he was a mason: and as such they employed him.

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"But it was not long before his great talent showed itself. A church was just commenced; he saw and pointed out some errors in the design, and, for a wonder, was listened to, and his own proposed alterations accepted. These were found such an improvement, that he began to be looked up to, and soon was set over others who on his first arrival looked down on his youth and inexperience.

"Then in his work he surpassed them all. He loved it. Many a time he has spent half the night labouring at some piece in which he had grown interested. Two of the most beautiful figures in that church are his work.

"Close to the church was a school, belonging to it; or, I should say, to the old one, which had become quite unusable from age. The school was kept at that time by the daughter of the last curate of the old church, who had lived and served there upwards of thirty years, and was buried in the old churchyard

"Well, I suppose that the young man found the company of the young schoolmistress more agreeable than that of the other villagers; and she, who had not many friends, was pleased with his preference; however, they became acquainted, and soon got quite friends, and were a great deal together; and at last they found they had got so accustomed to each other that they really did not know how to part, and so they were married.

"I do believe, my dear, there never was a happier couple than these two, during that first year of their marriage. She kept on her school, for she would not give it up while they stayed in the neighbourhood. He had profitable employment, and they lived in a beautiful little cottage, just outside the village.

"For nearly two years they lived so pleasantly: they had one child, and all went on smoothly and happily. But after awhile his employment ceased; the building mania had gone off; and as he had long fancied he should be able to do much better in London, and his wife could not differ from him in any one thing, to London they went.

"It was some time after they came to London before he obtained employment, and the wife did all she could, by giving lessons in music and drawing, and was successful in getting engagements, though at a very low rate.

"At last the husband was obliged to content himself with such work as he could obtain; far below what he had hoped and tried for.

"Still, between them, they managed very well, and were very happy. Their world was in each other's society, and the little London home seemed

a paradise; and the husband was never tired of decorating and improving it.

"But, after awhile, he began to grow dissatisfied with the station he occupied; and one can hardly wonder, when he had been accustomed to expect something so different, and his capability was so far above his employment.

"Whilst he was in this mind he chanced to fall in with some of his former associates, and through them he hoped to get introduced to a higher position.

"He spent a great deal of time in their company, and present work was neglected in running after the new fancy.

"Little by little all the savings went; the hopes they had raised deserted them, and he began to despair. A young wife sees only with her husband's eyes, and for a long while she could find no wrong; till by degrees she became convinced of the sad truth that her husband had fallen into habits of drinking.

"He got more careless; even her grief, which she could not conceal, seemed to drive him on. At times he would repent, and be all affection and kindness; but the slightest temptation led him

away again, and all went wrong.

"I will not make you unhappy by relating all the trials and privations these poor things went through. Your griefs are great, my dear: but fancy what hers must have been, in a strange city, with a little child; having to labour almost night and day to keep life and soul together; and in it all to maintain a patient temper and a hopeful spirit; to pray constantly against despair and temptation, and for strength to do her duty.

"Another poor babe was born, but did not live long; and in this season of sickness her husband became himself again, and was kind and watchful: but work was not to be had—the poor little home was stripped and turned into a wilderness.

"As soon as she was able, she got such employment as she could attend to at home; and though it was poorly paid, yet, with what her husband did, from time to time, they managed to struggle on for a long weary while; and in it all, one great comfort she had,—that he never, upon any single occasion, used harshness or violence to her—never even gave her a hasty word: while she had mercifully strength granted to her patiently to bear all, and to hope on, without reproaches or repining.

"And she was rewarded, my dear; when after this long dark trial came a season of light. A gentleman, who had known the young man's father, met him in the most casual way, and interested himself in him. He gave him work—not mere hand-work, but such as the poor fellow had longed for, for many a day.

"From that time things began to mend. Finding himself appreciated, the young man's self-respect returned; and while a man has that he will not go far wrong I believe. That is why I think it is so much the duty of every wife to do all she can to keep alive self-respect in a husband, and not by taunts and abuse to destroy it.

"Of himself he at once cast off all the old care-

less life he had been living. He blessed his wife, and thanked her for her forbearance and patience with him. But for it, he said, he knew he must have long ago put an end to his existence, in a fit of despair.

"Since then, all has gone well with them; and, though he is not perhaps in the position his talents and education should procure for him, they are comfortable and happy."

"Ah, you are very very good, ma'am—so much better than me, ma'am! It's yourself you've been telling me about I'm sure. I never thought you

had suffered so."

"I have never breathed a word of this before to anyone, my dear; neither should I to you, but that I hope it may be of service to you, and show you how it is possible to bear and hope even in the darkest hour; and how in trials, even such as yours, there is often a bright future in store. I know all the aching of your heart and the sinking of your soul, day after day, and night after night; I have felt and understand it all; but, my dear, of one thing I am certain,-if you will but look, and ask, for strength from Him who sends you trial, He will not forget you. Oh, dear Mrs. Hinton, it is indeed so! You will find comfort and consolation coming from where you may least expect it: you will find new hope and life given you. Forgive me, my dear, for speaking so : but I am old enough in experience, and almost in years, to be your mother; and I am so sorry for you."

"Oh, if I had such a mother!" cried poor Cary; leaning her head upon the shoulder of the kind

"Now, my dear, you will think of what I have told you; you will struggle against despair, which is like death to every better feeling; and remember that all you suffer your friend has borne for many a weary year."

"No! no! you had your little children-you had them to love you!" cried the girl, her tears

falling afresh, as the other rose to go.

She made no answer, but pressed the hand of the desolate girl, kissed her bowed head, and went out. She lingered a few moments in the garden, and then walked slowly in the direction of Birdiethorn.

The young wife sat with her head upon her hand, thinking; the tears still wet upon her cheeks, and glistening on her eyelashes. Presently, with a sigh; "Oh!"—said she, half aloud—" she is better than I shall ever be! I should break my heart before half the time was past!"

Then she slowly approached the fireplace, and, kneeling, she collected two or three scattered fragments of paper, and laid them in the palm of her

"Yes," she said, pondering, as again she made out the fragmentary morsels of a letter she had that morning destroyed indignantly-" he loves me, even altered and ill and miserable as I am. What can he find to love in me?-a poor girland he that has such high, grand ladies to choose among! Only my love he asks. Ah! I could never love anybody again, in all the world, as I

loved Tom-Poor Tom!-Ah, he would grieve then !- He says he does not care for me; but he must care-Tom must, a little-see how I nursed him, and worked hard, all the while when he was ill—he can't but love me, surely!"

Again the tears were falling.

"He says his life depends on me-he must love me so much—he's remembered me all this while when he was abroad and all—I oughtn't to make him unhappy, and he does seem so miserable. It is seeing me unhappy, he says—he only wants to see me comfortable; and he is the only one that cares for me in all the world. She said she didah! but she has her husband, and her childrenshe can't tell how bad it is to have not a soul—to lay one's poor head upon their shoulder and to put their arms about one-O Tom! Tom! why couldn't you love me?—why wouldn't you let me love you! I did love you so; I did!—Poor Tom! what would he do?—would he care much?—nobody else would -no one would fret for me. But who'd take care of him?—my husband!—and what would they call me?—what would I be?—oh, no! no! no!"

She started to her feet; tore the paper into smaller particles, and, picking them all up, with the faded flowers, she carried them to the back-door,

and flung them out upon the waste.

Then, without allowing herself a moment for thought, she bustled about the room, clearing away all signs of disorder, and arranging all once more

with wonted neatness.

She could not keep back the tears as she picked up the trampled cake, the cruel rejection of her poor peace-offering. But she dried them quickly, and bustled on, trying to be very brave, and thinking, with all her might, of good Mrs. Steyne's little history.

Her little companion in the cage, seeing her so active, began to twitter his approbation, and, in a few bars, rose to such a strain of encouragement, that his mistress could not but feel cheered at it,

and approached him.

"Sweet!" she cried to him, "I have neglected you this day, too, as I never did before. Sweet!"

The little creature hopped out upon her hand, whetted his tiny bill upon her lips, and then commenced anew his cheerful song.

"Sweet birdie! you sing better than ever to-

night, you do!"

The door was dashed open violently. Though it was now long past twilight, she knew it could be no other than her liege lord.

"Tom, dear," she said timidly.

"Ay, 'Tom dear;' why the deuce ain't there a light, so a fellow needn't to break his neck coming in? And why-curse me!-why ain't supper ready?"

"It shall be in one minute, dear; but you haven't

had supper the last two or three nights.'

"Well! and is that cause why I'm never to have no more again? What's thee about now?-be sharp, dost hear?"

"Yes, I am coming, Tom."

"I see, it's that cursed bird. Thee's always

ngate o' some foolery or another. — un! I'll wring un's neck!"

"Oh! don't hurt my bird, Tom!" she cried, as

he approached.

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The poor bird, unwilling to leave her finger, had occasioned a slight delay; she had just, with gentle force, returned him to the cage, when the man strode across the room, seized it, and with one twist of his strong fingers flung it fluttering on the floor, the joyous notes of his last song quivering in its throat.

With a shriek Cary flung herself upon the ground, beside her poor expiring favourite, and burst into tears, more violent than any she had

ever before shed.

Still more exasperated, the man, with a furious oath, raised his foot to crush it to atoms; but she caught it up, and with the other hand pushed him from her—he reeled and fell. The next instant he was upon his feet.

"—thee! thee shall pay for that! And, with more fearful oaths than I care to set down, the husband rushed upon his wife, and grasped her, with

his huge hands, about the throat.

Her cries died away in a faint gurgle, as he dragged her to her feet—still holding to her bosom the poor soft handful of what had been so long her

only companion.

Almost as he seized her, the door was literally burst open, and a grasp—for the moment, stronger even than his—unclenched his cruel hold, and tore her from him; while a blow between the eyes sent him reeling across the room till he dropped in a corner.

Bruised and bleeding from that pitiless hand, fainting with horror and fear, the girl clung to the newcomer—and gasped—

"Take me away !--oh, take me away !"

Even as the words passed her lips, she was carried from the house, and the door of her home had closed after her for ever.

When Hinton struggled to his feet, and rushed into the road, he heard nothing but the sound of a horse's hoofs flying along the road to Stillhaven.

Ay, virtuous village maids and matrons. Here be matter truly for shaking of heads and raising of eves.

Softly, dear Mrs. Darby, she did not know the

magic consolation of the bottle.

Good Mrs. Crump—she had not studied that golden rule whereby thou hast so thoroughly subjugated thy lawful liege, that he dare not even venture rashly to surmise to whom his own soul appertaineth.

Ay, lash with your heaviest thongs of reproach this backslider! Lose not one of the choice epithets she merits! Let all the world learn your purity and superiority to temptation. Spare her not! if Virtue be not terrible to Vice, who knows but Vice might learn to love it! No pity for such an offender!—truly she said none would weep for her.

But stay!—One does weep for her: yes, and bitterly reproaches herself she had not said more to

warn and strengthen her; reproaches herself for leaving her alone that night; and prays for her, and would so joyfully fold her to her motherly heart, even now.

And is it you, Harriet Steyne!—you whose whole life has acted out those better things you did talk of but now—is it you who, alone of all, sym-

pathize with the sinner!

Scatter the rose-leaves wide as you may, they will not suffice to cover the thorns which strew the path she has chosen.

CHAPTER VII.

A START IN LIFE.

"Yet ah! why should they know their fate, Since sorrow never comes too late, And happiness too quickly flies, Thought would destroy their Paradise. No more—where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise!"

GRAY'S Eton College.

It was a pretty group the setting sun shone upon one evening in a mossy dell hard by old Piert's Rest. Of course, had it been otherwise, the sunbeams would have lingered just as long among the bolls of the old trees; yet one could not but fancy they took a pleasure in gilding the fair hair of the little child laid to sleep upon the bed of jackets, and that it ungrudgingly lent a part of its glory to make bright the landscape to the eyes of the two tired boys who lay stretched upon the grass beside her, and the little store of treasures over which one sleeping hand still kept guard—the plover's eggs, the deserted nest, the corn and poppies, gathered in the day's ramble.

The lads were talking in a subdued tone, waiting till the awakening of their little charge should per-

mit them to return.

"You wouldn't say so, if you was me, though," said the elder; "You dunno' what it is to be like me! I've no peace of my life at home, and I shan't stop, I've made up my mind. See, I'm no better dressed than a beggar-boy. Father gives her enough of money, but it all goes so.——"

He put his hand to his mouth, tossing back his

head to imitate the act of drinking.

"Yes, I shall go to sea; I shall be all right there; and when I'm gone, they won't be having words about me, that's a comfort!"

"I'm sorry you're going, Will. I like you best

of any in the village.

"We've been good friends, Phil, haven't we? Though we did fight at first. We shan't fight again, eh?"

" No, Will !" (There was a pause) Pre-

sently.

"Suppose—only suppose, you know—that I was to come back in a many years, with lots of money, from India, or America, and you was a man, and Rose was a young lady, and suppose—if she didn't mind—she was to be my wife, and we was all to live together with your mother; and that my mother was dead—eh, Phil?"

"Yes: but what makes you go to sea instead of

anything else?"

"Why what else is there a man can do? See in the towns there, where they go to the warehouses and the mills, what a wretched life it is. Look at Dick Morse, a fine chap as he was, when his uncle took him to his mill at Bolton, and see now-why you wouldn't think he was half my age, to look at him, so thin and little; and he's two years older than me. Oh! I like the free air and the sky, I do, Phil, and the sunshine: I couldn't breathe shut up in a shop! Ah! when I used to go out fishing with grandfather in his big boat!—that was fine! Ah, Phil, if I'd known you then!"

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he's dead, poor fellow! He died just before mother; he was her father, and his was the last boat as fished hereabouts at all. A man at Liverpool bought it; and I mean to buy it again, as soon as I've got money enough. Grandfather could remember the smugglers; and he used to tell me about Piert and his man. It was him told me about the lady as was murdered at Birdiethorn; and about the groaning-

"Hush!"—said Philip, raising his hand—"Rose

is waking."

With a toss of her arm, and a sigh ending in a laugh, the little fairy awoke, and sat up; rubbed her two eyes, looked at her two guardians, and laughed again.

"I fought I was in bed, my Phil," she said, as

he came to her side.

"Well, so you was in a bed, I think," he replied, lifting her to her feet, and taking up the friendly jackets, &c., while Rose gathered her treasures;

and all prepared to start.

Here a little difficulty occurred. Rose's foot was asleep, and Will volunteered to carry her, but the child peremptorily refused. Then, her brother most willingly accepting the office, the collected curiosities must perforce be consigned to his companion, who gladly took charge of them, and carried them tenderly; while little Rose watched him, over her brother's shoulder, with jealous anxiety, and availed herself of the first opportunity to take to her feet and some part of her riches again.

At the gate of Birdiethorn, Will Darby left them; with a heartier good-bye and shake of the hand than boys are wont to part with: and even little Rose, for a wonder, gave him her hand, though with a hasty gesture. She was within the house when the lad turned his head at the top of the

lane, and took a last look at the cottage.

"I wonder if I shall ever see them again?" he

half said, half thought to himself.

"Mother!" said Philip, as he sat by her side that evening, when little Rose had danced and played herself to sleep and to bed, "mother, what do you think? Will Darby says that once a great smuggler lived here, and he had a cave in the rock, where he used to hide up heaps and heaps of things, and once he took a ship with a beautiful lady in it; and everybody was killed but the lady, and he brought her here; and took away her beautiful if we cannot persuade him to do better."

chains and gold things; and then he shut her up, and starved her, and she pined away, and moaned. and cried; and at last she was almost dead, and they brought her out on the rock, and she saw the dead body of her husband that the sea had washed up, and she got away from them and threw herself into the water, and they got her out, and then they fought; and one of them stabbed her, and threw her into the sea, and she was drowned; but she was thrown up again by the waves, mother, and laid in among those bramblethorns; and there she was for a long while dead: till the winds and the waves washed her away: and her white clothes and her long hair were left sticking in the thorns; oh! for a long long while—and -wasn't it horrid, mother?"

"If it were true; but I do not think it is."

"Will says his grandfather told him: and this was called something else, mother; I forget—not Birdiethorn."

"Oh, my dear, your own sense may tell you the reason of that name; it could hardly have a better. Hark at them now, Philip; pretty creatures!"

"Yes, mother; but he says that when there is going to be anybody die here, there is always a moaning in the cave somewhere under here; and people say it's the lady-"

"I thought you said the lady was dead."

"Yes, mother."

"Then how could she moan, or make any other sound? Use your own sense, my boy, and pray do not listen to any of these foolish stories. I hope you will not let your little sister hear anything so absurd: she is so young: it might frighten a baby, indeed."

Philip coloured; he was conscious of not having felt very comfortable in his own mind. "No,

mother; I would not let Rosey hear it."

"And the less you talk to a boy who tells such tales the better. Our sweet quiet home, does it seem as if anything dreadful had ever happened here, Philip?"

"No, mother; but Will Darby did not mean to do wrong; and he'll not tell me any more tales, for

he's going to sea."

"Going to sea!"

"Yes, mother; he is so miserable at home, he can't stay any longer."

"Indeed! And what does his mother say?" "Oh, it's all through her! She is not his own mother, and she is unkind to him; and all the money his father gives for clothes, she spends in drink mother—in drink!"

The earnest eyes of the boy filled with tears, and his mother sighed as she stroked his head.

"And what does his father say, Philip? I think

he is a good man."

"Yes, mother, and Will is fond of him; but she tells such things of him-I think Will does not mean to let his father know."

"Oh! I am indeed sorry to hear that. Philip, when you meet Will Darby again ask him to come in with you to his tea; we will talk to him, and see "Thank you, mother! I like Will, he is so good to Rose—to-morrow, mother?"

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Away ran Philip, glad indeed to think he had interested one so all-powerful in his friend's behalf. Will had not enjoined him to secrecy; and it came so natural to tell mother everything. "How glad," thought he, "Will will be to have his tea with mother and Rose to-morrow!"

"To-morrow—shall I reach Liverpool to-morrow I wonder, if I walk all night?" said Will Darby to himself, as he trudged along the by-paths and

field-roads he knew so well; while

The stars came forth to listen To the music of the sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "GOOD SHIP'S" FREIGHT.

"Of dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes."

Scott.

Mr. Thom was a right up-and-down man, without much consideration or beating about the bush in him; he was a man, too, of hasty feelings and sharp conclusions—or he would not have taken the course he did with one who, as one instant of thought or one grain of discrimination would have told him,

required a treatment the very opposite.

In the mood in which Steyne remained after his interview with Crichton, a little sober reasoning and recalling of facts, a judicious rousing of his sense of honour, and a calm exposition of the side on which his own interest lay, would most probably have effectually turned the scale; but he was not prepared for the sudden and almost defiant challenge which greeted him a few days after, when, if his mind were not actually made up, the balance decidedly inclined for the right side; since he had avoided Crichton from that evening, in spite of his promise to let him know his determination; and that he had not given the publican a decided negative may be ascribed to his fear of being dissuaded from what he had resolved upon.

With this consciousness of his own good intentions, and by no means insufficient sense of the meritoriousness of his resolve, it certainly was hard to be taxed with desertion, with underhand proceedings, double dealing, and the like. But the warm-hearted, hot-headed Welshman, having got his own steam up, and being fully aware of the evanescent nature of the commodity, made the most of it; and, meeting with no interruption, thoroughly exhausted the supply. Unaccustomed as he was to any very remarkable results of such efforts, he might rather have congratulated himself upon the effect visible in this case; when, having concluded a very voluble harangue with the rather ineffective words-"The idea, sir!" he became aware that Steyne had quitted his work, packed his tools together, and, in fact, was apparently waiting only for the peroration, to leave his presence.

"And now you've done, sir, I'd be glad to know who told you such a lie, as that I thought of leaving the buildings at all?"

"Lie! why it's no lie,-you are going."

"I should think I was, sir! If there was never a stroke to be got in the place, it's queer to me if I stopped here after all you've said. But I had no more thought, Mr. Thom, of leaving you this morning as I came here, than I have of dying this moment. I'm very glad, sir, you can get as good men any day; and I'm sorry you think I'm ungrateful to your brother, who certainly has been kind to me; but I hope he'll not think so. And as for Crichton, if he is 'a scamp,' why I expect his money's as good as another man's; and I suppose he thinks I'm worth it, or he wouldn't offer it."

If Mr. Thom was hasty, George was vain; if the employer was impetuous, the workman was obstinate; his vanity had been hurt, his obstinacy aroused; and he had been too lately flattered and sued to for the wound to be light. At that moment, if he had been offered double the money to stay, he would have refused. Steyne was not a passionate man, and could the less pardon or understand it in another: Mr. Thom could not appreciate the coolness, so took it as a sign that the whole affair

was preconcerted.

"You meant to go, sir, that's plain; it's all true

enough;" said the gentleman, warming again.
"Before I do go, I shall be glad if you'll let me have the name of the man who told you so," said George, quietly.

"Oh, it's known well enough; they all know it!

Hinton told me."

George walked away, made his own inquiries, and found, as he expected, that no one had even heard of it; and all were taken by surprise as much as he had been: so with Hinton the mischief had originated.

He left the buildings, where he had spent a good many pleasant hours—the pleasantest almost a man can know; certainly the most satisfactory—at work in which he delighted, and of which he was,

perhaps excusably, proud.

And now what should he do?—He could ill bear to think how vexed Harriet would be, when she heard what had happened: and yet she must know it sooner or later. Well, at least he would get other work first:—he knew what she would say though—want him to make it up with Thom again, and that he would not; so the best way would be to make sure of the new work, and there would be an end of it.

His step was very slow, as he took the road which led from the new town to Crichton's "Good

Ship,"-he did not feel right at all.

"The fact is," said George to himself, "I've got into a mess; I wish to Heaven I'd told him no, at once:—and that confounded fellow, Hinton, to do me such a bad turn! What business had Crichton to tell him so, when I had given him no answer?"

There were not many at the "Good Ship;" it was the quiet time; and the landlord was gone up to the "Bluebottle" to look after the interests of that thriving establishment. George had nothing better to do than to wait for him; and, waiting for him, he must of course order something. But he cared so little for it that it stood before him almost untasted; while he went over in his mind the stormy interview of the morning, and thought what he would say to Hinton, and almost resolving to give them all the lie, by not working for Crichton at all, and leaving Birdiethorn and Stillhaven at

"I'd do that if it wasn't for vexing her," he said, half to himself, as he looked up and down the columns of the London paper, without even

seeing the letters.

"Well, Mr. Steyne!" cried a voice, entering the tap-room; "so you're here; and I'm glad to see you, though you've been rather long about your answer too;" and he shook hands with Steyne.

"It seems you'd got my answer before I knew it myself, Mr. Crichton," said George. "There has been a piece of work between Thom and myself over it. You told Hinton that I was going to leave their work for yours; and he told Thom, who thought it

sly in me, and told me so."

"I told Hinton nothing of the sort. He came to me—the same day, I believe it was—wanting to be taken on at mine, to be quit of the buildings; and I told him as I had given you the offer I must leave all to you. Nothing more decided was said."

"O, that was it! Then I shall know what to say to him!"

"Well, well; so you've left them! Don't drink that: come in here; and, while we talk over busi-

ness, you will take a glass with me."

He opened the door of the small parlour where they had sat before; the window was open, and Steyne hastily closed it, though it was very warm. Crichton having poured back the remains of the liquor Steyne had left, into its original emporium, now entered with a bottle and glasses in his

It must have been an extraordinary occasion which spirited such a bottle from Mr. Crichton's stores; certainly not for his own table would he have drawn that sacred cork, which bottled down the representation of so many of his pleasant chinking idols. But, like many another of his class and shire, Richard Crichton was not niggardly in his hospitality. It seems really as if in the mere sight and touch of the beloved fetish lies the charm. The man who will press and almost bore you with the hospitalities of his board to-day, would most expressively "look at" you, if upon 'Change to-morrow you asked the loan of a sovereign.

He set George the example, and urged him to follow. "You know what you are drinking, eh?" he asked-"that is a comfort. Now I doubt you have not tasted the equal to this even of its kind before.

his house! Egad I will be bound you might ask for it at three-fourths of the houses in Liverpool, and wouldn't get it. There are not many with such a cargo as the 'Good Ship!' By the way, Mr. Steyne, you know why I call it the 'Good Ship: a good ship keeps out water you know, and we do our best in that way. It's little water we see here, eh?"

Richard Crichton must have been exhilarated by the wine on the occasion, to venture even upon so

poor a joke.

"So then," he said when their business and the bottle concluded together, "that is settled, and I am to give you "-(naming a sum less by some shillings than he had before offered).

"Yes," said George, carelessly; "but it was

guineas you said."

"Nay, did I? Well, if I did, why I must stick to it; but you will keep all as low as you can?"

"Certainly," said George, with a flush of contempt at the meanness of the man whose service he had now entered upon.

The new work was to be begun next day. Crichton had set his heart upon seeing the new house open for Christmas, and Steyne promised to do his best that it should be.

"There is one thing, Mr. Crichton," George said, as the other was going into the bar: "I don't care for my wife to know of this; you need not let it go about more than you can help, just yet."

"Oh, you have not told her! Well, well, these

women are ---''

"My wife's as good a woman as ever breathed; too good for me maybe," said George abruptly; "but we mayn't agree on every subject."

"I see, I see," said Crichton as he went on to

the bar.

So Steyne was to be builder and architect of "The Crichton." It was a step; a great step for him, who had hitherto always had to look somewhere to one above him.

Yet he felt very dissatisfied and ill at ease. He had done nothing blameable, at least that in another would have been so; circumstances alone made his course objectionable. He was so painfully aware how, by a certain showing, it would look, even to himself; and he knew so well who could set it in that light; it was no wonder he shrank from telling her. It was strange too-he tried to persuade himself, when the pecuniary advantages would be so very much increased—why should she make any difficulty? But there, it was done, and couldn't be undone, and he settled it so; smothered, strangled as it were, that prying intruder, whatever it may be, that will so obtrude itself at times; but he could not bury it. He was trying to lose all cognizance, even of its corpse, in the columns of the Times, when he heard a coarse voice shout-

him! yon's his cap; where be he? Ma word but I'll gie't un, I will so! I'll mark un!"

He threw open the door which led to the taproom. Hinton and half-a-dozen more were there. It is some credit to a man to have such a thing in | Tom had discovered the cap Steyne had left; and, three-parts drunk, was venting his spite by kicking, stamping, and spitting on it.

He did not see Steyne, till the latter said, angrily: "Now then, that's my cap! What's it done that you're serving it that way?"

"Curse thee; I'll serve thy head the same; I'll punse thee's brains out, I will so, if thee comes here!"

"I want to know what you made mischief up at the works for? saying what wasn't true—"

"Whar be my missus? thee —— thief! thee'st best look out if she beant back again. I be sure thee'st lent her a hand to go!" For in the confusion of that night, and his own muddled brains, Tom's impression of the affair had not been of the clearest.

"Seethee, she war well enow till her got thick wi' thee's missis, and wur nearly allus someway agate wi' thy lot. But thee's best tell

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"There, hold your fool's tongue, do!" shouted George, his temper rising, not the less easily, certainly, for the wine he had drunk. "You're just going on like this to hinder me asking you about the lies you told. What did you mean by it? A thrashing would do you good!"

The drunken giant lunged his huge mass upon the speaker, overturning benches and tables. The rest rose, anticipating a row.

He was a formidable opponent, drunk as he was: by sheer weight and size sufficient to crush his adversary, who awaited him very coolly.

True to his Lancashire instinct, he only sought to bear the other to the ground, and finish the business as he in his elegant phraseology had set forth: but George was aware of him, and had no inclination either to part with his brains on so short a notice, or to bandy fisticusts with the man he detested. As he approached, Steyne caught him by the wrists, and with the hold of a vice wrung them round, as he threw the man from him with all his might. He reeled and staggered for some moments, then righted himself with a cry of pain, and rushed upon George; but the fellow's hands were powerless from the grip of the other's fingers, so his more accustomed weapons were put into requisition. He raised his heavy clouted shoe for a tremendous kick; which Steyne avoiding by a quick movement, it fell upon another man, who, smarting under the blow, retaliated; turning, not upon the offender, but upon him whose intended punishment he had received.

"Why doesn't thee tell the man whar his missis be?" roared he, with an oath, seasoned by the intense pain he felt.

Two more voices joined in that cry:-

"Ay, what dost want wi, the wench?—tell the

"What should I know of the man's wife? you fools. And, if I did know, would I tell such a brute as he is?"

The wordy tumult became general, the party was divided; but the majority was against George.

"A London beggar he is, nowt else!" said one,

in those words revealing the true essence of their

The secret consciousness in George's mind, that these very men would some of them be very shortly under his rule, and glad to court his favour, gave him power to restrain his indignation, and the strong wish he felt to return their insolence by blows, from which he had as yet refrained; but at a push, intentional or otherwise, from the last speaker, his fists clenched involuntarily, and the man toppled over a bench, backwards. No more was needed; the liquor, Mr. Crichton's boast, had been circulating freely; the weather was hot; the men, with one or two exceptions, actuated by their instinctive animosity to the London man, and the onslaught was immediate.

Steyne had stood with his back against the door between tap-room and parlour; this was burst open, and in the space he stood facing them, and with a few blows, old reminiscences of his early career, discomfited the first. But what was science against

You'd better cut it, Steyne," said one of the friendly, who had done his best to keep off the more furious.

"Ha! hook it old fellow, out at back!—they're too much for us, and they won't fight fair!"

But, before he could repulse or act upon this advice, the door from the parlour to the yard was opened sharply, a hand dragged Steyne back, and slammed the intermediate door in the face of the foe; as Mr. Crichton stepped in among them:

"I say, gentlemen, for heaven's sake be quiet!—
here's a pretty piece of work—the constable's sent
for—my word some of you will get locked up, and
bring my house into trouble. Now, sit down, sit
down! and do be quiet! Hark at those confounded
women!"

Sure enough, the news had rushed through the bar into the street and village, that there was a fight at the "Good Ship." Boys, women, and babies, had gathered outside, and one or two, on the belief of their husbands being in the affray, had raised an outcry.

The men, in wholesome dread of wives, constables, and stocks, quickly seated themselves, and assumed such an appearance of order as was possible, calling for more drink, which was supplied with almost magical celerity; while Mr. Crichton went out to the constable, and his attendant retinue of boy mob, to appease the disturbed official by the sacrifice of a worthless bar lounger, who, in a fit of maudlin inspiration, was declaiming and ranting about the outer premises. "He was always creating a disturbance, and Mr. Crichton liked to keep his house respectable!" So the poor wretch was led off, alternately weeping and cursing, in the grasp of the constable, to be made an example of; and the next day to return and relate his grievance at the bar of the "Good Ship," provided his good genius should have helped him to some sort of coin; for Richard Crichton ran no score for such as he.

The landlord then returned to the parlour, where he had left Steyne.

"You're not hurt-no; well, that is all right! I am sorry you got into any difference with those fellows; they are a sad lot; but in trade we must not choose. Here is your cap. Will you take anything? No. Well, suppose you pass out this way-it opens on the lane. I shall see you tomorrow." He opened the door as he said these words; Steyne stepped out into the green lane, and-"Faver!"-said a voice, as a child ran and

clasped his knees.

He looked down, and met the smiling face of his little Rose, lifted up for the kiss that never failed to greet her. Her brother stood beside her, a basket on his arm. They had been to the village; and in returning had gone round by the green lane, to avoid the crowd which still hung about the publichouse, a sight which the boy so disliked; and now had chanced upon that of his father slipping out the back way, his usually neat dress stained and disordered, his cap torn, his handsome face flushed, and with an expression which haunted the son's memories of long ago, like a nightmare.

"Yours?" asked the publican.

"Yes," in a low voice.

"Well, I am much obliged to you for stepping in as you did, and helping me to quiet those fellows.

Thank you, Mr. Steyne. Good day."

The earnest eyes of the boy were raised to his father's face, as the publican spoke; but his were turned away. He did not even return the speaker's look of significance; for he knew what Crichton could not-he felt that his boy was as aware of the falsehood as he; and at that moment George would have forfeited all his hopes from the great step in prospect to have been clear of that poor child's gaze.

The door was shut. Carrying Rose upon his arm, with Philip at his side, the father turned into

the fields.

He never spoke a word, not in answer to all the prattle of his baby-girl, who stroked his face and twined her fingers in his tumbled hair, and kissed

his wine-stained lips, all unconsciously.

As for Philip, he walked in silence at his father's side. Heaven alone knows what thoughts were in the boy's mind; how bitterly the knowledge of a father's unworthiness entered it, and refused to be banished. The same idea may have been in the mind of each.

"Will he tell her?"

"Ah! I won't let mother know."

And as if the boy had read his father's thought and answered it; just as they turned into the lane, past the old church, he slid his hand into that of his father's, and, though it was not clasped, he let it lie there.

As they came to the churchyard, they saw Mrs. the road by which he usually returned.

"There's mother!" said Philip. "Shall I run to

her, father, while you go on?"

"Yes, do, Philip;" and he let the boy's hand go. "I am tired, and will have a wash before ten."

If the lad's feet were not quite so quick as usual, he went up to her with a merry smile.

" Father is tired, mother, and has gone on to have a wash. I've got all you told me. I'll put your work in the basket, too, shall I?"

"Yes, my dear. Father did not come home the

usual way, then. Did you meet him?"

"Yes, mother; we came across the fields."

There was nothing unusual in that, as Steyne sometimes accompanied a workman, or Mr. Thom. part of the way to the village, and returned by the pleasantest, though longest, way, across the fields.

The happy mother took her boy's hand, and hastened home, as fast as Philip's little delays with his basket, or some uncommon wayside object, would allow; his mother repeatedly urging him that father

would want his tea.

Little she thought how thankful her husband was for that delay, or that her boy's involuntary deceit

was in his father's behalf.

When they got in, Steyne was sitting, washed and refreshed, in his own place, looking out upon the garden; while little Rose was making strenuous efforts to finish arranging the ten-table before their arrival, and greeted them with loud protestations against any interference in the duties she had assumed.

Philip's first anxious glance was at his father; and his heart was lightened to see how cheerful he looked, and how he greeted his wife, and laughed with her at Rose's original style of table-setting, and tossed the child in his arms. Let us hope the lesson went no further—that the boy did not notice the adroitness with which he evaded his wife's kiss, nor the sprig of rosemary which he kept constantly

chewing, till tea was ready.

It would have been pitiful, to one who knew all, to see the care with which that man avoided his son's look—the anxiety with which the boy strove, in mute language, to re-assure his father; to let him know, as it were, that his secret was safe; which the father so well knew. Pitiful, too, to think that the love which in that child he counted on, to save his mother from a painful knowledge in him—her husband—had not strength to hinder him

"You were so tired, dear, Philip tells me; and you carried that great girl: she is getting too big

to be carried now."

"Es; tarried me all e' way from-"

"All through the fields, Rosey, father did; and you are a weight, that you are !"-put in Philip.

She had taken her old seat upon her father's knee; she had always been his pet and darling, though he was fond of his boy, too; but, whether won by her beauty, by the association with the more prosperous times which her sunny birth had Steyne in her old seat at work, where she could see heralded, and the contrast of that with which poor Philip was connected, certain it was Rose was the favourite.

And, indeed, the boy was not one to win upon those who are taken by outward appearances. As the gossips used to say, Philip was out of sight when beauty was given away. His large dark-grey eyes were the best features in his face; so full of that deep wistful look that one notices so particularly in those of a stag, and in some dogs, (but the simile is not mine; a writer has made a lover observe it of his mistress's eyes, and a beautiful attribute it is). The nose and chin were too firmly developed for one so young, the mouth rather large, and the lips thin, the upper one so short that it rarely closed over the very white teeth within. The privations of his younger days had, perhaps, contributed to the paleness, which now seemed natural to him; and the grave look, and dark circles around his eyes, gave him a general likeness to his mother, though no one of his features resembled hers exactly. But Philip was by no means a dull or melancholy boy; he enjoyed society of his own age, when he could find it suitable; and for fun he was a very treasure to Rose, whom he this evening succeeded in enticing from her established seat, into the garden, where her merry laughter testified to her enjoyment, as she ran to and fro to the window, proclaiming all the wonderful doings of "My Phil.

The mother had seldom felt happier than she did that evening—all her treasures about her—all seeming to promise so fair. After the years of tossing and storm, it was a blessed haven of peace to have found. Her husband too, so appreciated, and estimated as he deserved to be; for it was but the evening before, that, meeting Mr. Thom—to whom she was slightly known, through his brother in London—she had listened delightedly to a long panegyric upon her husband's talent and abilities.

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"I ought not to tell you, I know," she said, smiling, as she repeated, almost word for word, what had been said; "but it is such happiness to hear anyone speak well of you."

Then she noticed that he looked heavy and dull, and prevailed upon him to go and sit in the arbour, where, as the sun had gone down, it would be cool and pleasant. The children were admonished to be quiet, a cushion from the couch was shaken, and carefully arranged for his head to lean against; and she returned to her household affairs, full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations.

She was busy in her dairy, when a shadow passed the window, and, looking up, she saw Crump en-

Mrs. Stevne welcomed him heartily, for he was friendly with her husband. She would have been glad to have improved her acquaintance with the good man's wife, but that Mrs. Crump's own dread, of what she alleged to be Mrs. Steyne's pride, for-

"Have you taken tea, Mr. Crump?"

"Yes," he said; that is as much as he wanted.

"I couldn't help coming, I couldn't—" he went
on: "Where is the master?—is he in? I do feel
so sorry: I wanted to talk to him, and try to get
him to think it over: I do think it's standing in
his own light, I do!"

"What? - what is it? Mr. Crump," Mrs.

Steyne said, in amazement.

"Han't he told you? O dear, I am sorry I spoke, I am! Well, I did think he'd ha' told you,

first thing. Dear, dear, now, I ha' done wrong, I doubt!"

Then, by way of amends, he went on to tell all he knew: that Steyne had left his work at the church, and had, so they said, undertaken to build Master Crichton's new public.

Harriet listened in amazement and sorrow. Less perhaps for the evil step she felt it to be, than for her husband's concealment; which so truly told her that he himself misdoubted what he had done.

Her face must have expressed something of her feelings; for poor Crump hastened to say—"I make no doubt but Master Crichton pays well; he is that chap to get a thing done to his mind: its like he'll pay well."

"Oh, it is not that," Mrs. Steyne said with a sigh—and more to herself than to her visitor.

A voice now called in at the window. It was little Rose hailing the arrival of Mr. Crump, who was a sworn friend and admirer of the merry child.

"Do not say you have told me," murmured Harriet, as he took the hand of her little daughter, and went to find Steyne. "He will rather tell me himself," she added.

A cloud had fallen over all her pleasant fancies, so soon; so trivial a cause it seemed, to dim her happiness: but, alas! she had learned from bitter experience. She knew what temptation and circumstance were to him; how little firmness or principle helped him against them. That cruel truth, which a woman never admits, even to herself, in all its extent—the weakness of him who should have been her strength—had so come home to her: she had suffered so terribly by its results: and of late she had learned so to hope for the future, and forget the past in the sunny present. And here all was black again. That foul blot which made talent, industry, education, so little to avail.

Why had he hidden it from her?—to save her pain, perhaps. But, then, why had he done what he knew, he must know, would be so full of danger to himself?

Philip came in to look for some papers his father wished Mr. Crump to see.

"Mother, does your head ache? You look so pale!"

"Yes, my dear, a little. How is father's head

"I think it's better, mother; he's talking and laughing to Mr. Crump."

So he was laughing, as he listened to the description of poor Mr. Thom's discomfiture, when he aroused to the reality of Steyne's departure; and the impossibility of very quickly supplying his place; and when, getting wroth even with the originator of the report, he dismissed Hinton summarily, for drunkenness.

So that was the cause of his irascibility that evening at the public-house.

"I am sorry—" Crump went on to say—" I don't doubt it'll be nothing lost to me. 'It's an ill wind blows nobody good,' and it's likely I'll be put on a bit, leastways till they get fresh hands. But ah! Mr. Steyne, I'd not care for that, to have

you back. It seems so natural to have you with us; and I'm afeard it's standing in your own light; for Crichton's a hard man, there's a many knows that: and when that place of his is done,—which I'm told it's to be at Christmas, -you see there'll be nothing else; and it's likely by then Mr. Thom will have suited himself."

Steyne knew all this; of course he did; and was not at all pleased to have it put so plain before

"The long and the short of it is, I've struck a bargain, and I'll abide by it," said he.

"Ah! well, if that's it: but you're not offended,

I hope, with me speaking."

"Not I! You're a good fellow, Crump: you should have been a Londoner; upon my life you

"Well, who knows: perhaps I was born there."

"Weren't you born in these parts?"

" No : oh no !"

"I thought not .- Rosey, won't you come and

sing a song for your Mr. Crump?"

Rosey's stock of accomplishments were always at the service of her rough friend: and in a few minutes Harriet, looking out, saw her little daughter twirling and tripping, in her fantastic way; while her delighted audience laughed and admired to her heart's content.

"How gay he seems," thought she; "he has some good reason for what he has done; he will

tell me to-night."

But many nights, and many days, came and went; and the secret, which was none to her, did not pass

his lips.

She seldom walked up the hill to where "Piert' Rest"-Dame Mabberly's ancient hostelry-was undergoing rapid demolition; least of all would she have gone that way now, to "find out" what he thought fit to hide from her. She and the children still went the old way to meet him; and it often cost George a roundabout walk; at other times a lie (so-called white, but black, in fact, as any other), to reconcile his new locality with the pretence of that which he imagined she believed it still to be.

The man who so readily faced a roomful of drunken brawlers-who would have shrunk from no material danger that could have visited himwas a coward with the woman he loved; as gentle and loving a one as ever man took to wife. That terrible false pride which can acknowledge no error -that morbid repugnance to admit even the advice or warning of another; never so wise, never so good or humble-are they not at the root of all moral cowardice?

"Seems so queer to me," as honest Crump said to himself, going home that night. "Now I can't

it comes! and if she blows up, why she do; and its done with and over. She knows the worst, and so do I. Well, there is a difference in people for sure!"

Ay, there is a wonderful difference in the aspect of things as we view them through those mental

spectacles, of each his own. And that difference. is it not chief among the wranglings and jarrings. misapprehensions and repinings, which afflict this mortal state?

Pretty, pettish, childish Cary Deering, now, would have made herself happy enough with George's endearments, and have sought no further; when he returned at night, and put his arm about her, or fondled the children, or worked in the garden, and evaded any remark of his son's about the work he supposed his father still occupied upon; and if she had known the falsehood, she would have, in all probability, taxed him with it, and there have ended; satisfied in his next caress that he loved her.

But here was another, vexed in spirit and ill at ease, because she could not blind herself to an imperfection in the man she loved; to whom, even to let him know she was aware of his unworthiness,

was so painful as to be impossible.

The woman's soul sickened at the mutual deceit, for she felt it to be so; but she did so long for him to tell her of it: she hoped and desired so earnestly that he would yet change his mind, until she found it was too late, and from another source heard the news; and still she could not bear to convey to him the reproach of his want of confidence in her. In old times she had learned to dread this coward habit, and the evils it so generally portended.

Then she would try to reconcile herself to believe he was right—that she was foolishly anxious—that he must have a good reason—anything, in short, to make him all-worthy of her confidence and love; to raise him to a standard to which she might look

up, as is the nature of women to do.

The old, old story.

Alas! that by the power of love—as stirring most deeply the loftier nature—the upright has bent, the true and bright faltered, and faded, and grown dim; stooped all, to become as and of that which it loves and pities, and weeps for; but can never raise, nor teach to see, to walk, to live by its own clear light.

Oh vexed and unsuccessful trial! oh irreconcileable differences of poor human nature: who can

hope to reconcile them?

(To be continued.)

There is no food for soul or body which God has not symbolized. He is light for the eye, sound for the ear, bread for food, wine for weariness, peace for trouble. Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by His smile, "Shall I come in unto thee!" But men open the door and look down, not up, and thus see Him not. So it is that men sigh on, not abide to have any mortal thing on my mind: out knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings are home-sicknesses for heaven; our sighings are for God, just as children that cry themselves asleep away from home, and sob in their slumber, know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them .- Beecher.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF VI .- THE LAUREATE'S DEGREE.

Most of the Examinations were over and done, and staid old Oxford was making ready for its week of carnival. Black and white and grey, with just a gleam of scarlet through the High-street on Sunday, in some straggling Doctor's gown-these are the chosen colours of the Ancient City;though, now, boating-men and cricketers are teaching her new ideas on the subject of dress. But, in Commemoration week, the "subfusk" old grub develops suddenly into the gorgeous butterfly. The grey quiet streets flash into colour; the smooth green sward of the solemn Quads. breaks suddenly into parterres of azure, and scarlet, and violet: sweet silk rustlings and light low laughs make music on the dark staircases, or steal out of the open window in the dim Summer evenings. Where square caps and rusty gowns were tossed into corners, little tempting bonnets, and fairy shawls, and dangerous hats, lurk seducingly: and the long table, usually surrounded by smoking, singing, drinking undergraduates, is illumined with bright eyes, and lit with white hands, and surrounded with a mosaic of colour, for the dusky sameness of its usual garniture.

I called the Queen of English cities a staid old grub,-I meant nothing disrespectful. Nay, I best love her in her grey calm attire, which now she has worn for centuries; unvaried, save by the scarf of scarlet which autumn casts over some grey turret; and all in harmony with the green of the dark cedars and the pale elms, and white poplars, and the soft dim blue of the background of sky. Autumn, I say, gives some favoured turrets their scarlet draping, as for a Doctor's degree; but this soon falls from their shoulders, for the ermine cape of Winter, whose dazzling white makes the grey stone only softer and more mellow. But Oxford, "as such," is quiet and grave and ancient in colour and tone; and if you would really see Oxford, you should avoid Commemoration week. Then Beauty decks Learning "with her own gay attire," and you have not the same idea of that sedate old gentleman, as if you saw him seated calmly at his study desk, in his old threadbare, workaday coat. For those, however, who know the city at other times, there is a charm in the very incongruity of her costume in this week of her blossoming; and the apple-blooms look none the worse, neither, for the grey gnarled stems on which they cluster.

With such sweet daring, so taking in its unconscious innocence, the little graceful creatures move about the room of the Don; and rare manuscripts and parasols, and tiny gloves and ethics, and history and pins, alternate in unwonted neighbourhood. Other logic than Mansel's or Mill's is rife at Oxford now; and "Because it is," is a more thorough clencher than any reasoning of the Schools.

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These unaccustomed visitors straggle out of the Radcliffe; cluster in St. John's Groves; throng Magdalene Walk; group in Christ Church Meadows; and men turn to look as they pass into the Quads., and out of the streets, as on a new and strange importation. They come upon one, in those quiet precincts, with something of the fresh delight of the first blackbird's song at Christmastime; of the first primrose among the grey ashroots; of the scent of the first mown hay when we go out into the air. Deck a solemn, venerable fir-wood with a scattered profusion of camellias, roses, geraniums, and other such unwonted guests, and you would partly image by their charming incongruity the sweet fit-unfitness of Oxford's appearance in Commemoration week

appearance in Commemoration week. On Sunday comes the University Sermon; attended, we trust, not for the sake of the unique appearance of the congregation: - the black crowded galleries; the scarlet thread of Doctors, winding between the dark mass of M.A.'s; and the unusual gleam of silks and cambrics, which, on that Sunday, glow amid the dimness beneath the gallery, or flash on the outskirts of the learned phalanx. The sight, I repeat, is unique; and therefore there is danger lest it be regarded as a sight. Let the Place, the purpose of meeting there; yea, let the thoughts of the Presence scatter such ideas, as we enter the Courts of the King. Magdalene, New College Services—these follow in the list of that Sunday's employment; for let it not be spoken of, I repeat, as a programme of amusements. I know 'tis too often thus lightly regarded; and that crowd that leaves the chapel to throng the Broad Walk, on this "Show Sunday"; (as it is most hatefully called), spends not the quiet summer hours of Sabbath evening calm either becomingly or profitably.

But Monday comes, and the carnival begins. I will not dwell on such of its episodes as are not peculiar to Oxford. I pass by the flower-show in New College Gardens; the concerts at the Colleges; the expeditions to Nuneham, to Woodstock, &c. One word for the Procession of the Boats:—

'Tis sweet summer, I need not repeat; and, sweeter, Summer evening. How the Colleges and Halls pour out their inhabitants! Not now in cap and gown, but divers groups of divers colours. Here a stalwart "Eight" and Cox'n, firm in their long swinging tread, clad in white flannel under their coats, and tipped, as to the head, with azure, cherry colour, dark blue, orange and black, &c., &c. Men look at them sideways as they pass. There go the crew of the head boat, and all have an extra glance for them. Not theirs, to-night, to pull for the bare life to hold their own; -theirs it is, on this occasion, to reap homage from vanquished boats, and applause from vanquishing eyes. Other bands of men in twos and threes, with, here and there, a hasty one, straggle towards Christ Church Meadows. Through the great Quad.-down by Merton-along the Broad Walk-streaming into one line near the river. Other groups there are, of happier men; and the bright gleam of sweeping dresses, and the glad laugh of merry girls, make these groups objects of envy to those

less favoured.

But the time draws on, and we are late. Hark! that burst of music! It is the band on the University Barge,—that gay Barge, lately repainted à la Crystal Palace, and with no bad effect. See, now it is crowded thick as a corn-field; only fairer heads than of the bending wheat move and murmur over that favoured deck. It is covered with lady friends introduced by members. What a gay, glad scene it is! The merry band—the crowding men, wearing their college colours—the crowded barges -the blue river, with sheets of sunlight gleaming on its bends - the Cherwell, coming out from among its shadowing trees to see the merriment -the Eights, with the edging of colour, their long sweep, their monotonous bend and dip, going down to take their respective places—the Torpids following, with something less of style-Dons in cap and gown mingling with the men, and setting off the brighter colours :- truly, all this is one of the fairest sights that those fair girls will see, in all their girlhood!

We cross the river, in a punt,—a punt sown thick with men, and moving slowly with the weight,—we join the long close stream, and pull up at Iffley, to see the crews take their places. Then back again, to see them pass the Barge. An Eight of Harlequins (i.e. members of the Harlequin Cricket Club) excite some amaze among the fair beholders by their Newgate attire, and, at least, particular style of rowing. These will follow in

the wake of the boats.

See! the first boat appears round the "Gut," and comes, with strong, measured sweep of even oars, in sight of the barges. Instantly the band strikes up "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" and the corn-field (or rather flower-field) on the University deck grows tumultuous, as by a sudden breeze. On comes the boat (let us call it Exeter), and the next, and the next, in long procession. Is it not a pretty sight?—the long winding lines

of divers-coloured crews.

The head boat draws up at the University barge, and salutes it, by peaking the oars; -up go all the eight red blades in this case, of course. Some, less skilful, venture only six, or four. But, the head boat moored, the next, showing the pale blue cross and the pale blue cap of Wadham, salutes it with eight pale blue oars. Then Brazenose, black and orange; second Exeter; University, dark blue, with gold cross on the oar-blades and on the breast; and the next; and the next; and after the last Eight, the first Torpid (or head in what may be called the Spring races); and so on, boat after boat, till all are past. No, not all; here come the Harlequins. Curiosity is alive to see these salute; -some boating crews rocked ominously, raising only four oars-what will the Cricketers venture? Less than all they disdain to show: up go the entire eight blades, -and O, horror! (among the fair above), over goes the boat, and nine men are struggling-for their caps-in two

feet of water! The horror soon subsides, however, and laughter takes its place, as the soaked men walk about, some pushing the boat before them; and a shrewd suspicion is rife in some minds that

the upset was not wholly accident.

The boats row to their barges; here is an uproar! A stupid punt has fouled the spick and span Wadham boat, and broken in her nose, and she is filling. The punt proprietor wisely makes for the other shore, and quits his vessel, preferring safety. Time shows his foresight; for, lo, as soon as the crew is extricated, Wadham is in full cry on his track, kindly anxious to give him a share in their own ducking. Let us hope he escapes, and learns more care, from the danger, without the ducking.

How about the Laureate's degree? Well, we are coming to that; but you don't grudge our evening with the boats? If you do, you don't deserve your company; and I wish I had not asked some dozen "merry and wise" men, to a snug little supper with you, in my rooms, to show you that

such may be found in Oxford.

Dear companions, - Hilton; Joy; Barton; Ridgely; Wilson; last, not least, my three brothers, one a visitor, but in college rooms;how our old glad social meetings come, with a bar of sunlight, over life's older, graver days; and naught sung or said at those old meetings, though merry ones, comes across the memory to reproach or to spot. Most of us sons of clergymen, and most of us now bound in a fresh brotherhood-officers in the army of our Master; warring-leaders of that militant array—against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thanks be to our Master if we were protected, in some degree, from their temptations in that often dangerous time; also, for those who, beginning to desert, were lovingly won back into the ranks again.

Now for Wednesday morning and Commemoration day, often described. But I have seized a feature of novelty, in selecting that particular occasion when the great poet of Victoria's reign was to receive honour from, and do honour to, grand old Oxford. Why is it, by the way, that all the great poets, Shelley only excepted (whom we turned out), were Cambridge men? 'Tis a strange hap, since none will contend that the University can make the poet. Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, Coleridge, Tennyson, and more, a long list, swell Cambridge honours. We claim Keble, 'tis true; but his, though the sweetest of robin's songs, cannot, was not meant to, vie with that of the nightingale. He is a star, and a bright one, pure and holy in its light. But I am musing why no one of those great PLANETS rose in an Oxford sky.

Well, we enticed this of which I am writing into that sky, at any rate; and I am to describe

the process.

'Tis near ten of the clock: and the ladies and the dons are already filling their allotted places. A crowd of men are waiting, less favoured, until their gate is opened to their rush. Elbows are poked into chests, and caps broken on heads; and the pro-proctor, with bulldogs, looks through the

bars at the waiting crowd, like a keeper about to feed a troop of leopards, and a little wishing the task well over. The gates open; the stream rushes in; those in hats (visitors) are picked out and stopped by the watchful bulldogs; but, there being plenty of room after the best places have been secured, let in by the propitious "Pro."

Sudden and strange sight to a stranger! Chief, the slope of prudes, dowagers, and "sweet girl graduates," "which half-round" lies "like a rainbow fallen,"-strikes the eye; edged by lawnsleeved bishops, scarlet-robed doctors, and, here and there, a nobleman in gold-figured gown. Out of these rise eminent the snow-headed Vice-Chancellor, and the velvet-sleeved proctors; beneath, in the area closed in by the semicircle, a standing growth, thick as a forest, of masters and of gentleman visitors, darkens the ground; above, like a black gathering of rooks, and more noisy, swarm the undergraduates in their gallery. Not that the Theatre is, as yet, thus plentifully stocked; but I describe it as it is when the tableau is complete.

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An immensity of noise, and here and there a spark, more or less bright, of wit, serves as a kind of tuning up before the concert begins. Of late, this liberty has degenerated into license; and a gathering of gentlemen of the University of Oxford seems to forget that they are not a set of unruly boys in some commercial school, going home for the holidays. But I will not now scold, but give a sample or two of the fun. "Big Ben" (Wadham's [really] respected Warden, though thus goodhumouredly surnamed) hath the office of inspecting the tickets, and handing up the ladies;—happy man! But if there seem at any time a demur as to the admission of any pleading suppliant, especially if the face or form seemed pretty,-any doubt as to the ticket or its capabilities,—terrible and harassing, and amusing enough (ere it had become stale), was the storm of "Bens" and "Let her in, Bens," hurled at the Warden's head; changing, when he had relented, into "For shame, Ben!" "Don't squeeze her hand, Ben!" "Oh, Ben, what would LYDIA say?" (the honoured Lady of the Warden; sitting close at hand, be it noted, all the while.) Though I use names, I here remark the occasion is as public as the magazine, and I intrude not into private life. We all know, have heard, or read, how ladies, with bonnets of each colour, and hair of any colour, and no hair at all; married, unmarried, going to be married; light, dark; twenty, fifty; are vehemently cheered; how the old and new proctors, the Times, the Premier, are cheered and hissed; how Lord John, Bright, Cobden, &c., are always hissed; and the Bishop of Oxford, Cambridge, the University Eight and Eleven, always cheered.

But the proceedings begin; the Vice-Chancellor strives vainly for a hearing; and many speeches, &c., of late years, are smothered with ungentlemanly and unseemly disturbance. I am one of themselves still, I feel, and not crabbed and old;

Fair hardly a suitable model for the imitation of a meeting of united Oxford.

But presently the black crowded growth in the area of the Theatre is swayed and moved; and a narrow stream divides it. The Theatre is, in a moment, stunned with the tremendous cheer-for 'tis one - that forms the national outlet for the pent love, admiration, and excitement of the mighty English heart. That thin stream was the procession of the elected for the Honorary Degree—and

amongst them is TENNYSON!

Mighty poet; blameless man; chaplet after chaplet hath been showered upon thy brow; first in scattered garlands, and then by handsful; till the stage has stood yards deep in them ;-yet, though praise and honour, thoroughly won, be now thy everyday and obsequious vassals, did not that mighty burst of deep applause, from the flower of England's youth, stir your heart, veteran in its triumphs, with the glow of a new ovation? Peal after peal they came, those English cheers, till the rafters of the Sheldonian shrank in the unaccustomed volley: all owed you a debt for the whole, and many for some special, of your poems; and it seemed, somehow, a safety-valve to the felt impossibility of payment; that pouring volley after volley, quick and hot, and altogether, of downright, thorough, broadsides from the heart. And, in a moment's lull, a deep manly voice calls out, "One cheer more for 'IN MEMORIAM!"' And it was a cheer, that which followed! 'Twas a spark cast in the largest and most explosive barrel of all; -that mention of the Yew-woven Chaplet, made lovely by its intertwisted, though pale,—roses, snowdrops, lilies, -and grey rue; -and fringed rosemary, -"for remembrance!"

Truly, Oxford, that Ancient City, added a Star to her diadem that day! The address on presenting, and the address on receiving, were over; and the newly-accepted D.C.L. advanced, and ascended the steps, and sat down near the Vice-Chancellor. The long dark hair, in somewhat of elf locks; that grand head; the firm mouth; the massive brow: there was TENNYSON, that household name, embodied in the man! Cheer after cheer, each mightier than the last, linked thunder long drawn out, came from the clouds above; for a time proceedings were suspended; dons with speechful silence, ladies with sparkling eyes, and undergraduates with the deep artillery of the human voice, concurred in honouring the LAUREATE. O, it seemed so strange to have before us the source of that stream, that had made vocal with music the silence of so many and so various hearts; and honour seemed too little and applause too light to gift him with, whom yet we burned to honour! The poet seems always merged in his verse; we say "That's Tennyson!" but we mean the poetry; -but here was the man, living, breathing before us! There he stood, Tennyson, the POET's own noble self! Would not the dumb have broken through their dumbness, to do him honour? I think many of us were hoarse enough but I feel that decency, as well as fun, is a thing at the close of the proceedings; one would have worth considering, and the uproar of Donnybrook | felt ashamed to have spoken had one not been so.

It was comical enough, and the humour of the thing taken well, at such a time, and on such an occasion of enjoyment and liberty of speech, to hear, in a pause, a clear voice asking, as though drawn by uncontrollable curiosity, "Mr. Tennyson, did your mother call you early?" "Even the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear to cheer." I mean, even the solemn dons seemed amused; not less so, when, during the Latin Essay or Poem, I forget which; the speaker pausing—with his hand extended towards a corner of the theatre—at the question, "Ubi Roma?" was unexpectedly answered by a voice above, "Not there, not there, my Child!"

I will not be tiresome, nor lengthen out the narrative further, by a description of the essays and poems, and their recital. These have been often described, and are not new; and "leaves," even were they gold-leaf, must not be beaten out too far, lest what they should gain in extent they should lose in value. And after Tennyson we will not drag a lesser luminary on to the boards, but drop the curtain as the "well-graced actor leaves the

stage."

"Leaves," old Oxford leaves, are ye withered now, and sere? As ye fall from my pen, is your old greenness faded, your old verdure gone? Are ye yellow and spotted now with life's Autumn coming on; yea, are ye skeleton leaves, before its Winter has come? Not so; to me the leaves still lie at my feet, though severed from their stems, green and undying, amaranthine! The leaves in Magdalene Walk bud and open; and change and die; and still new ones come and fall; -and so new inmates come into the rooms, and pass away into the world, and are succeeded by others, carrying away new associations, that become old as life bears them on. And so my leaves have fallen, after their three years' joyous waving; but not so may they die, and, at least to me, 'tis dear to walk among them yet, and stir their old rustling with the footfalls of Memory.

Let me hope that, to others, these footfalls may call up some music, if not from the whispering of my fallen "Oxford Leaves," at least from an

echoing among their own.

If so, I shall still take among them my whim-led, meditative saunters; and may a silent band of new, unknown, unseen Oxford friends, group about, and accompany me!

V. I. R.

Ask not what you can do, be not so anxious as to what you may seem to your children, as to what you shall be in the sight of God. And they, using the power God has given them, will soon read in you the lesson of their lives, and long after you have passed away the light of your life shall be their guide through the darkness of the finite world, into the bright light of the infinite heaven.

A HANDFUL of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude is very pleasant now and then; but those beings who always wish and try for it must be strangely constituted; though there are times when people like to be alone; when their minds are fully occupied, or if some great woe hath visited them, solitude is then a blessing. But it was never intended that people should always prefer it. Everything teaches us differently. All things in nature God hath made in pairs. And how pleasant it is to have some one to whom to confide our sorrows or pleasures, to have a loving heart to rejoice or sympathise with us, and to take an interest in our affairs! But what makes this link? What is the reason of this touch of union? as Uhland says in that beautiful piece of his—

"Yet what binds us, friend to friend, But that soul with soul can tend?"

Having pleasures in the same things; for one of the many blessings of life, and to render it happy, is to have love. What would life be to any who felt their existence was not necessary to the happiness of another?—who felt that if they died there was no one in the wide, wide world, who would miss them; and that while they are living there is no one who cares for them? And whose fault is it?—Their own; no one to blame as the cause of it but themselves. Ever living for themselves, seeking their own gratification, never consulting the comforts of others: so they live unloved, and will die unregretted. No gentle hand to tend them on their death-bed, no affectionate one to mourn them, no loving eye to shed a tear over their grave. Oh! in their last hours how they wish for a kind friend to be with them. Would they not recall the past? They then look back with sorrowful hearts, wishing they could exchange the hours of that mournful past, spent in solitude, for companionship, so that now they might reap the benefit: but it is too late; and so they die bemoaning their unnatural love of solitude. Zimmerman says truly,-"Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody." In this beautiful earth it is to be hoped there are few such miserable beings, who have by experience learnt the full meaning of that sorrowword, "alone!" Oh, the depth of woe and wretchedness it contains! For although there are very few, but many false, friends, still in our journey through life, here and there we find a faithful heart, one who will share our pleasures and our disappointments, one whose love will stand firmer when the waters of trouble surround us, and whose love will brighten the waters of joy.

LEILA.

THERE is a small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not a child-like humility at the starting-post.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO WITH HER CRIMINALS?

INFLUENCE OF FREE SOCIETY ON CONVICTS.

In the early times of the colony the free were of two classes, -- the officers of Government, arriving free into the island, and the emancipists, or free by servitude. The first were few in number, and not the best exemplars. The latter, trained under unfortunate circumstances, were not the happiest exponents of moral progress. The convict of the primitive days found himself flung upon the island without sympathy and sympathisers. His regrets were scorned, his fears ridiculed, his aspirations thwarted. Bush influences were then usually for evil rather than good to him. The dark-skinned aborigines that roamed in the forest were not more destitute of faith than he, nor more unfavoured with elevating agencies. The master treated him as a Southern planter would his field hand,—taking no heed to his spiritual nature, but procuring as much work as the law or lash would obtain from the muscular system. He was far from the sweet tones of a Sabbath bell, whose voice of melody so often steals the heart from fleshly lusts, and comes like an echo from the choir of heaven to bid us think upon a better home. No village spire was near his eye, to carry upward thoughts that cling to earth and sin. No messenger brought the good tidings to raise him from his slavery of soul. He beheld the forest tree thrown down by the wind, and left to rot unheeded on the soil. Such seemed to him to be his own sad lot. Some day he would be swept onward by the blast of Fate, and pass unnoticed and unwept. An iron necessity oppressed him, if he thought at all; and not unwillingly would he drown the oppressive care of life in the loud laugh of scorn, the coarse jest of society, the deep draught of alcohol.

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It was otherwise in the latter times of the colony; Government became something else than a turnkey. Angels again passed in and out of prison doors; a sunny ray came into the dungeon; the voice of a higher humanity awoke new emotions within the nature of the errant guilty one. The desert of penal existence was gladdened with the presence of flowers, which here and there rose from the fiery sands of trial, like tripping angels before the sleepers of Bethel. Sweet is the office of that ministering spirit visiting the prisoners. The early governors of Van Diemen's Land were not likely to elevate the moral character of their charge. The blind cannot tell the blind of the green light that floats in the tree, or of the golden landscape painted by the sun in the west. Colonel Arthur, on the contrary, was harsh in discipline, stern in command, but Christian in character; he stayed the course of outward depravity; the concubines became wives, and children found a family home; the terrors of the law restrained acts of violence. If he brought storms into the little island, they were at least followed by a purer atmosphere.

He sought not only to repress vice, but to enforce virtue; not only to punish the guilty, but to elevate the penitent; he co-operated actively with the new chaplain in zeal for outward morality, and aided his efforts to enlighten the ignorant and soften the hardened. Governor Franklin, who impressed the Esquimaux with his benevolence, had a feeling heart for the convict. He who lavished tenderness upon the heathen in the snows of the North was not neglectful of kindness to his countrymen in the gaol of the South. He was governed by the principles of Christianity and his honest desire to follow the Great Exemplar. Sustained in his honest purpose by Lady Franklin, many an exile was gladdened by their common interest in his case. It is gratifying to add that the later governers, as Sir William Denison and Sir H. F. Young, were also anxious to raise the fallen of society. Government could not take the individual, but it could and did act upon the mass. It could restrain injustice, save from some temptation, and encourage worthy efforts; it would adopt wise and even benevolent regulations, though not always secure agents for carrying them into execution; it could express approval of private zeal, and remove barriers in the way of Christian exertion; it could admit the minister to the cell of the prisoner, and the Temperance advocate within the walls of the penitentiary. In this way the negligence, the cruelty the bad examples of early governments could be amended; and we would rather dwell upon the exponents of good than delineate the developments of evil.

As to the effect of general free society upon the convict, we have already spoken of the advantage of good masters to the assigned, and the misery of improper subjection. Some found their lot cast in pleasant places, while others knew but briars and thorns. Those who were thrown into the happy circles of gentle natures realised the calm of a summer eve. It was about 1844 that we made a casual acquaintance with some Canadians, who had been transported for their share in the Rebellion upon the St. Lawrence, and whose bondage had not been so hard as they had imagined it would have been. They were generally regarded as honest, quiet, and industrious men. Many were inclined to sympathise with them, colonial rebels as they were, from a feeling of disloyalty then prevalent against the Briton. Government slaves they were,--separated from home and friends, with no prospect of deliverance for years, if at all,—subject to the caprice and petty tyranny of the meaner officials, and ill-provided with material comforts; but they had been located together in one district, that of Campbeltown, which is spread out upon the map as a robe of beauty, with a fringe of sterile ruggedness around. Here, with a settled population, mostly of convict origin, but in which the leaven of piety had been silently operating as a rising principle, they found their home. They were cared for, smiled at, assisted, and sustained by earnest men; and, instead of falling lower in their human affections, in the extremity of their misfortune, they were soothed in their sorrows, softened in their mortifications, and led by this island Brotherhood to cherish relations with celestial communities.

Among the social ameliorating circumstances, two stand forth the most prominently,-Religion and Temperance. Tasmanian society had become organized; townships had their churches and chapels, the song of revelry was disturbed by the chords of harmony that rose from worship; the bond in service were gathered before the altar of prayer, a better public feeling existed, a sounder public sentiment was cherished, the very mechanism of worship, so to speak, told upon many; the infant prayer was remembered; again did it appear as at the knee of a departed and broken-hearted mother; images of home brought forth the tears of penitence; the hallowing influence of the family revisited the poor creatures, as refreshing rain after a long drought; their ears were opened to that inner voice ever present in the soul, but unheard amidst the din of earthly passions. One who had for years dwelt in the forest with companions in folly, and had become almost crystallized in self-abandonment, spoke of his first visit to a place of worship, and the effect it had upon him: he could think of no better comparison than that of the Prophet's servant, whose eyes were touched to see chariots and horses with the sailing clouds of heaven. If some clergymen in the island viewed their office in the light of a morsel of bread, there were others who, as good shepherds, sought the recovery of the lost flock; they got an entrance to the probation parties, they visited the cell, they conversed at the homestead. Thus they came into association with the convict, to heal the broken-hearted, and to preach deliverance. We are bound, as a Protestant, to acknowledge the zeal of some of the Roman Catholic clergy, and their affectionate interest in the welfare of the prisoner. Lay members of various churches, especially among the Wesleyan body, were not slow in their efforts to reach this class, and added the entreaty of kindness to consistency of example. The influence of one really good man is always greater than that of ten bad ones; and thus it was that in Van Diemen's Land Christian communities arose out transportation materials, and rocks of offence shone forth as living stones in the temple of God.

It was our pleasure some fiteen years ago to visit a remote settlement of the island, quite out of the common route of travellers. The sparse population were employed in the growth of potatoes, the sawing of timber, and the splitting of rails; they were almost wholly prisoner servants of a few persons, who were themselves chiefly expirés; they were utterly bereft of the influences of religion, there being no church or minister within many miles of them. No humanizing or civilizing processes existed for them; they ate and worked; seldom seeing a neighbour, from the remoteness of dwellings and the intricacy of the forest, they lived lives of semi-barbarism. After awhile, two

or three free working men, though of the better class, driven apparently by an ill wind of trouble, went down thither. They raised the altar in the wilderness, and bid others welcome to the sacrifice. Priests, unordained by man, they thus ministered in the sight of heaven. Their forms were simple, and in keeping with the bark shed of their church. The wild sons of the forest were gathered together. novelty brought some, and the love of society brought others; profanity soon gave place to proper language, and men who had only uttered the name of Deity in oaths pronounced it then in prayer. Prisoners of earth became free in heavenly truth: the shackles of spiritual bondage fell from off them, and they stood forth free indeed. One of the most interesting sights we have ever witnessed was an assembly of these rough woodmen and their wives. Such is one illustration of the religious influence of the free upon the life of a convict in Van Diemen's Land.

A word on the influence of Temperance. Two benevolent Quakers, or Friends, James Backhouse and George Washington Walker, visited Hobart Town in 1833. Theirs was a mission of mercy. They came to inquire into the condition of bondage, and they actively exerted themselves for the good of felons. They travelled over the island, and visited its gaols, its stations, its cells. On the same errand of love to the prisoner they went to New South Wales and Norfolk Island; they witnessed the horrors of Macquarie Harbour. By their favour with the Governors they obtained the removal of abuses, and the admission of ameliorating usages, besides stirring up the hearts of the benevolent and pious on behalf of the prisoners. Pitying their sorrows and degradation through strong drink, they formed Temperance Societies in several ports. In progress of truth the old Temperance institution gave way to the total abstinence movement. However blessed elsewhere, it was productive of peculiar advantages in Tasmania. They who groaned in bondage had been mainly clothed in the garb of felon slavery by strong drink. Every effort to raise them, and every struggle for self-emancipation, had been thwarted by the stronger influence of the same potent evil. The removal, therefore, of this barrier to moral progress was the greatest boon to these shackled ones. Thus were they reassured in self-respect, encouraged in renewed attempts at reform, and placed in more favourable positions to listen to a higher appeal. Numbers of ministers of various denominations, observing that Temperance was the most valuable auxiliary to religion, threw in their active sympathy. And thus it came to pass that notwithstanding the awful deluge of Probationism, and all the antagonism of a population more fallen than others, this angel of humanity was felt from one end of the land to the other, filling our churches with worshippers, and converting many dens of discord and desolation into homes of peace and domestic joy.

The grave and yet unresolved social difficulty of

the day is what is to be done with the criminal population, and especially with those emerging into society from prisons, as Ticket-of-Leave men. The recent outbreak at Chatham reveals the spirit of the class, and sends a shudder through the homes of decent people. The surging of partially emancipated crime painfully strikes our ear, as it dashes against the bulwarks of our constitution, and threatens to engulf all that is sacred and precious in society. The Forçats of Paris have been ever the active agents of revolutionary fury; can we help dreading, therefore, the banding of our ticketof-leave outcasts in any moment of political excitement, and contemplate, unmoved, the effect of their combination in any hour of social paralysis? The convict bitterly avenges himself for society's neglect of his interests. We failed to educate and humanize him, and his wolfish nature is now turned against our peace. The non-attractiveness of our conventionalities has engendered in him that magnetic repulsion which has long placed him before the sphere of our sympathies. Laws, customs, and associations were all so unbrotherly, that we cease to wonder at his unfraternal behaviour.

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Almost too late now we turn to the improvement of the under stratum of the community. Some small fraction of the imperial income is at last devoted to the prevention of crime. More than ever now benevolent men and women are devoting time and means to Temperance institutions, Bands of Hope, ragged schools, evening classes, cheap literature, and charitable offerings; but, as yet, little is done to show the poor that society is his friend, to prove that we feel one with his interests, and to demonstrate that we come to him, not to patronise in our superiority, but to fraternise in the honesty of our hearts as children of one common Father. The gulf between the employer and the employed is rather widening than contracting, and we look in vain for that self-sacrificing Curtius that can alone close that yawning chasm. The working class, if increasing in intelligence, is not gathering that moral vigour which will remove apprehension from the politician, and give hope to the breast of the Christian. They are charged, justly or not, with growing alienation from the middle class, and a developed scepticism towards human institutions and divine obligations.

It is, then, not the mere convict of the hulk that disturbs the serenity of the bureau and parlour, but that mass of dissatisfied, wretched, ignorant, and sideling portion of the commonwealth out of whose ranks so many future criminals will arise. While the friends of order regard with complacency the rifles of the Volunteers, and the vast array of an improved constabulary, they cannot be without some sympathy for the victims of circumstances—those self-isolating countrymen of ours. To return among such the tenants of our penitentiaries seems like introducing jets of oxygen into smouldering fires.

Having lived so many years where penal discipline was carried out on a large scale, we have again and again been questioned as to the debated point

of the treatment of British criminals; but our long absence from bome has, to a great degree, incapacitated us from forming a proper judgment about it. Here the labour of such persons might be rendered serviceable to the country, did it not come into collision with honest toil, and make that suffer. It is not right to desolate the hearths of other communities by the transport of crime into their midst. It seems hard, too, to separate a man from ties of country and friends, and render him an exile indeed. On the other hand, to retain the convict is to place him in renewed temptation, and deprive him of a chance of regaining position in society, as well as to expose others, and innocent ones, to his demoralising example. The profitless maintenance of many thousands of criminals is equally hard upon the industrious, honest, and yet struggling members of the commonwealth.

WHEN WILL IT COME?

When will it come? the happy, glorious season,
That poets tell of in their dreaming hours,
The "golden age" of love, and truth, and reason,
Of cloudless skies and never-fading flowers?

When will it come?

The great Millennium, prayed and watched-for long,
When He unto a nobler life shall call men,
And thro' the world shall ring the grand old song
Of "Peace on earth, and good-will unto all men."

When will it come?
When Gold and Self, and grim red-handed Might,—
Those hideous idols that we now adore,—
Shall be dragg'd down from their accurséd height,
And trampled in the dust for evermore.

When will it come?
When glittering Fame, and false Ambition's sheen,
No more shall dazzle with their vain success,
And, stripped of all her tinsel, Vice be seen
In all her real and ghastly nakedness.

When will it come?
When man and wife shall wander hand-in-hand
Through marriage-bowers, unstirr'd by storm or breeze,
And dove-eyed children reverently stand,
To hear a parent's gentle-ton'd decrees.

When will it come?
When all in one grand bond shall be allied,
When we shall cease to prey upon each other,
And the poor slave, his shackles cast aside,
Shall stand erect, "a freeman and a brother."

When will it come?
When cruel wars shall "cease from off the earth,"
And men their spears to pruning-hooks transpose;
When all mankind shall sing His priceless worth,
And the rank desert "blossom as the rose."

When will it come?

I see, methinks, a far-off beacon light,
A dim star in the future's distance burning;
And 'cross the solemn stillness o' the night,
I cry again, with eager, hopeful yearning,
When will it come?

E. C.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A.D. 1648-1680.

To narrate the deeds, and so to perpetuate the memory, of the profligate men and women of former generations, who lived and died in open contempt of human decencies and divine laws, may be the congenial employment of kindred minds, but will not be undertaken by any one who respects himself, and would avoid an injury to the bests interests of society. But where the clouded and tempestuous morning of a life of moral abandonment has been followed by the clear and tranquil evening of a genuine, though late, repentance, there may be found a lesson which the wise will gladly use, not vainly perhaps, to point a moral for the good of others. To this end, therefore, we offer the following sketch of the character and history of one, who, pre-eminently vicious even in a vicious age, was mercifully reclaimed, and who had the good fortune to possess as counsellor and biographer the pious and sensible Dr. Burnet,

afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

How the return of Charles II. to England, and his accession to the throne, could ever have been regarded as "unspeakable mercies," can be understood only by those who have examined the vocabulary of courtly flattery. That these events put a check upon the turbulent tendencies which sprang up amidst the distractions of the Civil War, and which strengthened themselves after the death of the Protector, is very true. They may therefore be called mercies in a negative sense. But on the positive side of the question they were great evils. They inaugurated a state of things, the record of which fills some of the darkest and most humiliating pages of our national history. Our foreign relations assumed a very different character from that which they possessed when Oliver spoke and acted for the nation. Europe had been taught to respect and fear him; it learned to despise his regal successor. But much more serious at home than abroad were the evil results of Charles's character and influence. Where kings lead the fashion in recklessness and vice, they never lack supporters and imitators. Liberty, civil and religious, was voted a bore, which was not merely to be disparaged, but to be strenuously repressed. To be good-natured and easy, witty and profane, to disregard religion, and to laugh at modesty, were passports to royal favour which were seldom ignored. The Court was smitten with a moral gangrene which infected most persons who approached it. It is not to be wondered at, then, if many of the scions of the nobility, entering upon the courtier's life, comparatively uncontaminated in their morals, soon became fascinated by the with increased force; and, stimulated by the habits glaring attractions which surrounded them under of the society in which he moved, carried him such lofty patronage, and indulged in a career of to such lengths of excess, that, as he confessed

Rochester, was born and bred. He was born in April, 1648, at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. His father was Henry, Earl of Rochester, better known as Lord Wilmot, who had played the part of a zealous royalist in the previous reign; and his mother was a daughter of the noble house of the St. Johns of Wiltshire. After receiving preliminary training, under which he displayed both ability and diligence, he entered Wadham College in the twelfth year of his age. While at the university he enjoyed the tutorship of eminently pious and learned men, but came also under the power of those manifold forms of laxity which disgraced the seats of learning after the Restoration. "The humour of that time wrought so much on him that he broke off the course of his studies, to which no means could ever effectually recall him." In his fourteenth year, he was made Master of Arts, and soon after left Oxford to make the customary tour of the continent. He visited France and Italy, and returning thence in 1665, entered upon the life of a courtier. To prove his courage, he went to sea in the winter of that year in the Earl of Sandwich's expedition against the Dutch East-Indian fleet, and displayed great intrepidity in the attack upon Bergen. In the following summer he increased his reputation by the cool valour he showed when in Sir Edward Spragge's ship; who, having occasion to send a message to one of his captains during the heat of furious battle, found a cheerful volunteer in young Wilmot, who performed the hazardous undertaking in a little boat amidst a storm of shot. Of his bravery, however, no further proofs are recorded; indeed it would seem that it had become relaxed, for he was charged with leaving his companions to shift for themselves in streetfights, which, however prudent, was not gallant.

Settling down now, if we may so express it, as an attendant at the Court, the young nobleman entered upon that brief career which has made his name unhappily notorious. His natural and acquired advantages soon won for him a distinguished place in the circles of fashion. Of noble birth, tall and well-made, naturally graceful, and possessing in the most fascinating degree the finished deportment of the day, vivacious in thought, witty in conversation, even learned for a cavalier, and enjoying considerable reputation as a brave man, his society was highly relished and eagerly sought. He was an admired favourite of the king, who made him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber and comptroller of Woodstock Park. But, as in the case of all men, his greatest advantages were his greatest dangers; and, unregulated by virtue or piety, they became the occasions of his fall. The early inclination to intemperance which he had subdued during his travels broke forth again dissipation, which cursed themselves and spread to Burnet, "for five years together he was contamination over others. In this "loose and lewd age" as Burnet calls it, visible effects of it, but his blood was so inand under such influences, John Wilmot, Earl of flamed that he was not, in all that time, cool

enough to be perfectly master of himself." To any one who has reflected upon the demoralizing effect of much indulgence in wine it will excite no surprise to know that Rochester fell into many other courses of folly and vice. Of the ludicrous or offensive details of his actions nothing shall here be said. But it is instructive to observe that the moral depravation which he brought upon himself entailed the felt necessity of endeavouring to disprove the reality and rightfulness of the laws he so habitually transgressed. "He thought our conceptions of God were so low that he had better not think much of Him." Certainly his own conception was low, for he thought God was only "a vast power that wrought everything by the necessity of its nature." To love God would be presumptuous; to worship Him, except by a general celebration in some short hymn, was superfluous; to pray, and to believe in providence and future retribution, were extravagancies, generated and upheld by priestcraft; inspiration, prophecy, and miracle, the leading doctrines of revealed religion, and many of the facts recorded in Scripture, were regarded by him as things beyond the power of belief in a sensible man. Having thus disposed of the personality and moral government of God, and the authority of the Bible, it is easy to understand him when he says that though he talked of morality as a fine thing, yet this was only because he thought it a decent mode of speaking, and because some reputation for it was necessary for his credit and affairs. Thus, cloaking depravity in sophistry, and spurning the restrictions which the wisest and best hail as auxiliaries to virtue and happiness, the deluded man went forward in excess of riot, working all uncleanness with greediness.

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We are not to suppose, however, that Rochester's ingenuity could exempt him altogether from the checks of conscience, and that he could pursue such a mode of life without being sometimes the subject of disturbing reflections. We find him confessing to the Rev. Robert Parsons, his mother's chaplain, to whom he was much indebted in his last illness, and who preached his funeral sermon, that "he had formerly some loose thoughts and slight resolutions of reforming, and designed to be better, because even the present consequences of sin were still pestering him, and were so troublesome and inconvenient to him." On another occasion he told the same person, "In my life before I have had some checks and warnings considerable from within, but still struggled with them, and so wore them off again. The most observable that I remember was this:—one day, at an atheistical meeting at a person of quality's, I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performances received the applause of the whole company; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself :- Good God! that a man who walks upright, who sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator! But, though this was a good beginning towards my conversion,

to find my conscience touched for my sins, yet it went off again."

The time came, however, when that Divine love which plies our sinful world with the remonstrances and promises of mercy found entrance for itself into this man's mind. Affliction opened the door which prosperity and pleasure had shut. Just as Manasseh found in a Babylonian prison the wisdom which he had spurned from his own palace, and "humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him, and He was intreated of him and heard his supplication;" just as the prodigal in the parable "came to himself" when reduced to penury and want, and left unpitied and forlorn by the associates of his former gaieties; so did Rochester find in a severe illness, which befel him in his thirty-first year, powerful practical arguments which exploded the subtleties he had cherished, and which opened his eyes to momentous realities which he could never again ignore.

During this illness, which extended over several months, he enjoyed the religious intercourse and instruction of friendly and pious divines. Besides the attendance of his mother's chaplain he was visited by the minister of the parish, and the bishop of the diocese, all of whom gained his affection and rendered him effectual service. But towards Dr. Burnet he seems to have felt the attraction of especial confidence and esteem. He sent for him, and frankly requested a repetition of the visit. The request was cheerfully complied with, and led to a long, confidential, and invaluable intercourse, a pleasing and instructive record of which has been given to us by the good prelate. Although disease had undermined the strength of Rochester's body, it had not impaired the force and clearness of his mind, and during the first few months the conversations consisted chiefly of the statement and defence of his opinions upon moral and religious subjects by the sufferer, and of sound and convincing counter

arguments on the part of his friend.

In April, 1680, the Earl left London for his residence at Woodstock Park, but soon after suffered a relapse from which there was now no hope that he could ever recover. Burnet at once wrote to him, and received a reply which hinted a desire for him to come into the country, which he gratified in the middle of July, "I cannot easily express the transport he was in when he awoke and saw me by him: he broke out in the tenderest expressions concerning my kindness in coming so far to see such an one, using terms of great abhorrence concerning himself, which I forbear to relate." Speaking of his experience during the last few weeks, he said, that when Mr. Parsons read and expounded to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah " he felt an inward force upon him, which did so enlighten his mind and convince him, that he could resist it no longer; for the words had an authority which did shoot like rays or beams in his mind; so that he was not only convinced by the reasonings he had about it which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually constrain him that he did ever after as firmly believe in his Saviour as if he had seen Him in the clouds. He had made it to be read so often to him that he had got it by heart, and went through a great part of it in discourse with me, with a sort of heavenly pleasure, giving me his reflections on it." His penitence and faith were expressed in such terms, and evidenced by such circumstances, as left the careful bishop no doubt of their genuineness. "He told me what sense he had of his past life; what sad apprehensions for having so offended his Maker and dishonoured his Redeemer; what horrors he had gone through, and how much his mind was turned to call on God and on his crucified Saviour, so that he hoped he should obtain mercy; for he believed he had sincerely repented, and had now a calm in his mind after that storm he had been in for some weeks. He had strong apprehensions and persuasions of his admittance to heaven, of which he spoke once not without some extraordinary emotion. He made me pray often with him, and spoke of his conversion to God as a thing now grown up in him to a settled and calm serenity." He gave instructions for his writings and some of his pictures to be burned. He carefully arranged his affairs, giving strict orders for the payment of all his debts. He expressed goodwill towards all men. He entirely subdued the evil habit of cursing, which had been so strong upon him that he could not speak three minutes, when at all excited, without indulging in it. The sharpest paroxysms were endured with patience, and marked only by the exclamation, "God's holy will be done: I bless Him for all He does to me!" Towards his Countess he exhibited the tenderest affection, and often called for his children, and spoke to them "with a sense and feeling that cannot be expressed in writing." "See," said he on one occasion, "how good God has been to me in giving me so many blessings, and I have carried myself to Him as an ungracious and unthankful dog." The bishop adds, "I had from him some messages, which very well became a dying penitent, to some of his former friends, and a charge to publish anything concerning him that might be a means to reclaim others; praying God that, as his life had done much hurt, so his death might do some good."

Similar testimony to the conversion of this returning wanderer is given by Parsons; who, together with many other interesting details, records a declaration which was signed by the Earl five weeks before his decease, and which we here

transcribe :-

"For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged. That, from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ,

doing the utmost despite to the Holy Spirit of grace. And that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is to warn them, in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny His being, or His providence, or despise His goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever-blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone I, one of the greatest sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness. Amen."

"J. ROCHESTER.

"Declared and signed in the presence of

"ANNE ROCHESTER.) Target 10, 1880."

"ANNE ROCHESTER. June 19, 1680."

On the 26th July, Rochester tranquilly breathed his last, animated by that hope which is full of immortality, and some time after Burnet fulfilled his friend's request by writing a book of which Dr. Johnson says that the critic ought to read it for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety. The sincerity of the writer is thus affirmed: "I have written this account with all the tenderness and caution I could use; and, in whatsoever I may have failed I have been strict in the truth of what I have related, remembering that of Job, "Will ye lie for God?" Religion has strength and evidence enough in itself, and needs no support from lies and made stories. I do not pretend to have given the formal words that he said, though I have done that where I could remember them. But I have written this with the same sincerity that I would have done had I known I had been to die immediately after I had finished it."

We are glad to know that the service to truth which a divine has thus contributed by his pen has been pictorially supplemented by the pencil of an artist. We allude to an admirable painting which we have seen, by Mr. Derby, which represents Rochester giving his injunction to Burnet to endeavour to improve the circumstances of his life and repentence. The subject is chastely treated, free from vulgar tragedy, and cant, and offensive glare. The invalid is propped up on a couch, and is portrayed with all the natural and affecting details of his dying state. His rich hair falls in long curls upon his shoulders; his full eyes and pale sunken cheeks are animated with the ardour of his feelings; while his left hand rests upon one of his friend's, as if to arrest and fix his attention more intensely. The faithful minister,-a goodlooking hearty man in the prime of life, and a strong contrast to the enfeebled Earl,—sits before him at a table with an open Bible, from which he has been reading the peerless parable of the prodigal son. Behind him, and supporting her husband, is the beautiful Countess, who looks down upon him from whom when most worthy of her deep love she must soon part, with feeling strong and yet chastened, which forbids a passionate abandonment to grief, but makes no effort to check the silent tears which gather upon her pallid face. It is a thoughtful and suggestive picture, and one which we should like to see engraved, in order that the lessons which the subject teaches might be more widely known.

BLONDINISM.

Now that M. Blondin's performances at the Crystal Palace are over, we may be excused for making a few remarks upon the incongruity of such a display in a building ostensibly erected for far different purposes than those of a quasi-mountebank show.

We had written thus far, when we saw an announcement in the papers that M. Blondin, since his arrival in England, had realized £30,000; that he had now made himself over to somebody at Kennington; and that he would again appear at the Crystal Palace during the ensuing summer. Now, we do not regret the realization by M. Blondin of his £30,000: the English are good paymasters, and seldom grudge the £. s. d. if they can be thoroughly amused. Looking at the matter from this point of view, it is clear that M. Blondin had a perfect right to make the best terms he could. But then came the question, whether he was not, after all, very much over-paid? His cleverness on the rope is, we admit, something apparently marvellous; but we very much doubt whether half the skill is required in his performance which is commonly

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The skill, of course, consists in keeping on the rope; and the amount of skill required to do so is equally the same whether the rope is one foot from the ground or one hundred. The difference between the two is simply a question of nerve; and seeing, therefore, that the nerve of the audience can never, in the nature of things, equal that of the ropewalker, we should be glad to see these "sensation" performances done away with altogether. cannot M. Blondin perform at a low level, where people could witness his performances with pleasure, without breaking their necks by looking up at him, or being in bodily fear that he would tumble down headlong and break his neck? Thousands of people have been deterred from visiting the Palace, because they felt that they could not endure the sight at the high level; and we hope, therefore, that, as the "sensation" people have now had a long spell, some consideration will be shown in the coming season to the sensitive folks. At all events, M. Blondin might abstain from all exhibitions calculated to harrow the feelings of the spectators. He need not, for example, make a pretence of falling from the rope. It notoriously gives a great shock to the lookers-on, without contributing in a proportionate degree to their faith in the skill of the performer. In any case, therefore, let this portion of the performance be given up.

Returning now to the skill required to remain on the rope, we must again express our opinion that it is much over-estimated by the public. The fact of a number of imitators starting up all of a sudden is, to a great extent, a proof of this. Look again, too, at the ease with which boys will run along a narrow footway and think nothing of it. A short time back the Strand underwent the process of repavement, and during its progress scaffold-poles were placed across the street at the height of about three feet

from the ground. Well, as "boys will be boys," they soon found the element of a good game, and so they extemporized a piece of Blondinism on their own account. The scaffold-pole was soon swarming from end to end with adventurous urchins, each trying to jerk the other off; but, though they were, of course, quite new to the game, not one of them lost his balance sufficiently to cause him to fall off. There were plenty of descents to terra firma, it is true; but in each case the boy, after staggering for a moment or two, still retained sufficient command over himself to enable him to jump off, and, if it had been necessary, could have caught hold of the pole to save himself. The different degrees of skill, too, evinced by these youngsters was really quite amusing. One boy, in particular, was quite a small Blondin in his way. He ran along the pole from one end to the other, turned round, and came back again, perhaps a dozen times in succession, without exhibiting the smallest symptom of stumbling. And yet he had no balance-pole, nor any of the other appliances to which a professional ropewalker has recourse.

The simple truth is that people unconsciously walk in a straight line, if they are in their sober senses, and they thus, practically, walk upon a tight rope. This is, in fact, implied in the biblical description of the opposite state of things-"they reel to and fro," and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' ends. Watch a foot-passenger, and you will find that, unless he is obliged to turn aside to let others pass, he walks as straight as an arrow. But put him to do the same thing with the consciousness that he is expected to do it, and he will become nervous directly. And it is just the power of overcoming this sensitiveness which constitutes the skilled rope-walker. This view of the case is further confirmed by the fact that a new toy has recently been introduced, in imitation of Blondin, and in which the figure slides down, totally unprotected, upon a mere thread, without exhibiting the

stances beyond his own control. Ropes have snapped asunder ere now, and so might his, and in such a case there could be no doubt as to his fate if he he were performing upon the high level. A sudden attack of cramp, too, would be attended with similar disestrous consequences, and incompany

Blondin's real danger lies in accidental circum-

with similar disastrous consequences; and, inasmuch as M. Blondin cannot claim any positive immunity from such contingencies, we must deprecate his placing himself in a position where the smallest

accident would be fatal.

slightest symptom of falling off.

The utter uselessness, too, of such performances is another argument against them. A gaping crowd may be attracted thereby; but it requires the same stamp of mind which would induce its possessor to go and see an unhappy wretch executed at Newgate, to fall in voluntarily and deliberately with the idea of a journey to Sydenham to run the chances of seeing Blondin break his neck.

"A fair day's wage for a fair day's work, is a maxim which does not apply to Blondinism." Tens of thousands of our working population every day of their lives perform feats fully as perilous as anything which M. Blondin has yet undertaken. And they do all this, too, for a few shillings a-week, and are occupied from morning to night; whereas M. Blondin gets an enormous sum for merely exposing himself to risk for an hour or so. Painters, bricklayers, and others are constantly exposed to risk; but all this is taken so much as a matter of course, that it all passes by unheeded by the public. Every now and then we hear of men smashed to pieces by falling from great heights, but a short paragraph in the papers and a coroner's inquest generally finish the matter, and the poor fellow is soon forgotten. Yet these men are engaged in useful occupations, and cannot be dispensed with; and, we do think, therefore, that more heed should be given to those who work usefully, and less to those who work uselessly.

Apropos des bottes we cannot but think that more attention might be given to the protection of workmen in perilous positions against accidents We always shudder on seeing a from falling. painter, for instance, placed upon a ladder at a high level, and liable to fall off from overbalancing himself, or from the jolting of the ladder by the accidental collision of a passer-by. Surely, some contrivance might be hit upon to prevent the enormous danger to which men of this class are exposed. They ought to be placed in a position to be independent of the movements of pedestrians on the pavement. At all events, if ladders must continue to be used, some contrivance might be adopted, such as a broad belt round the waist and attached to the ladder, which would effectually prevent the man from being thrown off his perch.

We have written these remarks in the interest of the working man, and we hope that a consideration of the perils which he undergoes, both on land and sea, will have some tendency to recall the public to more rational amusements than the "sensation" performances of Blondin, Leotard,

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, That looks after the life of poor Jack."

and others.

But, though we are a maritime nation, few of us think of the perils which the sailor encounters in sailing over the mighty deep. We might enumerate scores of other cases; the deplorable accident at the Hartley Colliery being one; but, seeing that the British public have, in this case, contributed far beyond the amount which Blondin is alleged to have made, and that they have not allowed their present rage for "sensation" to overcome their benevolence, we forbear.

THE LAND OF THE SHADOW.

Beating hearts are stilled for ever;
Aching heads lay down to sleep;
Weary feet that toil no longer,
Eyes that never more will weep.

Hands whose earthly work is ended, Voices that lament not now, Sorrow can no longer move them, Spirits of the changeless brow.

She whose love was taken from her, Left alone to journey on; All that ever made life precious,— All she lived for,—dead and gone!

He, on whose head, bending downwards,
Seventy years their snows have cast;
Striven through,—alas! how vainly,—
In the workhouse dead at last!

He whose face was pale with terror, Watching the great billows break; Strove to live with vain endeavour For his wife and children's sake!

On that wall of rock to seaward, Where man's foot has never trod; Drifted, drowning, vainly seeking Help from man, or hope from God.

He, whose energies were wasted In the daily strife for bread; He who, homeless, houseless, friendless, In the city's streets lay dead.

Rest ye! rest ye, broken-hearted; Rest in your eternal sleep; Happy, for the morrow never Bids ye rise again and weep!

S. HAMMOND.

TWILIGHT.

BY VISCOUNT DE MONTGOMERY, Author of "Hours of Sun and Shade."

Lonely I sit upon this autumn twilight,
Watching night's shadow falling silently;
While near me rolls the mighty city's tumult,
Like to the moanings of a troubled sea.

The cheerful firelight smiles upon the pictures
Of many a beauteous face and sunny clime;
Lovingly lingers round my treasured volumes,
The genius mind-wealth of the Kings of Time.

I am not all alone; for Grief and Sorrow,
Twin sister-spirits, reign within my heart,
With sanctifying beauty solemnizing
The feelings that with life's pulsations start.

And thus I muse whilst the dim twilight deepens,
And heaven's bright lamps are lit by angel hands,
While the pale moonbeams glimmer thro' the casement
And steal along the wall in ghostly bands.

How many hearts this night weigh'd down with sorrow-

Crush'd, bleeding with the agony of life—Gaze thro' fast-falling tears on you empyrean,
And pray to be released from earth's sad-strife!

Who keenly feel the sharp thorns of affliction—
Some wish unrealized, some object lost—
With pleading voice call over death's dark ocean
For one who to the other side hath cross'd.

O sobbing voices cease your lamentations!
O breaking hearts cast all your gloom away!
A little while and Life's dream will be over,
And Death will ope the door to endless day.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE WANDERINGS.

ROTHWELL.

Few localities in Northamptonshire are without some especial association, legend, or tradition; many of which are extremely interesting to those students of English history who have made themselves familiar with the details of the fearful struggle which occasioned Charles I. to lose both his crown and his life; for the county afforded the fatal battle-ground on which took place the great and decisive conflict between the King and the rebellious Commons.

The high-road from Naseby to Market Harborough is replete with traditions of the incidents which accompanied the rout of the defeated Royalists, and of their retreat from the field of carnage; especially at Marston Trussell, where a field is still known by the name of the "Slaughter Fold," from the large number of Cavaliers who perished there beneath the keen-flashing swords of the victorious Ironsides; and it frequently occurs that when the plough draws its broad furrows over the stubbly meadows, it reveals to the light of day some mouldering relic of the fierce struggle, such as a broken sword-hilt, a bullet, a buckle, &c.

But Northamptonshire possesses other and more gentle claims on our attention. Its associations are not all of a warlike nature; for it was at Rushton Hall that John Dryden, forsaking the noise and glitter of a dissolute Court, wandered down the lengthened avenues, and formed the framework of his poem, The Hind and Panther, the tone of which was, in all probability, strongly influenced by the poet's knowledge of the unhappy fate of Sir Francis Tresham, the former owner of the Hall, who died-according to popular belief, of poisonin the Tower of London, whither he had been conveyed after his arrest on the grave charge of being one of the principals implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. Two other places—Fotheringay and Peterborough—are for ever indelibly linked with the name of the unfortunate Queen of Scots; while

not only recalls the splendours of the Elizabethan period, but is immortalized in the verse of Moore and Tennyson, by reason of a romantic incident connected with the history of the Burghley family. Althorp, the princely seat of Earl Spencer, with its rich and unique bibliographical treasures; Rockingham Castle, with its numerous reminiscences of the feudal times, when English monarchs held State Councils within its massive walls; Holdenby House, where Charles I. was temporarily confined; Drayton, mentioned by cynical Horace Walpole; Helpstone, the birthplace of Nature's poet—poor John Clare;

ds,

ment

with

"Burghley House, by Stamford town,"

Kirby Hall, where once—

"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him;"

but which has now become a melancholy ruin; Brington, the seat of the Washington family; Weston Favell, where the Rev. James Hervey, author

of the "Meditations" lived and died; and many other places, of greater or lesser note, woo the attention of the author and the artist.

Frequently have we lingered on the broad stone terraces, lounged beneath the ancient gateways, or idled over the spacious lawns belonging to the picturesque and ancient edifices which are to be found in the soft woodland recesses of Northamptonshire; and often would we dream of the time when the glistening helms of the knights shone in the tilt-yard, and the fair features of their smiling dames beamed forth from the castellated walls.

It was on a bright sunny day in July that we entered the little town of Rothwell, (or Rowell, as it is popularly termed); and, after traversing the irregular and winding street forming the main thoroughfare, and which was crowded by large numbers of holiday folks, who had assembled in consequence of the annual fair in course of being held; we found ourselves standing before the timeworn walls of the church of the Holy Trinity. It is doubtful whether a more interesting ecclesiastical structure, of its dimensions, is to be found within the kingdom; for, independent of the traces which it still retains of its former grandeur, and which incontestably prove it to have formerly been one of the most superb and beautiful of our religious edifices, it possesses a special degree of interest, by reason of the fact that, some 150 years since, a charnel house or vault was discovered beneath the entrance to the church; containing, according to some accounts, upwards of 400,000 bones, including about 30,000 skulls; all of which are piled in regular tiers on each side of the vault, which appears to be of somewhat irregular shape. During the annual fair previously alluded to, the vault is freely open to visitors on payment of a small fee, and, availing ourselves of this circumstance, we, after receiving a lighted candle from the sexton in attendance, descended the steps which led to the dismal charnel-house. Our progress was aided in some degree by lighted tapers which were stuck in the slimy walls at frequent intervals;—a not unnecessary precaution, for the passage was extremely dark, and we were nearly stifled by the cold, damp, and musty odour which issued from the vault, which we found to be thronged with gaily-dressed rustics and decent-looking mechanics, who gazed in silence on the remains of mortality which were heaped about them. Many of the skulls were used as candlesticks for the purpose of lighting up the vault, the effect of which was unearthly and impressive in the extreme.

We did not remain long in the charnel-house, but hastened up the narrow and slippery steps that led us into the glorious sunshine, which appeared all the brighter by the contrast it afforded to the scene we had just left. We may, perhaps, be excused for reproducing a few lines, penned by us on the occasion:—

Down to the vault—the gloomy vault—with cautious steps we go, Down to the charnel-house of death, the olden crypt

below.

The air around feels cold and damp, the taper waxeth

While Fancy fills the sombre shade with grisly phantoms grim.

WITHOUT—a laughing crowd surrounds the showman's grinning mimes WITHIN-a pile of fleshless bones tells us of other

WITHOUT—the day is passing fair, the sunlight gems the flowers ;

WITHIN-'midst darkness, skulls, and bones, we sadden'd muse for hours.

Strange problem of the mystic past! Shall Man the curtain lift.

Or shall the swelling sands of Time still o'er the secret

That we may never know to whom these whiten'd

bones belong'd, Or on what field of peace, or strife; in love, or hate they throng'd ?

Swell'd they the Norman's victor ranks? Came they in prow of Dane?

Or raised they high the Saxon's flag across the Northern main ?

Or were they sons of mighty Rome, whose stern and fearless tramp

Oft scared the wolves that ventur'd near the earthwork bounded camp?

Perchance they were of Harold's race, and when he wounded fell

On Hastings' plain, the tidings flew o'er valley, hill and dell,

Till Rothwell's wall-girt town was reach'd, and cries for vengeance rang

High o'er the clash of shields and swords, o'er spears' and bucklers' clang.

But why recount the tale of blood? The Saxons fought in vain,

And blue-eyed maids and matrons pale mourned for their darlings slain; While aged monks, with trembling hands, piled up the

ghastly dead.

For whom no mass was slowly sung, or priestly prayer

But, who can tell, or who can part the Mythic from the

Or from these fleshless, eyeless skulls, the rays of knowledge steal ?

In Learning, Science, Art, and Skill, men daily grow more wise,

Yet still the portals of the past, each Vandal hand

Like us, men lived, and loved, and sung-for baubles fought and died;

Or bowed them down to earthly gods, in ignorance and pride.

Yet why should we their fate regret? They had no hopes above

The Northern Gods, whose spells have flown before the Cross of Love.

The interior of the church would afford ample cope for the imagination of a poet. The now ruined and crumbling walls of the more ancient portions of the sacred edifice have viewed many a peaceful scene of joy and happiness-many a ghastly spectacle of blood and carnage—and many a sight of mourning, terror and despair, as the town passed through its chequered and varied course;

for in ancient times it was a place of considerable importance. When the church was in the zenith of its glory it must have presented a magnificent tableau, as the stately processions of monks, priests, choristers, incense-bearers, crosses, and other accessories of the sacerdotal rites, swept down the lengthened aisles; while silken banners waved from the richly ornamented walls, and the golden rays of the summer sun gleamed through the gorgeouslyhued windows, on the quaint but elaborately sculptured tombs of peerless knights and gentle ladies, or shone with mellowed radiance on the kneeling groups of pious worshippers which thronged around the slender columns of the aisles.

Nothing recalls more forcibly the mutability of human pomp and power, than to behold the present state of the chapel of "Our Ladye of Sorrows," and gaze at the unsightly pole which props up the frail and decaying roof. The north chancel presents many traces of its former beauty, but-"To what base uses may we come at last!"-it is now employed as a receptacle for the parish engine!

The waning light warned us that but scant time remained for examining the early English font, with its sculptured decorations; and the various tombs, brasses, and monuments which yet remain within the building; so, reserving our examination of these for another visit, we strolled forth into the pleasure fair; from the midst of which, like the skeleton at an Egyptian feast, arose the bold massive proportions of a ruined pile, erected, but never completed, by Sir Thomas Tresham, and intended by him as a market-house. Covered with armorial bearings of the various families once connected with that of the Treshams, it stands like a bitter sarcasm on the puny efforts of man to foresee the future.

Rothwell possesses few other objects of interest beyond those usually appertaining to rural towns, but the scenery around is beautiful and picturesque, and the artist might find many places worthy of reproduction on his canvass.

JOHN PLUMMER.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

Every day, nay, every hour, is visibly bringing still nearer that time when completion will crown the labours of those employed upon the Great Exhibition building, which but a few weeks hence is destined to stand forth the great and conspicuous Fact of 1862. Nearly 4,000 men, of every branch of trade, have been hitherto employed upon it, but henceforth not more than 500 will be required. In fact the building is actually finished, and the work of erecting cases, counters, &c., will be at once commenced. To Messrs. Kelk and Lucas is confided the task of unloading the packages as they arrive; and, taking into consideration the choice and delicate nature of some consignments, and the mighty weight and bulk of others no less valuable, it may be supposed that in this duty is included by no means the least responsible portion of the labours connected with this stupendous undertaking. A block of red granite, for

instance, arriving the other day from the Tuileries,

weighed over fifteen tons: the block is most elaborately carved and polished, and was carefully packed in cotton wool for the safety of transit. Yet far heavier are some of the articles expected. Krupp's ingot of cast-steel weighs more than twenty-one tons; and there is a single wrought-iron forging to come, of which the weight is estimated at forty-three tons. Those portions of the floor over which these weights pass will have to be rendered doubly strong by concrete and brickwork foundations. It is wonderful to contemplate how much even yet remains to be done; yet now, at the eleventh hour, no one seems to despair of the due completion of the whole at its appointed day.

Strenuous efforts are still being made to get some improvements effected in the Brompton-road approach to the building. A committee, formed at Kensington for the purpose, has issued a circular inviting subscriptions to compensate the owners and occupiers of certain buildings which need to be removed. The turnpike road commissioners purpose, at their own expense, to widen the Brompton-road, from Knightsbridge Green to the "Bell and Horns" near the Museum. The Kensington vestry undertake to widen the footways. The International Exhibition Commissioners contribute

£500.

The past month has not been great in musical display, the chief novelty being the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace; though we must by no means omit to mention Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, which still continues to attract numbers of gratified audiences. The Gazette Musicale announces that the Darmstadt Opera, in a body, will come to London during the Exhibition, to give performances to which Herren Ander and Nieman (it is said) will contribute. The Manner-gesang of Vienna, too, the same authority tells us, will visit England during the same time, and give several concerts.

Covent Garden Theatre will open this month, under the management of Mr. Gye, and a strongly mustered combination of talent. It is rumoured that Her Majesty's will be opened by Mr. Mapleson, with *Titiens*, *Giuglini*,

Gassier, Belletti, and a corruscation of genius.

At the St. James's Theatre, a piece entitled Friends and Foes, cleverly adapted by Mr. H. Wigan, from a French play by Victorine Laudem, has had a successful run. The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Kean at Drury Lane has proved but a repetition of the triumphs which that gentleman invariably achieves of drawing large houses. A charming little drama, by Westland Marston, founded on one of that writer's charming stories, and originally appearing in this Magazine, entitled The Wife's Portrait, has met with a deserved success. At the Lyceum, the Peep o' Day Boys, and Little Red Riding Hood, have been already played 120 nights successively. Altogether the course of theatrical prosperity would seem to have been little interfered with by events which have tended to depress more or less the various branches of commercial undertaking. Fechter has achieved another marked success, by his representation of the character of Iago.

It is with pleasure we learn that Mr. Millais will contribute at least two of the admirable productions of his facile pencil to the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy. The announcement contained in the prospectus issued by that Society, that the exhibition-rooms are to be opened on certain evenings of the week, will be received with pleasure by no small portion of the

community at large.

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At the Colosseum, the tour of the Prince of Wales in the East has afforded Dr. Bachoffner, the lessee, an excellent subject for a series of dissolving views of the Holy Land. These are from coloured photographs by Mesars. Negretti and Zambra, and are exceedingly fine in execution, as, of course, correct in detail.

M. Auguste Bonheur, brother of the famous Rosa, has a large cattle picture now exhibiting at Mr. Croft's Gallery, in Bond Street. It is entitled "Going to the Fair," and may be hailed rather as an earnest of what the young painter may at some future period achieve, than as being in itself a work of extraordinary merit.

We learn it is not improbable that a large collection of pictures, by some of the most distinguished painters of the modern Italian, Florentine, and Romish schools, will be exhibited in London during the approaching

season.

The inquiries of the London Albert Memorial Committee have elicited a good deal of information relative to the capacity of our granite quarries, for producing a massive obelisk. The Ross of Mull Granite Company say that they have a monolith, nearly ready, seven feet longer than any other in existence: it is 100 feet in length, while that in front of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburgh is but 93 feet. The largest obelisk in the world, said to be that of San Giovanni, at Rome, is 102 feet high, exclusive of its pedestal. The Duke of Argyle has intimated to the Committee his desire of presenting them with the block of granite mentioned above, which is on his property in the Island of Mull, and of which the cost of removing and polishing, merely, will amount to £25,000.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been again delighting numerous audiences, with his inimitable readings, from new selections of his own works. Passages from "David Copperfield" and "Pickwick" form the substance of

these always attractive entertainments.

The custom of admitting the presence of ladies at public dinners has been inaugurated by two notable examples; at the London Tavern, on the occasion of a festival gathering in connection with the Asylum for Idiots, and that of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund Association. We do not hear that any very material detriment to the objects of the societies, or the gatherings in question, were sustained by the innovation; nor, on the other hand, has it been made very obvious what precise advantage was attained by those members of the fair sex, in whose favour Custom appears inclining to relax her hitherto rigid dictum.

Of far more general interest, as touching the welfare and safety of the vast majority, is the fact, not to be doubted of, that the odious—may we not say institution?—of crinoline, has received its death-blow. The fiat has gone forth from high places. Last week, a meeting of an influential and numerous body of the ladies of Tyburnia was convened by circular, for the express purpose of the abolition of crinoline. Great authorities were quoted, Lord Palmerston among the rest, and medical testimony given as to the dangerous and unhealthy nature of the practice, while on its ridiculous and inconvenient features the opinion was unanimous. Finally, a committee having been engaged to conduct the "Anti-crinoline movement," the meeting adjourned.

From the ridiculous to the sublime is but a step; the force of indignation not unfrequently attains the latter, and that of the postmen of London may be rather imagined than depicted, as we reflect on the bewilderment which awaits them in the proposed alteration by the Board of Works of upwards of 4,000 streets, roads, terraces, places, &c., in the metropolis; at the same time the numbers are all to be altered and arranged alternately, the odd on one side, the even on the other. The ultimate convenience and desirability of the measure cannot be denied, any more than the confusion which of necessity will be its immediate result.

The Library Company has had all its shares taken up, and has declined further applications; we shall be glad to hear that active operations have commenced.

The Library Circular is the name of a publication

announced to be issued monthly, by Mr. Mudie, containing "early information and descriptive notes of works announced for publication during the ensuing month, with a carefully written summary of all the books published during the past month, the prices at which they are published, and a list of many thousand modern second-hand books suitable for country libraries, institutions, book-clubs, &c."

We are glad to see that the *Prussian Moniteur* publishes a Cabinet order for the brandy henceforth supplied to the men of the Prussian army to be henceforth

replaced by coffee.

At the office opened in Exeter Hall for the sale of tickets to the great Handel festival at the Crystal Palace in June, the sum of £8000 was taken the first day.

A novel candidate for University honours is on his way to Oxford. Ownbyatekha is the name of the young man, a Mohawk Indian, twenty-one years of age, for two years past a member of Kenyon College, Ohio; upon the late visit of the Prince of Wales his Royal Highness became much interested in the young Indian, who is said to be possessed of considerable intelligence and

capacity for studious acquirements.

It is with considerable satisfaction we learn that the burial-place of Milton—St. Giles', Cripplegate—being in a state of deformity from modernising and the influences of bad taste, it is proposed to raise a subscription to restore and improve the church, and thus render some demonstration of homage to the tomb of one of our greatest poets. A brief history of Milton and the church has been compiled by Mr. Miller, as an aid to the object proposed.

We understand that a block of stone weighing over twelve tons, from a quarry at Brachernagh, has been purchased by a committee in Dublin, and is intended for a statue of the late Mr. O'Connell, to be erected in

London.

A resolution has been come to, that the repeal of the taxes upon knowledge should be commemorated by a presentation to Mr. C. D. Collett. A committee, including several members of Parliament, has been formed. Strenuous efforts will be made to render this closing presentation worthy of the occasion and the long services which it recognises. In 1855, Mr. Cobden proposed the same thing, at the close of the first seven years' services of Mr. Collett as the secretary of this movement.

Discussion and argument run high just now upon the merits of the Turkish Bath, to which Mr. Urquhart's very able and apparently unanswerable lectures have turned the attention of many who have hitherto held aloof from the innovation. As was to be expected, the majority of the medical profession emphatically opposes the practice and ignores the principles involved in the novel method of cure; on which, however, much is apparently to be said on both sides. From our own observation and experience, we incline to the belief that the process is one of which the effects may differ widely in the case of various individuals; and which should on no account be continuously pursued without good medical advice, and under suitable direction; while we agree with the words of Dr. George Wyld, in the Journal of the Society of Arts, that "No medical man who has not experimented on himself and his patients has any right to express a positive opinion in the matter, because medicine, as now practised, is not a deductive science, but only an experimental art,"

The spirit of improvement which is abroad has taken a satisfactory course in regard to the reading-rooms and libraries attached to soldiers' barracks. Needful alterations are to be made in the accommodations, lighting and arrangement of these places: the literature supplied is to be of a nature more generally adapted to the requirements of the men, many of whom

are unable to read very perfectly, or have little taste for sedentary pursuits. It is proposed that suitable places shall be provided at each barrack, where quoits, skittles, single-stick, and such athletic sports, may be pursued. A bar, or refreshment counter, is to form part of the improvements, where tea, coffee, ginger beer, and divers simple articles of consumption are to be sold.

The past month has not been prolific in literary productions. One result of patient compilation pleasantly recorded appears in the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Earl Stanhope; which besides recalling pleasantly much that we have before read, and furnishing more which is new respecting the erratic but brilliant genius, of whose career they profess to treat, these pages afford innumerable anecdotes of a most interesting nature concerning contemporary celebrities of both sexes, and whose various claims upon our interest tend to make the volume a most welcome addition to our library. Less satisfactory, in many of its details, is the lately published correspondence of Leigh Hunt, compiled by his son. Here, mixed with a portion that is pleasant, lively, agreeable, and attractive, we have much that is painful, sad, and puerile; much which it would have been better service to the dead to have withheld, and which cannot increase the respect or esteem of the reader. While it behoves all to observe the strictest truth upon such matters, nor by misrepresentation to shield the weakness or follies of those dear to us, it is surely advisable to cast the veil of reticence over shortcomings, to which not all the admiration evolved by talent, or the regard his disposition may have now, can blind us.

To us it seems this work had been better done, being made more brief, and that one of these volumes might well have contained all which it interests the public to know of their departed favourite. Society sits in stern judgment even upon those whom it has praised, and the eyes of affectionate kinship are blinded to much which those of the outer world are sharp to descry and to condemn. A very pleasant, lively book has just appeared, entitled "One Year in Sweden," by Horace Marryat. No dry statistical details, no long-winded disquisitions, no pragmatical theories, are these two volumes composed of; but gossiping, cheery, lifelike adventure, anecdote, experience and reminiscence of a country ever interesting, because not yet exhausted

by the drain of inquisitive investigation.

The death of Francis Talfourd, barrister-at-law and dramatist, took place at Mentone in the south of France, on Sunday, the 9th of last month. He was, as our readers are doubtless aware, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, the late eminent judge and poet. Mr. Talfourd was the author of many very clever burlesques, travesties, &c, ere the public had been satiated with the profusion of that style of writing since come into vogue. He was quite a young man at the time of his death; had but recently married, and was on a visit to the South of France in the hope of recruiting his health, which had long been failing. As an amiable man, and one universally esteemed by those who knew him, his death has made a gap in the circle to which he belonged not easy to be refilled.

On Saturday, March 15th, Her Majesty, the Queen, laid the first stone of a mausoleum in Frogmere gardens, in which are to be deposited the remains of her dearly-loved husband the Prince Consort, and ultimately her own. Upon the stone is the following inscription:—"The foundation-stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her on the 15th day of March, A.D. 1862. 'Blessed are they that sleep

IN THE LORD."

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